

# PUTNAM'S MONTHLY & THE CRITIC

OCTOBER 1906

President Roosevelt's  
"Muck-Rake" Speech  
Revised by the Author

Undelivered Addresses by John Hay

Franklin's Social Life in France  
with Unpublished Letters

The Last Poem  
of Richard Henry Stoddard  
introduced by  
Edmund Clarence Stedman

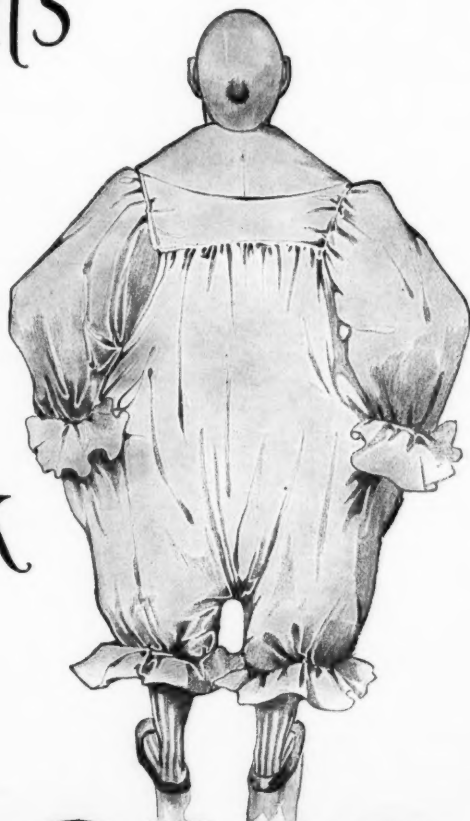
An Essay by Maurice Maeterlinck

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
NEW YORK & NEW ROCHELLE

25 Cents a Copy

Three Dollars a Year

Even the  
simplest  
can see it's  
foolish to  
attempt  
housework  
without



# SAPOLIO

Printed at The Knickerbocker Press

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY  
AND  
THE CRITIC

30056

A Magazine of Literature, Art, and Life

---

VOLUME I.  
OCTOBER, 1906—MARCH, 1907

---

Published by  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
The Knickerbocker Press  
New Rochelle New York



Color drawing by W. H. Lissie

See page 96

OCTOBER

# PUTNAM'S MONTHLY

AND

## THE CRITIC

### A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE ART & LIFE

Vol. I

October 1906

No. I

THE OLD PUTNAM'S

By M. S.

My qualification, my dear Head of the House, for reminiscing about the old PUTNAM'S is chiefly that, when it began, in January, 1853, I was a boy of ten, "up country," and even "up State," and when it ceased and determined, submerged by the panic of 1857, I was a boy of fourteen. This qualification is not, perhaps, to be disparaged. For it is true that the intellectual curiosity of those years is omnivorous and insatiable. That is the period when you hold, with the learned Dr. Johnson, in his "slashing" review of Mr. Jonas Hanway's "Eight Days' Journey," that whether or not literary productions were "written to be printed," they were at least "printed to be read," and you proceed to read them accordingly. If you have then the advantage, to quote the learned lexicographer again, of "browsing in a library"—in my case the Gerrit Smith Library of Oswego, N. Y.,—and the further and quite inestimable blessing of having been "brought up in a reading family," then, after half a century, your

furthest childhood shall seem then  
More clear than later times may be.

You are quite unconsciously forming

the literary standards which shall abide with you through life. I find with satisfaction that Longfellow's "Lost Youth" was one of the many of his notable lyrics, and perhaps the notablest of all, that appeared first in the old PUTNAM'S. Whether or no, its refrain comes back with no uncertain sound:

A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts.

One of the publications on which my taste was formed and by which my standards were fixed was a file, a fairly complete file, as I recall, of the old original *Knickerbocker Magazine*, the witness and monument of Gaylord Clarke's benevolent intent in the forties, possibly even in the thirties, to domesticate and naturalize what was entitled to call itself literature. A brave and well deserving attempt it undoubtedly was, and attracted "refined parties" from all there was of the America of its time, though not, unhappily, in such numbers as to put it on a permanently paying basis. It was the time, as you yourself have recalled in the memoir of your father and the founder of your house, when "literary quality" was

Copyright, 1906, by G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

the last thing sought for by the projectors of new periodical publications. The projector of a new magazine in those early fifties was viewed by the "practical" publishers—which mainly or largely meant the piratical publishers—in much the same way as the reviver and continuator of "the legitimate drama" was regarded by the practical and piratical operators in his vocation, as the victim of an amiable delusion that there was somewhere a constituency, fit and not altogether too few, a constituency of "Followers of the vision, still in motion towards the distant gleam." *Godey's Lady's Book* did not seek to make the wayfaring man revise or advance his standard. Not much more did *Peterson's*:

The feathered tribes on pinions cleave the  
air;  
Not so the Mackerel, and, still less, the  
Bear.

Least of all the "giant of the monthlies," which, four years after PUTNAM's of the first issue demitted and determined, was described by Anthony Trollope, encountering a copy of it up the banks of the Mississippi, so much more remote then than now, as "the omnipresent *Harper*." The able "Major," then and long after directing the "periodical" policy of Franklin Square, with his inflexible and yet beneficent sway, knew perfectly well what he wanted. But it was not, in those years or for many years after, literary quality that he wanted. In truth, it may well have been the *succès d'estime* of the younger rival, "the laurels of Miltiades," which determined him to secure one of the chief factors in that success by engaging George William Curtis for his own, as he did before PUTNAM's ceased to be published. This acquisition continued to be one of the chief pillars of the Harper periodicals until his lamented death.

A stray number or two of PUTNAM's lying about the house formed a part of the steady "browsings" of my early literary pasturage. There was one number in particular which I

must have thumbed to very tatters, and which I identify with joy in the bound "set" as the number for April, 1854. Small blame to me! For it contains the opening instalment of Herman Melville's "Enchanted Isles," published in the magazine under the ridiculous pseudonym of "Sylvester B. Tarnmoor"; it contains the first instalment of the "Fireside Travels," which a few years later were republished as the acknowledged work of Lowell. It contains also a sketch, "Connecticut Georgics," which a boy who had spent his summer on a farm found more fascinating than either. Being at that stage of pubescency when "Ik Marvel's" "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life" take strong hold of the "primrose fancies of a boy," as they have done for boys of every generation since, I inwardly ascribed this sketch to my admired Reverist, partly induced, no doubt, by the localization of the title. It is only just now that I learn that, like many another good thing in the published volumes, my sketch was the work of Frederick Beecher Perkins. There is a verse quoted in it, relating to the march of the mowers in "the fresh meadow," which I have carried about with me ever since, without being able to bring it home to the poet:

And forward, and forward,  
Resistlessly they go;  
For strong arms wave the long keen glaive  
That vibrates down below.

Add that the poetry of the number comprises Longfellow's "Two Angels," Lowell's "Without and Within," erroneously ascribed by Mr. Putnam in his private record of the authors and the cost of the contributions to C. F. B., though it has long since been reprinted with the acknowledged work of its actual author; and William Henry Hurlbert's "Sehnsucht," "Come, Beauteous Day," not attributed in the record, but afterwards reprinted in Mr. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry" with the author's name;—add these, and you have a list of contributions and contributors which a magazine of these current

months would find it difficult, if not impossible, to match. It is interesting to remark that the "Editorial Notes," written, I suppose, by Mr. Briggs, though the record does not show, contain a warm welcome for Matthew Arnold's first book of verse, quoting with enthusiasm the "Ode to Philomela."

Nor was this, it appears, an exceptional number. Contributions in those days were anonymous, as in all the other magazines, unless in some of them the serial of a British novelist whose name was an asset was ostentatiously "conveyed." Hence, as to contributions which have remained unprinted, the publisher's private record, with which you have been so kind as to equip the present reminiscent for the present occasion, contains all that is now to be learned. Unfortunately, the record extends only from the beginning of January, 1853, to April, 1855. But this space amply suffices to show that, though those were the days of small things as to the prices of contributions, they were by no means such as to their value. What does the modern reader say, for instance, to a poem by Lowell of some thousands of lines, at least as long, one guesses, as the "Fable for Critics," which has remained unprinted to this day? Such, we learn from the record, is the fact; and of course we thereupon turn to the verse itself with keen interest. It occupies six pages in April, two in May, and four in June of 1853; and although the last words of it are "To be continued," it died, to be resumed in the magazine after many months, in April, 1854, as has been noted above, in the frankly prosaic vesture of the "Fireside Travels." "Our Own" was the title of the versified version—apparently "our own correspondent," for the proposal was evidently that of a loosely rhymed chronicle of travel, apparently in humorous imitation and rivalry of the shortly preceding "Amours de Voyage" of the author's friend and travelling companion, Arthur Clough, excepting that in Lowell's chronicle there are no "amours,"

and that his versification was of a looser and more whimsical kind even than Clough's—in fact, the most easily written verse that came to hand. One interjected lyric he preserved and republished, the "Aladdin":

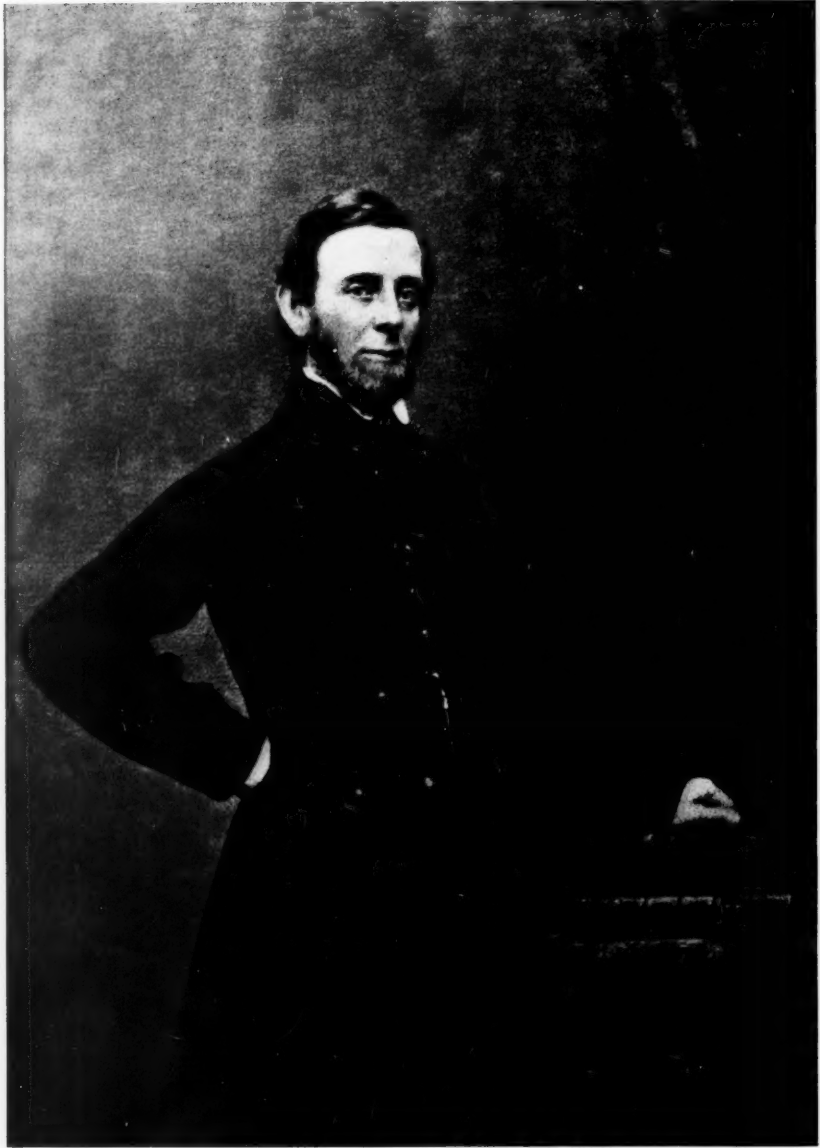
When I was a beggarly boy,  
And lived in a cellar damp  
I had not a friend nor a toy,  
But I had Aladdin's lamp.

The rest survives only in this "dusty crypt of darkened forms and faces," this set of the bound files of the old PUTNAM'S. One may, and perhaps even must, agree with the rhymers that his design was a mistake, and that the subject ought to be "continued" in prose, without on that account being willing to let the verse altogether die. It stands to reason that young Lowell could not have written two thousand lines or so of verse without falling upon felicities worthy of preservation, however mistaken the design may have been or, for that matter, however irrelevant and obscuring the very beauties may have been to the design. The thing is worth rescue and reprint, and I commend it to you. As to the random felicities, take this one for an example:

The tide slips wimpling by, the same that  
weeks ago, perhaps,  
Round coral reefs in Indian seas shimmered  
with whispering lapse;  
The same that, sweeping Northward still,  
to Arctic snows may bear  
Great leaves, scarce disenchanted yet of  
drowsy tropic air,  
Such as may vex stout Franklin's dreams,  
where unrelenting lines  
Of icepeaks, whitening endlessly, o'ertop  
his useless pines.

Or this, for another:

There are some goodish things at sea; for  
instance, one can feel  
A grandeur in the silent man forever at  
the wheel,  
That bit of two-legged intellect, that  
particle of drill,  
Who the huge floundering hulk inspires  
with reason, brain, and will,



GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM,  
Founder of Putnam's Monthly and of the publishing house of Putnam.

And makes the ship, though skies are black  
 and headwinds whistle loud,  
 Obey her conscience there, which feels the  
 loadstar through the cloud:  
 And when by lusty Western gales the full-  
 sailed bark is hurled  
 Toward the great moon which, sitting on  
 the silent underworld,  
 Rounds luridly up to look on ours, and  
 shoots a broadening line  
 Of palpitant light from crest to crest  
 across the ridgy brine,  
 Then from the bows look back and feel a  
 thrill that never stales  
 In that full-bosomed, snow-white pomp  
 of onward-yearning sails.

Perhaps the best way of acquainting the reader of the newer generations with the scope and purport of the "*Old Put*" will be to quote from that invaluable private record of the Head of the House, the table of contents of the first number:

1. Introductory, C. F. B.
2. Cuba, R. B. Kimball.
3. Spring or Summer, G. W. C.
4. The Warden of the Cinque Ports, Longfellow.
5. Andrew Cranberry, G. W. C.
6. Songs of Venice, G. W. C.
7. Confessional, C. F. B.
8. Gondola Songs, G. W. C.
9. A Living Corpse, North.
10. Swiss Journal, G. W. C.
11. Fountain of Youth, Lowell.
12. French Almanacs, P. G.
13. Excursion to Canada, Thoreau.
14. Modern Spiritualism, H. G.
15. John L. Stephens, Dr. Hawkes.
16. Fashion, G. W. C.
17. Our Young Authors, O'Brien.
18. Virginia, Mrs. Hicks.
19. Thorwaldsen, Prof. Greene.
20. Uncle Tommitudes, C. F. B.
21. Literary Notes.  
     American and English, P. G.  
     French and German, C. A. Dana.
22. Scientific Notes, Maverick.
23. Music and Fine Arts, G. W. C.

Was ever an American magazine launched under more brilliant literary auspices, or with a list of contributors so readily recognizable half a century later? Mr. Kimball's fame has faded,

though he was the author of a novel that was one of the "best sellers" of his time. C. F. B. is Charles F. Briggs who had also had his successes under the veil of "Harry Franko." No New Yorker will fail to detect from their initials young Parke Godwin and young George William Curtis. These three were confidentially mentioned by Mr. Putnam, in his letter soliciting contributions from Hawthorne, as "among those who are to take a leading and active part in the direction of the work." Internal as well as external evidence indicates that it was Mr. Briggs who chiefly was to sit at the receipt of copy and take the rôle of Rhadamanthus, and that the other two were mainly or solely contributors; Mr. Godwin as political as well as literary pillar of the enterprise, Mr. Curtis as the brightest, readiest, most versatile literary journalist of his time, with that lightness of touch which betokens the "magazine" born or made, or rather born and made.

This first number contains more of Curtis than its successors, apparently only because it had to, the receipts of extraneous and acceptable "copy" being, in spite of the publisher's circular letter and private appeals, not equal to the requirements of a first number. After the supply became equal to the demand, "G. W. C." fell back on more congenial and more elaborated things, "important" serials, such as "The Potiphar Papers," which may be called the contemporary American version of Thackeray, such as "Prue and I," which may be called the contemporary American version of Dickens of the sentimental side of Dickens. This latter was Mr. Curtis's own favorite of all his works; and long afterwards, when his later publishers were considering an *édition de luxe* of his later novel of "Trumps," he dissuaded them, saying that he entirely justified the public indifference to that work, and suggesting "Prue and I" as more eligible for their purpose—an amendment which was accepted, to the satisfaction of all the possessors



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS  
(in the early fifties)

of the artistic volume which was its result. His admiration for Dickens was constant. It took its most direct expression in the speech at the New York dinner to Dickens in 1868, in that apostrophe, "Wave sweeter for him, hedgerows of England"—which impelled the guest to confide to his neighbor, "The best public speaker I have ever heard." But it was the "journalistic" readiness and versatility which impress us in this first number of PUTNAM'S. Three prose stories or sketches quite up to the standard the new magazine had set for itself, a review of "Music and the Fine Arts," quite ditto, nay, dropping three times into poetry in a friendly way, with entirely negotiable "copies of verse," and apparently not disdaining to fill out with two of them, one of eighteen lines and one of eight, awkward "poet's corners" left in the "make-up." If there was any other New Yorker of that time who could have accomplished such a *tour de force*, it was William Henry Hurlbert, in those years irradiating the editorial columns of the *New York Times*. It was of Hurlbert that Frederick Law Olmsted used to relate that he himself, being employed in some sub-editorial capacity years after upon PUTNAM'S—possibly that briefly revived PUTNAM'S which had passed from the direction of its founder—was greatly apprehensive lest a belated article from Hurlbert, for which provision had been made, should not arrive in time. Accordingly he sought and besought the peccant contributor, who said, "I will do it for you now," and thereupon, although, as Mr. Olmsted explained, it was the "kind of article for which a man needs to have his books around him," sat down in the bookless place of meeting, and finished the paper at that sitting. Besides that whatever Mr. Olmsted said was necessarily accurate, this anecdote would be entirely credible to your present contributor, who has with these eyes seen Hurlbert dash off some four columns of newspaper obituary of Lord Palmerston, without once stopping to consult a book of

reference for a fact or a date. The files of the old *World* for 1865 are there "to witness if I lie" about this prodigy of facility and versatility.

Daily journalism was evidently the main literary reliance of the new enterprise. Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, and Melville were almost the only contributors to the new enterprise who could be called "authors" in contradistinction to "newspaper men," and the newspaper men were preponderantly, almost exclusively, recruited from the staff of the *Tribune*. Quite rightly and inevitably so, since the *Tribune* then in its twelfth year had established itself as the organ of the humanities, the centre of "all the virtuosity and nearly all the intellect of the place." Mr. Kimball indeed was not a journalist, but a lawyer and man of affairs, to whom writing was an avocation, and who drew his subjects mainly from his vocation. Mr. Godwin indeed came from the *Evening Post*. Mr. Maverick, the compiler of the "Scientific Notes," was already, I think, a useful journeyman on the *Times*. But "G. W. C." and "C. A. Dana" were of the *Tribune*, and they had even persuaded their chief to bear a hand, as the initials to the article on "Modern Spiritualism" attest. Internal evidence, especially the writer's inability to divest himself of the editorial "we," would, if it were necessary, authenticate the "H. G." In subsequent numbers appear the names of Clarence Cook, then the art critic of the *Tribune*, of George Ripley, its literary critic, of W. H. Fry, its musical critic, of Bayard Taylor, its very "special" correspondent. Mr. Stedman's connection with the *Tribune* can not yet have begun, for in the index I find that his check for that "Amavi," which may very well have been his poetical début, was sent to him at "Winsted, Conn." But at any rate the new magazine may very well have seemed to be a monthly annex to the *Tribune*. Fitz James O'Brien appears in the first number as the critic of "Our



PARKE GODWIN  
(in the early fifties)

Young Authors," the first of the youngsters treated being Donald G. Mitchell, and the second, Herman Melville. This brilliant Irish Bohemian, who, ten years later, was to give his life for his adopted country, might more fairly than almost any other contributor be called a magazinist in contradistinction to a journalist. He had helped to feed John Brougham's humorous and satirical "Lantern," until it burned out. He had contributed to the *American Whig Review*, and had begun with *Harper's* the connection which was to result in no fewer than sixty short stories, including some which became famous in their days, such as "The Diamond Lens," and "What was it?" His connection with daily journalism had been limited to a brief service with the *Times*. But in the early days of PUTNAM's he thought himself enough of a journalist to apply for and ultimately, in spite of the initial refusal of the publisher to enter into "so regular and permanent a connection," apparently to obtain a salaried place, and at any rate continued to be a most copious contributor. Clarence Cook appears in the second number with an illustrated article, "New York Daguerreotypes," the first of a series, extremely interesting to the old New Yorker, of necessity, by reason of its subject matter, interesting also for the architectural criticism, in spite of its complete freedom from the weakness of understatement and of its complete disdain of tempering the critical wind to the shorn architect, both, of course, incidents of youth, even though carried by this critic into riper years. Mr. Fry was the equally emphatic musical critic, himself a musician and composer, and no doubt looking upon the pleasant gossip of "G. W. C." about music as the outgivings of an elegant trifler, for indeed Mr. Curtis never either had or assumed any technical pretension to write about the art he loved so well. Richard Grant White, whose name does not appear in the record of the first number, but ap-

pears very frequently afterwards, was attached in those years to the staff of the *Courier and Enquirer*, addicting himself not only to his specialties of Shakespearian and verbal criticism, but to descriptive articles, translations, and all manner of hack work, always well done. That acridity of controversy which afterwards came to distinguish his work is scarcely to be detected in the magazine. "Shakespeare vs. Perkins" and "Collier's Shakespeare" promise more delight of battle than they provide. There seem to be no articles from his pen on "good English" and perhaps verbal controversy is required to arouse the basest passions of our nature. Even the *odium philologicum*, however, yields to personal resentment in that respect. *Indignatio facit versus*, and it is perhaps no wonder that the best piece of work he ever did, at least the most readable, should have been "The New Gospel of Peace," written ten years after the time of which we are talking. This is a political satire in Biblical phraseology, and written largely in an attempt at quadrature upon "Assokald Edittah" who had just differed with the author about the value of the author's services to the then just reorganized "Old World." Another very noteworthy contributor was not yet a journalist, though afterwards, as editor of the *Hartford Courant*, he was, and a ripe and good one, though always and necessarily a "literary journalist." Charles Dudley Warner, at that time living in Western New York, had already during his college days written acceptably for the periodicals. Such pieces of his as "Our New Atlantis" in the file of the old PUTNAM show that that gift of graceful and facile writing which was afterwards more conspicuously displayed, was already in his secure possession.

After the journalists, the clergy. In truth, it would have been quite out of the question to fill a magazine in 1853 with the works of professional authors, of whom there were so few, or of professional magazinists, of whom there were still fewer. Such

as there were of the former class who had names, the publisher endeavored to enlist by personal application. Irving was still living, but no longer available. Cooper was lately dead, but his story of "Old Ironsides" was posthumously contributed, in several instalments, to the magazine. Except these and the writers actually secured, what American names were there which the judicious publisher of a new magazine would have sought? Hawthorne, Emerson, the author of "Two Years before the Mast"? All these the publisher did seek. Emerson responded with enthusiastic approval of the project, but contributed nothing. Hawthorne made some slight contributions. Mr. Dana declined, being already entangled with the law, and finding her, in Coke's phrase, a "jealous mistress." So that the most nearly literary of the learned professions really had to be invoked. Dr. Hawks, then the rector of Calvary, and by consequence the publisher's pastor, was perhaps the most "scholarly" of the New York divines of his time. It was partly upon his advice that the magazine printed the most striking and sensational of all its articles, "Have We a Bourbon among Us?" In fact it is pretty well agreed now that we had n't, though the identification of the Rev. Eleazar Williams with "the late Dauphin" looked very plausible. The opening article of the third number, on "Japan," a piece of "actuality" suggested by Perry's expedition, was written by Dr. Francis Vinton, then and long after of the clerical staff of Trinity, and among the other New York clerical names were those of Dr. Bethune, adding a Dutch Reformed pastor to the two Anglicans, and of Dr. Samuel Osgood, of the Unitarians. There was also Rev. F. W. Shelton, to whom, as "one of the gentlest of humorists," Cozzens dedicated the volume made up of his delightful "Sparrowgrass Papers," published in PUTNAM'S under the title of "Living in the Country." Of his denomi-

national belongings I know no more than can be negatively inferred from the fact that he accepted a dedication from a wine merchant. The "coming-out" clerical contributors resided chiefly in Boston, and one comes with a strange sense of mingled remoteness and of nearness upon the names, in the publisher's private register, of "Rev. Henry James," of course the senior bearer of that now more widely known name (with a paper on Sir William Hamilton), and of "Rev. T. W. Higginson," and the same sense is conveyed by the name of "Charles Norton, Cambridge."

Another name credited to Cambridge is that of "Arthur Clough." Clough's sojourn there, in spite of the friendships he formed with our best in his kind, was a weariness and dissatisfaction to him from which he took the earliest opportunity to escape. But they gave us those delightful "Songs in Absence" which may fairly be called the most valuable and lasting of his poetical legacies. Of his contributions to PUTNAM'S two "Letters of Parapedimus" constitute a chapter of fantastical literary autobiography and criticism. As interjections, they contain a "specimen" from which the reader can judge for himself whether Matthew Arnold's praise of Clough as the English poet best qualified to translate Homer be misplaced or not. These "Homeric echoes" the poet did not include in his avowed translations of Homer. It is perhaps of more general interest to note that there is interjected in the prose the pretty lyric,

Upon the water in the boat,

which is included in his poetical remains. The third contribution, and probably the most important of the three, is the "Peschiera" known to all readers of the poet:

What voice did on my spirit fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crossed?

The "short story" is recognized as the backbone of the modern magazine. But evidently PUTNAM'S had to

develop its own short-story writers. Before its establishment, who were the American writers in this form? Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne really exhaust the list and none of these was available. The versatility of "G. W. C." was equal in PUTNAM'S, as afterwards in the "Don Bobtail Fandango" series in *Harper's*, to turning out negotiable fictitious tales, but nothing that much outlasted its occasion, or that he cared to revive. Herman Melville was the main prop, perhaps, of the magazine in fiction. But he had not the knack of the true short-story writer, and could not readily "turn round" in a single number. Though his short stories contributed to PUTNAM'S were reprinted under the title of "Piazza Tales" they have had their day and long since ceased to be. Neither was his long serial, "Israel Potter" what might fairly have been expected from the author of "Typee" and "Omoo." Perhaps Fitz James O'Brien and Frederick Beecher Perkins were the two chief helps to the magazine in this department, the former with a series of sprightly tales, the latter especially with "Miss Chester," a story dealing with what was then called "animal magnetism" and would now be called "hypnotic suggestion."

But fiction was not then so pervading as it has come to be since. It was the verse, the sketches, the essays, that formed the chief attraction of the magazine, as of the *Knickerbocker* before it, which it far surpassed in all ways, and of the *Atlantic* after it, which it seems to me it fully equalled. In truth the impression made by one of the earlier numbers of the *Atlantic* is that it might have been written by the survivors among the contributors to its predecessor, as in fact it largely was. And Mr. F. H. Underwood, the first editor of the *Atlantic* (was he not?) appears as a frequent contributor to its predecessor.

Evidently what the old PUTNAM'S chiefly aimed at was "good writing," was "literary quality," was "style." The original prospectus or "salu-

tatory" dwelt upon the "Americanism" of the magazine, and the private letter to him, emphasizing the same thing, drew from Richard Henry Dana a solemn warning against making it too American. The good man apparently apprehended that PUTNAM'S was to be published and edited by Elijah Pogram and Hannibal Chollop and General Ginery Twitchell. There was no occasion for alarm. The purpose was to provide a "vates" as "sacred" as might be, for the lack of whom the most cultivated and humane of Americans had remained *illacrimables ignotique* to literary Europe.

The purpose was attained. At the beginning of the second volume the editorial "Salutatory" was replaced by a "Publisher's Notice," in which it is announced that

the character and extent of this success have been far beyond their most sanguine expectations. They have had the good fortune of enlisting in the enterprise some of the ablest pens in the country.

It is also pleasant to know that, while eminent and well-known writers have occupied a goodly portion of our pages, these pages have also been the means of introducing some young writers of excellent promise, whose newly opened mines may doubtless yet produce as much pure metal as those which have been longer under contribution.

It is merely just and decent to add that the one constant and indispensable factor in this success was the Head of the House himself. In 1854 Mr. Putnam set forth, in a private letter, that he had "assumed the control" of the magazine "more directly than before." But it is plain that his interest had throughout been, as it continued to be, keen, and his control, whether more or less "direct," effective; that the success of PUTNAM'S was his personal success. His successors will indeed be fortunate if they produce a magazine that shall equally stand the test of time and be as well worth reading in 1956 as its predecessor continues to be in 1906.

### THREE UNDELIVERED ADDRESSES BY JOHN HAY

THE following addresses are perhaps the last unpublished manuscripts from Mr. Hay's pen that will ever come into print. The first of the three was prepared for delivery in Chicago in December, 1904. The Merchants' Club of that city had invited the Secretary of State to address its members on any subject he should choose, and his choice fell upon Franklin in France—another aspect of a subject treated more intimately elsewhere in this magazine. Mr. Hay was advised that the Commercial Club also would claim the privilege of hearing him speak while he was in the midland metropolis; and he accordingly prepared the brief paper that follows. The death of a brother caused the postponement for two months of the dates set for the delivery of these two speeches; and when February came, Mr. Hay's own illness compelled the cancelling of all his engagements. The address on Franklin was published in the *Century* for January, 1906, apropos of the two-hundredth anniversary of the philosopher's birth; the paper on Chicago is now seen for the first time.

The address in which Mr. Hay pays so graceful a tribute to New Orleans was written in view of his projected visit to that city with President McKinley, in 1901. Why it was not delivered is unknown; as a matter of fact, the chief incident of a personal nature connected with his brief sojourn in the Creole capital seems to have been the breaking-down of his carriage.

The speech in honor of Edmund Clarence Stedman was prepared when it was understood that a dinner was to be given by the poet's friends and admirers in celebration of his seventieth birthday (October 8, 1903). The proposition was vetoed by Mr. Stedman—in ignorance, it should be said, of the fact that his old friend intended to come from Washington to New York to dignify the occasion by his voice and presence.

---

#### CHICAGO



ity of Chicago. We have received much kindness. We have seen many splendid sights, but Chicago itself has been the most glorious of all. I hardly believe you know how magnificent you have been during the last few days. To do the greatest things in the grandest manner, and to think little about it, seems to me the

I AM glad of the privilege of expressing the heart-felt gratitude of all my associates, and my own also, for the more than princely hospital-

distinguishing characteristic of this wonderful place.

One of the first men of letters, one of the deepest thinkers of England, while expressing his regret that so few people in Europe had seen the greatest spectacle of modern times, the Chicago Fair, said to me: "The fault was partly in the people of Chicago. They do not advertise themselves enough." Whenever I come to Chicago I am struck anew by the justice of the observation and by the reasons for it. The fact is that such a thing is impossible; because in the first place you are too busy with other matters to give the advertising sufficient attention, and besides, no advertising could do justice to Chicago.

It is a city which has always

occupied a large place in my thoughts. It is the home of many of my dearest friends. It is the great emporium of the State in which I passed the days of my childhood and my youth. It is, in a certain sense, my twin. I was born in the first year of its civic life. We were young together, but there, I am sorry to say, the parallel ends. Aurora and Tithonus were young together; but the one grew old and gray, while the other flourished in immortal beauty and youth. In the days when Chicago and I were both young, it was my lot to see a good deal of the outside world, and it was always a pleasure to me, in viewing what was most interesting and picturesque in decaying civilizations, to think, by way of contrast, of the brilliant and vigorous municipality that was swiftly taking shape on the shores of Lake Michigan, unlike anything hitherto seen. I talked about it as young men will about things that interest them, and was sometimes good-naturedly rallied on my vehement claims and large prophecies. But whenever I come here I see how far beyond the possibilities of brag are the simple facts of your marvellous growth. The boasting of the travelling man, the prophetic raptures of poets are alike inadequate. Chicago speaks for herself, in a language of her own, a language the world must learn to interpret, for Chicago is a fact in which the world is concerned.

No other city so epitomizes the prodigious strength, the unlimited promise of the country and the age. The gigantic heart of the continent seems beating and throbbing here, sending its currents of warm vitality through every vein of the country. On one side you have the prairie, levelled as by the hand of Providence for the building of an imperial city whose bounds no man can foretell: on the other, the lake, in its endless facilities for commerce, seems only an extension of the mighty mart. What is this we heard the other day of forty miles of shipping delayed by a temporary obstruction of your great

waterway? Your geographical position insured you greatness when the world was made; and all modern history has wrought for your prosperity. But all this peerless store of opportunity would not have availed, had it not been for the alert and indomitable spirit of your people. The aboriginal dwellers in this region were called Illini—which is by interpretation Men. It was men who built this town.

Opportunity alone never made a man or a city. "The skirts of happy chance" must be grasped with a firm hand. The man, or the municipality, fated to greatness makes profit out of storm or sunshine, out of weal or woe, out of luck or disaster. Of the two capital events in your history, the Fire and the Fair, one an almost incalculable calamity, the other the greatest opportunity of the age, it is hard to tell which contributed most to the growth and prestige of Chicago. From the smouldering embers of that wide desolation of 1871 rose the public spirit of this stalwart town, like an invincible weapon, forged in flame and tempered with the chill of adversity, ready for any achievement. And when, in 1893, the time and the occasion met, to show whether Chicago was worthy of her immense prosperity, she seized the chance with a strength of grasp and a certainty of touch, that fixed her place at once and forever in the world of civilization. Never again could envy or malice say that this city was given too much to the pursuit of material gain. I know of no other town on earth which would have been capable of the magnanimity, the generosity to rivals, the sublime disregard of money, shown by Chicago in that year of inspiration and power. In the presence of that splendid largeheartedness, envy died; rivals became enthusiastic collaborators; and the result was worthy of the lofty qualities which produced it. It proved the fallacy of the opinion, so often expressed, that beauty in art and architecture is a symptom of decay. We saw the people of a great, young, thriving

commercial community, of their own initiative, build at enormous expense, without prospect or hope of pecuniary profit, the most exquisitely beautiful creation the world has yet seen. Happy are all we who saw it! It bloomed, in its vast white symmetry, on the shore of the lake like some divine miracle of a flower—as perfect in beauty, as transitory in duration. It passed away like a dream or an exhalation. But it will remain in our minds among the richest of our recollections, fruitful forever of a fonder pride of country, of a deeper respect for human nature.

All these things rush to our thoughts when we come to Chicago, a city of so great a past, even in its mighty youth, and dowered with the certainty of a future so transcendent. Not only of itself, but as a type and symbol, it is worthy the serious attention of mankind. It symbolizes not merely the strength, the resources, the enterprise, the multifarious activities and in-

telligence of this magnificent State, of this glorious West, of this beloved and powerful Union of States; but, in its highest qualities, it is a type of all that is freest and most masterful in the spirit of the age, in the aspirations and progress of the world. It would be futile and inane to say that a community so cosmopolitan had not its shadows as well as its lights; with the universal virtues it must have the faults which are universal; it would be presumption even to say what is right and what is wrong in a system of things so complex and so portentous. The fact transcends all theory and all criticism. The discords we perceive may be parts of a stupendous harmony too great for our appreciation—a superhuman composition through all of which beats the pulse of an abounding and ever-growing life, the rhythm of a swelling song, whose leading motives are democracy, freedom, and light.

#### NEW ORLEANS



the reception we have met with in this superb Southern capital. However your kindness may have exceeded in some cases our personal deserts—and I speak especially of myself,—I am sure that so far as our intentions are concerned, we have deserved your good will. I make bold to say that in a long period of observation of public affairs I have never known an administration more anxious than the present one to promote the interests of every section of the country. I need not say where our inspiration, our direct-

ing force, comes from. If you want to see an American, body and soul, through and through, in every fibre of his being devoted to the welfare of his country—his whole country—he is your guest this evening. And as this genial air naturally predisposes our Northern hearts to expansion and confidence I will venture to say that those of us who are with him are like him except in fame and ability. We are all Democrats, we are all Republicans, we are all Americans. We have no principles which will not equally suit the climate of Massachusetts and that of Louisiana. Perhaps, in the Department with which I am more immediately concerned, we have been working rather more in the interest of the South than in that of other sections. We have done our best to extend your markets by reciprocal treaties and other measures, and to clear away all barriers to an Isthmian Canal under American ownership and control. We have felt it was time for the South to share

in the general prosperity, and we know every section will profit by what benefits one.

Will you allow me one personal word to express the pleasure with which I find myself here? My boyhood was passed on the banks of the Mississippi—but so vast is the extent of the territory traversed by this mighty river "which drains our Andes and divides a world," so cosmical is the range of climate through which it passes, that when I was young, its northern and southern regions seemed alien and strange to each other in all aspects save those of patriotic national pride. To us, for a part of the year, it was a white and dazzling bridge, safe as a city street for sleighing and skating, and framed in by snow-clad bluffs; but we loved to think that far away to the South it flowed through a land of perpetual summer, fragrant with fruits and ever-blooming flowers, blessed continually with days of sunshine and nights of balm. We thought of you without envy, but with joy that your enchanted land was ours also—that we, too, had a share in your goodly heritage. All through my childhood New Orleans was to me a realm of faery, a land of dreams. And when I grew older I read with delight your history and your literature—the one filled with romance in action, the other constantly distinguished by the touch

of Southern grace and Latin art. I always wanted to see for myself the beauty of this region, to study on the spot the secret of its charm. But the strong gods Fate and Circumstance continually prevented until this day. Now I have come, and found, like a famous queen of the East, that the half has never been told. I am less fortunate than Her Majesty of Sheba—as she was young and enjoyed the Oriental leisure; while I am old and in an American hurry. I shall always be glad, though, even of this tantalizing glimpse. But the one piece of advice I shall venture to give those of you who may not know the North, is, Don't put off your visit too long. Come and see us while you are young—and this excludes nobody, for you all are young. I have never seen so much youth and beauty as in the last few days. Men who are contemporaries of mine, who according to the calendar and the army lists ought to be passing into the lean and slippered pantaloons, who won world-wide fame in the sixties, men who fought Grant and Sherman to a standstill, have the looks, the spirit, and the speech of boys. I can only conjecture that they have succeeded where Ponce de Leon failed in discovering the fountain of Perpetual Youth, and, naturally enough, are keeping it a secret from the rest of us.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

*October 8, 1903.*

I esteem it a great privilege to be with you to-night and to be allowed to offer, if only by my presence, my tribute of affection and regard to one of my oldest and most valued friends.

I am glad to congratulate him on this cheerful anniversary; why should we not call it his Coming of Age! Certainly our felicitations have a far more sure and substantial basis than those which greet the young heir on his twenty-first birthday. In that case, how hidden in clouds, how shrouded in uncertainty is the future!

No man may tell whether the days which confront the youth have more of blessing or bane, more of joy or sorrow, more of honor or disgrace. His Fate is before him, her features hidden in a veil. She shows him a road whose windings are wrapped in mist. Nothing can guarantee the exit—neither wealth, nor station, opportunity nor the devotion of friends. All these strong supports may be beaten down like weeds by the blows of Circumstance, or the stoutest defences may be betrayed

from within by a treachery of temperament. But on a birthday like this we celebrate, the years of a man's life have dropped their veils of mystery; the book is wide open for all to read; the varied landscape of the long journey is revealed by the gentle rays of the westerling sun; all the shadows are left behind. Happy the man who, like our dear and honored friend, has no favors to ask of the apocalyptic light; whose life is one consistent story of noble effort and brilliant performance; who can look back on the past without a blush and forward to the unknown without a fear.

It is a life, I will not say for our friend to be proud of, for we know too well the dignified and philosophic poise of his character to associate with it any idea of vainglory,—but it is a record and career of which his friends are justly proud. He was born a poet and he has lived faithful to the goddess; but you would seek in vain for any sign of poetic license in his life. He has shown that the highest gifts are compatible with the most rigorous industry, the most stainless honor. He has never turned away from his ideals, nor has he ever despised the homely virtues of our workaday world. Great poet, honorable man, good citizen—what better lot could any mother pray for at the cradle of her child?

I began to hear of Stedman while he was hardly more than a boy, at a time when perhaps we thought more of the things of the spirit than we do now. The great Boston choir of poets was then in its meridian splendor; a younger trio were singing in the Middle States, Taylor, Stoddard, and Boker, differing widely in character and circumstances but bound together in true friendship and a genuine love of Poesy, as they liked to call it—and after these, with the light of an auspicious dawn on their shining foreheads, came the three young heirs

of fame, Stedman and Aldrich and Howells. All the others have gone to their celestial rewards, but these three are happily with us to enjoy the sweetness of a righteous renown in the land of the living.

I remember how in an hour Stedman grew famous with that Tyrtæan ballad which rang like a reveille in the troubled and clouded morning of the great war, where the poet's voice gave forth the deep inspiration of the prophet. It was when the scaffold was building for John Brown. I have not lost the sonorous refrain in forty years:—

But, Virginians, don't do it, for I tell you  
that the flagon  
Filled with blood of John Brown's offspring  
was first poured by Southern hands,  
And each drop of old Brown's blood, like  
the red gore of the dragon,  
Shall flame a vengeful fury hissing through  
your wasted lands,  
And Old Brown—  
Ossawatimie Brown—  
Will trouble you more than ever when  
you've nailed his coffin down.

It is not given to many prophets to read their prophecies, transferred from the future to the perfect tense, in the history of their times.

As Mr. Stedman began, so he continued. There has not been a year of his life in which he has not done some good and permanent work in literature, made some conscientious and valuable contribution to criticism, borne some brave and cogent testimony in behalf of good taste, good morals, and good citizenship. The standards of this country in letters and in life are higher because he has lived.

We offer him, on this day on which he begins what Victor Hugo called *la jeunesse de la vieillesse*, our heartfelt congratulations, in which love, admiration, and gratitude are mingled for all he has done and for all that he is.

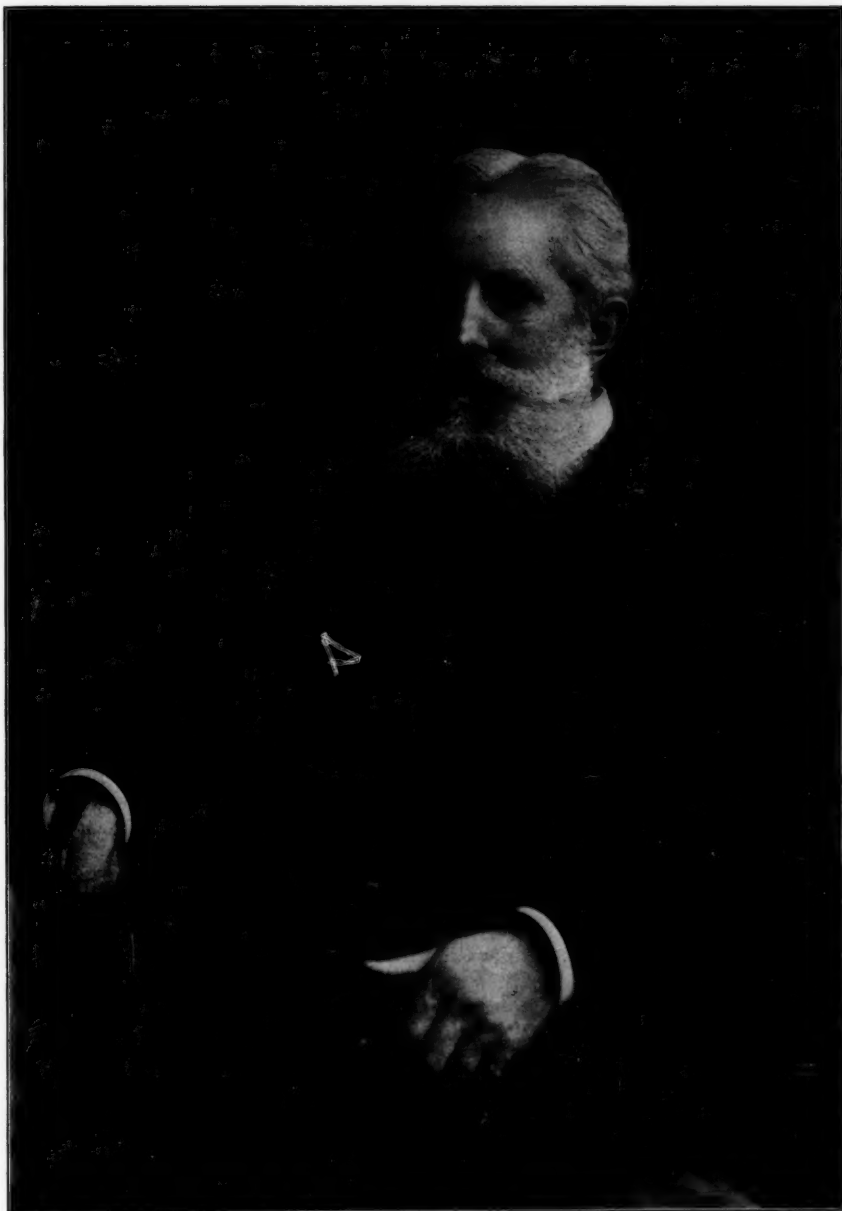


Photo by

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

Alman

## STODDARD'S LAST POEM

By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

THE threnody printed on page 19 proved to be the swan-song of its author—of the old minstrel who in his springtime had made the early volumes of this magazine tuneful with a unique succession of ballads, songs, and graver poems. If, as Shelley says, "We begin in what we end," it is fitting that this poem, his wife's requiem and his own, should be enshrined in the first new number of a periodical in which his gift attained maturity and secured for him, notwithstanding the old-time rule of anonymity, a repute that justified his adoption of authorship as a profession.

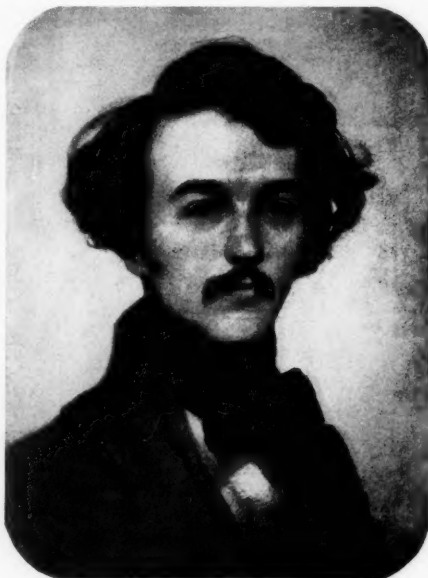
The lyric now printed for the first time was the only one perfected from many broken cadences which came to him in the final year of his life. It was composed while his wife, Elizabeth Stoddard (older than himself), was plainly nearing her end. She died in her eightieth year, August 1, 1902: the eleventh day after the date affixed to the poem. Eleven months before, the wedded poets had lost their only son, Lorimer—author of poems, pictures, and successful dramas,—and Mr. Stoddard had borne up under the affliction less stoically than his wife; for a time seeming dazed, and having illusions that were intensified by his blindness and partial paralysis. During Mrs. Stoddard's fatal illness, his brain

teemed with images and melodies which he could not get into form. The snatches of song, nevertheless, which were taken down imperfectly by his attendant, were quite as coherent as the thumb-nail sketches of an artist, or the first notes of a writer, and if the poet could have renewed his power of

work but for an interval, beautiful results might have come from them.

As it was, under stress of an unusual excitement he ever had but one refuge—that of artistic expression. From an almost illegible note to me, dated, but not then delivered, "Sept. 3, 1902, circa 10:30," I can make out such bits as these: "I have done in the rough, since say July 6, some twenty or more poems, possibly . . . some good others bad

. . . . . But, no indeed, I think I have been an instrument with which unseen hands played their own tunes. I never made these things. . . . would be glad if I could. Puck and Ober have let loose in 15th Street, Liberty and Sag Harbor, and the pipers have been paid." One of these poems was this threnody, which seems to reveal an intensely poetic renaissance of the lyrical quality and thought of a noble prime—which so few now living can recall to mind. Few indeed survive who knew him before the maladies which came upon



R. H. STODDARD IN EARLY MANHOOD  
Courtesy of the Authors Club

him in middle age so told upon his spirits and bodily power. The lyric is given exactly according to a version which Mr. Stoddard managed to write for me with his own hand, except for some needful punctuation and indentation. I have resisted advice to separate its three natural strophes or divisions, feeling that his instinct was true in making it a continuous strain.

Of all poets of his time, Stoddard had most dwelt upon death,—striking its whole gamut, and not confining his song to the one topic which Poe declared to be above all “the most poetical in the world.” Within the year his gifted and only surviving son had died in the hour of best achievement; his life-long companion, the one woman he had loved, was hastening to the grave; he confronted desolation, which could find “surcease” only through his own impending journey to “the hollow vale.” The opening quatrain of the requiem is the sole verse which I recall that declares, with the compressed force of sternly simple diction, that at every age—even in extreme old age—“Death always comes too soon.” The four lines are strong enough to carry the whole poem, and the eleven which follow do not lessen their effect. In the second

division, commencing with “Now there is not an hour to spare,” there is a poignant and momentary loss of hold; the poet’s ear and fancy are lured by his own melody; his grief is lulled by vague yet exquisite wanderings of song. Then, recovering as if from a trance, he is brought back to his desolation, to acceptance of the irreparable and to a sense of his own approaching end. He strikes the key of hopeless resignation, and from the line “When dear words have all been said” to the close maintains it, albeit with an old man’s mingling echoes of the measures which most affected him in youth. In fine, the opening division of this sweet, sad monody was unmistakably his own—that of the man who always faced openly, but without appeal, a relentless fate or situation. None but himself could have written this lyric; as a whole its effect is synthetic, and indisputably that of his swan-song—not of a kind with Tennyson’s “Crossing the Bar,” or with the “Prospice” and “Epilogue” of Browning, but charged with the “ruling passion” of a poet who half a century before had sung:

There is but one great sorrow  
All over the wide, wide world.

### THRENODY

EARLY or late, come when it will,  
At midnight or at noon,  
Promise of good, or threat of ill,  
Death always comes too soon.  
To the child who is too young to know,  
(Pray heaven he never may!)  
This life of ours is more than play,—  
A debt contracted long ago  
Which he perforce must pay;  
And the man whose head is gray,  
And sad, is fain to borrow,  
Albeit with added pain and sorrow,  
The comfort of delay;  
Only let him live to-day—  
There will be time to die to-morrow!  
Now there is not an hour to spare,  
Under the uncertain sky,  
Save to pluck roses for the hair

Of the loving and the fair,  
And the kisses following these,  
Like a swarming hive of bees  
That soar on high,  
Till, drunken with their own sweet  
wine,  
They fall and die.  
When dear words have all been said  
And bright eyes no longer shine  
(Ah, not thine!)  
Close these weary eyes of mine,  
And bear me to the lonely bed  
Where unhonored I shall lie,  
While the tardy years go by,  
Without question or reply  
From the long-forgotten dead.

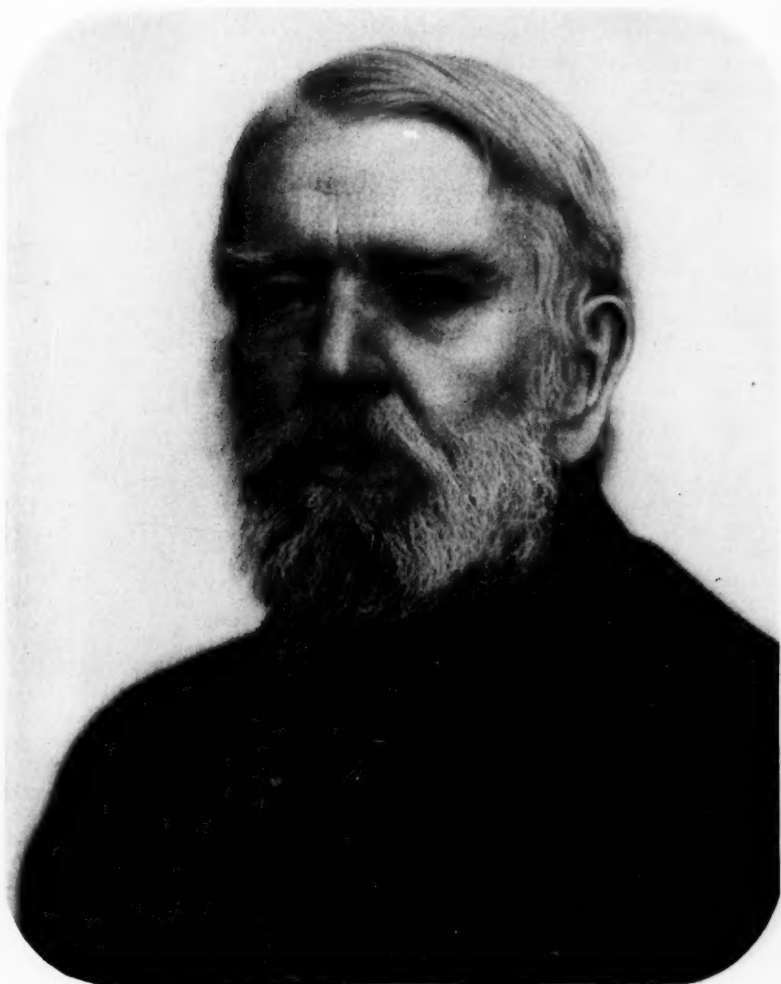
R. H. STODDARD.

July 21, 1902.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, from the first, welcomed the young New York poet, and Stoddard well repaid its hospitality. He had previously, it is true, written much verse; had published and suppressed a booklet, and then made up a volume of poems full of promise, with open indebtedness to Keats, the idol of his formative period—as Shelley was of Bayard Taylor's. His contributions to the MONTHLY, however, were soon recognizable through a fresh and individual tone which was peculiar to his unstudied songs and sustained pieces, if not to his enforced journey work, through his after career. The series, which extended from March, 1853, to the number for November, 1856,—the last issue but one of the magazine,—embraced a full score of poems; so many and so good as to constitute their author, one may say, the laureate, certainly the chief minnesinger, of that eminently American periodical. Doubtless some of his songs were the more available for their brevity, but they also had the true *lieder* quality, the modern scarcity of which is now checking a custom of filling half-pages with the stanzas and sonnets at command. The poems, short and long, accepted from Stoddard by the PUTNAM editors appear to outnumber those of all the other contributors, and to hold their own in choice companionship. For it was in PUTNAM's that Longfellow's "Two Angels," "The Warden of the Cinque Ports," "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport," and that most haunting of his lyrics, "My Lost Youth," first appeared, not to mention three minor pieces. Bryant contributed his "Robert of Lincoln," and Lowell at least four characteristic poems; Bayard Taylor as many, equally good; Mrs. Stoddard, one of her earliest lyrics. I must not forget to mention the picturesque verse of Rose Terry, or the poems of a quaint singer, E. W. Ellsworth, which made us impatient of his reticence in after years. Aldrich probably was the youngest of all those who had the pleasure of seeing their measures on the fair pages of the MONTHLY; in his

"Legend of Elsinore" can be found the dawning charm of his maturer genius and more fastidious art. Meanwhile a country boy, still under age, was surprised when certain stanzas entitled "Amavi," which he had mailed to PUTNAM's at a venture, were printed there in October, 1853, and was glad of the check earned by his first offer of a poem to any magazine. He still remembers just as vividly the delight given by Stoddard's lyrics, from the date of the appearance of a tiny avatar of the new mode—the little poem "At Rest," which made him eagerly read subsequent offerings by the same unmistakable hand. Among these were "The Shadow," and the most often quoted of the poet's shorter madrigals, "There are gains for all our losses," which bore in PUTNAM's the title of "Night and Morning." Its author's work culminated in Vol. VIII, 1856, with "The Fisher and Charon," a veritable masterpiece of blank-verse, to which many pages were not begrudged. I would ask any young writer to go back to this heroic idyl, and regard its human pathos, its calm imaginative progress, its stately diction, and mark what a structure its maker,—just escaped from apprenticeship in an iron-foundry,—built upon the stray text of a minor classic, infusing it, by intuition as sure as that of Keats, with the very soul of the antique. If this had been the handiwork of the author of "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Empedocles on Etna," or of Lowell—who had essayed the theme of "Rhæcus," undaunted by the finer classicism of Landor's "Hamadryad,"—it would have vastly impressed the down-east Areopagus to whose verdict alone (as Poe often complained) much deference was shown at that stage of our æsthetic development.

As it was, Ticknor and Fields in 1857 brought out an alluring volume, "Songs of Summer," containing the whole series of Stoddard's PUTNAM contributions and thrice their number of additional poems. This collection, with Taylor's "Songs of the Orient," Aldrich's new volumes, and the poems



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD IN LATER LIFE

Photograph by Hollinger

of others affiliated by instinct or association, were fresh with the ardor of a new clan, devoted to poetry for its own sake, to art and beauty and feeling; and this in no spirit of preciosity, but as a departure from—though not

a revolt against—the moralizing and reformatory propaganda, howsoever great in purpose and achievement, of the venerated “elder bards.”

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



ION PERDICARIS

## TANGIER IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES

By ION PERDICARIS

My first introduction to Tangier—I might almost say my first knowledge of the place—was due to an acquaintance formed whilst on my way from New York to Liverpool in the early seventies. I was anxious at the time to find a Mediterranean winter resort where one might, in case of necessity, remain throughout the summer also; and a retired French naval officer whom I met on this voyage not only gave me an enthusiastic description of Tangier, but offered to await my arrival there and introduce me to his friends.

It was on a fine afternoon in April that my wife and I landed from the small Gibraltar steamer, the "Lion Belge." As there was not even an apology for a pier, we were transported to the beach in miserable boats, handled amid an extraordinary uproar by native oarsmen. When shoal water was reached we were seized by bearers, who mounted us in chairs or upon their shoulders and started with us through the surf to the sands. And there, sure enough, we found our quondam companion waiting to welcome us with a group

of European and American visitors, in the midst of whom we were incontinently deposited. Whether it was the warmth of their greeting, the novelty of this amusing means of transport, or the quaint and unaccustomed aspect of the town itself, enhanced by the beauty of the weather, I cannot say, but certainly we were delighted with the place at first sight.

As visitors may recall, the entrance to the narrow streets of Tangier is through the Custom House, or "Adouana," under whose groined Moorish arches the native Administrators are generally to be found seated in solemn array, their grave demeanor, their huge turbans and imposing garb, over which are draped the semi-transparent folds of the white *haik* or *burnous*, all conveying an impression of intensely Oriental character, even though the "Sunset Land" is actually the most western confine of Moslym dominion.

After passing beneath the curious series of arches, built at various angles and altitudes across the exit from the Custom House, we walked between high walls up the ascent leading to the town gate, and found ourselves in a narrow lane at the lower end of which is the entrance to the saluting battery, whilst at the other is the "Ciagrine," or street of the silversmiths, the main commercial thoroughfare of Tangier. The first building to the left in this street is the principal Mosque of the town, into which we were warned not to look as we passed the arched doorway, and by no means to enter, since the *djama*, as the natives term all places of assembly, would be considered polluted by our presence. The entrance is surmounted by a projecting hood of carved and painted woodwork, the roof of which is covered by dark-green glazed tiles, almost the only external decorative feature of the building, unless we except the *sauma*—the tower or minaret whence issues, at stated hours, the call to prayers. The upper wall spaces of this tower are encrusted with flat glazed plaques, the pre-

dominant tones of which are pale green, blue, and a whitish yellow. Owing to its extreme simplicity, the architecture of this unpretentious exterior is singularly effective.

Near the entrance we noticed a small fountain from which the water fell into a flat basin where the faithful may perform the ablutions prescribed by their religion. This fountain, we observed, is used at other times as a drinking-trough for the horses and mules of the more important personages of the community, and even for the humblest donkeys, whose services and whose presence alike constitute one of the most constant features of every Eastern community. Just beyond the Mosque is the "Sok Segrui," or lesser market, an irregular open space where native vendors, chiefly women from the neighboring districts, enveloped in heavy white mantles covering their heads, and frequently surmounted by high peaked straw hats, offer bread, palmetto roots, and other equally delicate edibles for sale. At this point we left the main street on our way to Bruzaud's hotel,—a miserable house, though the best in the place at the time, situated in a narrow lane or alley in what had formerly been the *mellah*, or Jewish quarter of the town.

What a contrast to that humble caravansary are the principal hotels in Tangier now, of which four at least are superior to any in Gibraltar, or even in some of the larger Spanish cities. It must be admitted, however, that the beautiful Reina Cristina, lately erected by an English company at Algeciras (on the opposite side of Gibraltar Bay, where the Moroccan conference of 1906 was held), not only eclipses any hotel at Tangier, but in charm of design and picturesque equipment exceeds any establishment in the south of Europe, not excepting those at Nice or Cannes. The period to which these pages refer was exceedingly primitive, and yet, despite the simplicity of our quarters, the cuisine excelled that of many a more pretentious establishment of the present day.

Among the guests upon this occa-

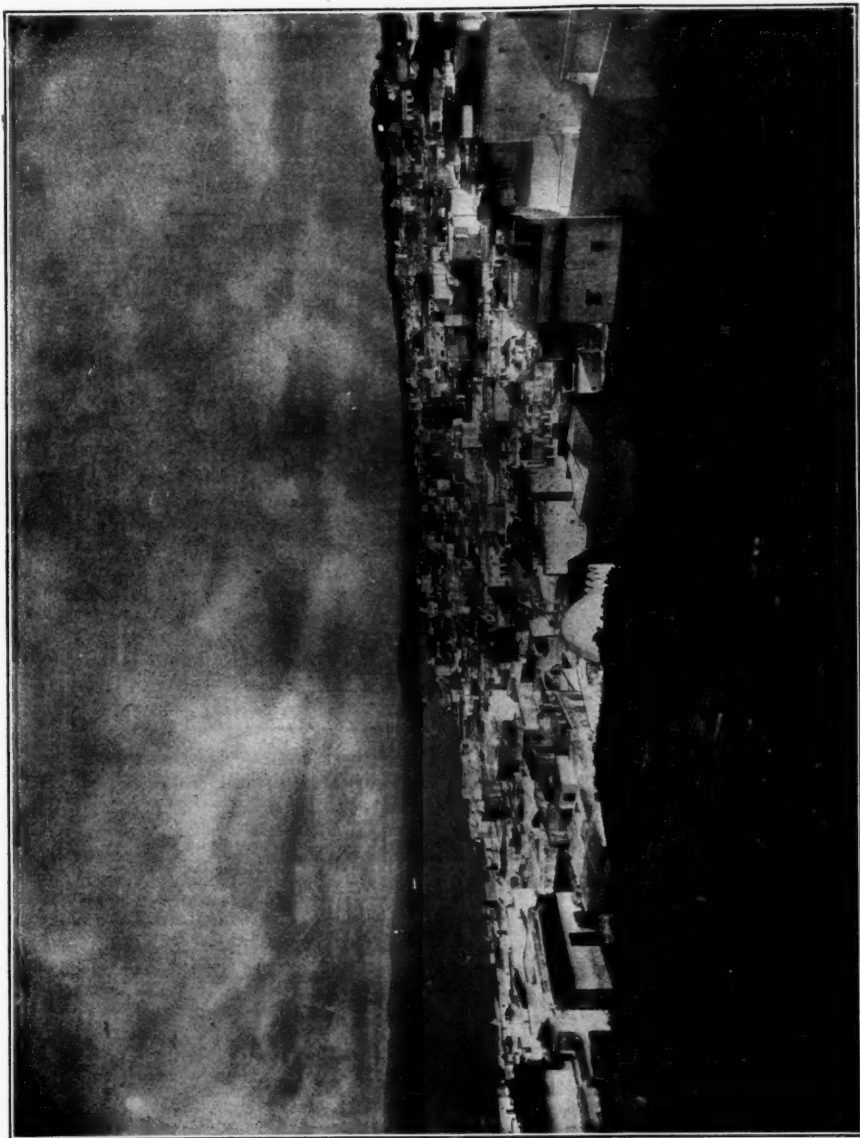
sion were two whom, from widely different motives, I shall never forget—the one, an officer then in garrison with his regiment at Gibraltar, Capt. Charles Rolleston, and the other a Scotch artist named Stirling. The latter had just returned from an expedition to the Sultan's court at Fez, whither he had attended the English Minister, Sir John Drummond Hay. Stirling had there commenced a painting of the reception accorded by the Sultan, Mulai Mohammed, to the Minister and his suite,—a canvas which, owing to the tragic death of the artist, was never completed. Indeed, the latter betrayed, on this first occasion of our acquaintance, abundant evidence of that cerebral disturbance which soon became still more painfully evident. After rudely contradicting statements not addressed to him, he presently burst into a loud fit of insulting laughter over an observation made by one of our party. I arose to protest, but the officer whom I have mentioned promptly intervened, whispering, "I will explain this conduct later. Do not appear to notice it. Our friend is a capital good fellow, and does not mean any offence."

At this moment our attention was distracted by violent discharges of firearms close at hand, accompanied by wild shouts and the hideous din of tom-toms and the native bag-pipe. A Frenchman named Lagraine, a well-known studio character, dragged my wife to the door, and I hastened after her, followed by the other guests. Reaching a narrow archway built across the neighboring street, we found ourselves among a crowd of yelling natives—Riffians, as I afterwards learned. These savage-looking fellows were arrayed in white tunics, richly embroidered leathern shoulder-straps supported satchels or game-bags similarly embroidered in colored silk, strange war-locks depended from their shaven crowns, and they were armed with the long native flint-lock guns, whose black stocks were inlaid with silver. Their wild movements as they fired their guns, leaping off the ground at each discharge, gave them

the appearance of demons or madmen, rather than sane human beings. Behind them, mounted upon a richly caparisoned mule, was a box festooned with gayly embroidered scarfs; and within this, as we now learned, was seated the bride in whose honor all this furious demonstration was made. Little did we surmise that such exciting incidents would soon become so much a matter of course to us, that we should scarcely notice their occurrence.

Nor was this the only incident that attended our arrival; for in the night we were awakened by other discharges even more disturbing than these. This time it was the play of Nature's artillery that startled us, accompanied by such a violent downpour of rain that the skylight in the hall where our trunks had been placed gave way with a crash, inundating not only the hall itself, but our room also. As I jumped out of bed to rescue such articles of attire as were already afloat, the bedstead itself gave way, so that I passed the remainder of the night in a more or less ineffectual attempt to avoid sliding off the inclined plane on to the flooded floor.

The next morning, the sun compensated us for the gloom of the preceding night, and I ordered a horse and set forth to survey the surrounding country. My ride took me first to a plateau on which abuts the "Kasbah," or fortress. This elevation, now surrounded by buildings, was then an open plain overlooking the sea and bordered by precipitous rocks which descended to the waves. On the plain itself a native was following his rustic plough, fashioned from the branch of a crooked tree, and accompanied by a friendly and companionable stork, which kept close at heel, picking up an occasional worm. I mention this pastoral incident, which one would have to go far afield to see nowadays, since the European laborer lacks that consideration for the more harmless birds which the native here displays. The Moslym, indeed, would as soon think of making one of his own family a target for his aim, as of shoot-



GENERAL VIEW OF TANGIER

ing a stork or a singing bird. Natives of Morocco frequently designate the stork as the *kadi*, or judge. I realized the aptness of this appellation when, in later years, one that had been wounded by a Spaniard was brought to us, and became an inmate of our poultry yard, from which he could not escape, as he never recovered from the injury to his wing. Here he passed an apparently contented, if somewhat sad existence, never interfering with the other inmates of the enclosure, unless some conflict occurred, when he instantly asserted his authority, reducing both adversaries to order by a few impartially administered blows from his long, heavy beak. Against his decisions, no effective appeal could be made, even by the most pugnacious combatant.

A few days after our arrival we took up our abode at a villa which our French friend had secured for us from the Portuguese Minister, Don Jose Colaço, latterly Baron de Colaço. This stood upon the Spartello headland, about a mile from Tangier,—one of the most picturesque sites conceivable. The dwelling itself was rather a cottage than a villa. Four rooms opened upon a terrace overlooking the sea and commanding the Strait of Gibraltar, with the lionine rock of that name to our left, and to our right, as our view embraced the Mediterranean, Mount Taric and Mount Musa (Djebel Taric and Djebel Musa—the classic Calpe and Abyla). As the reader doubtless recalls, these names were applied in remembrance of the Arab conquerors, Taric and Musa, who first led the hordes of Islam across the straits into Europe.

At the time of which I write, the Grand Chereef of Wazan, a religious dignitary of consequence, owned not only a residence at Tangier itself, overlooking the Custom House, but also a villa on the Spartello headland, some little distance beyond the lovely site which we had rented. Moulai Hadj Abd-es-Selam was one of the most important personages in all the region round about Tangier. He received tribute not merely from the

many *khouan* or lodges of the Tayyibiyya in Algeria and Tafilet, but also from the *zaouias* or refuges scattered throughout Morocco, whither any criminal, or innocent victim of official persecution, might fly to escape arrest.

We had heard many reports about this neighbor, and had occasionally met him riding in state, admirably mounted and with a numerous following, and I had often thought, I confess, how interesting it would be to make the acquaintance of this modern descendant of the Prophet Mohammed, when one day the great man's native secretary, attended by an interpreter, presented himself to say that his master, with my permission, would call upon me. Of course I said how happy I should be to be thus honored.

At the hour arranged, Moulai Hadj Abd-es-Selam arrived on horseback, escorted by numerous followers, and we went through the ceremony of taking tea with all the formality which such encounters with Oriental notabilities generally entail. The Chereef was apparently about forty-eight years of age, of portly presence, and much darker than many of the Tangier Moors, none of his ancestors having participated in the conquest of Spain, when many of the Arabs had intermarried with Goths or Spaniards. Very dignified in bearing, and with an amiable and kindly countenance, he would have produced a singularly favorable impression, had it not been for a certain timidity and restraint. This he never wholly lost except when following the chase; then, lance in hand and hard upon the heels of the wild boar, this admirable horseman could forget for the moment that he was a "saint," and be every inch a man. In such circumstances he became a bright and engaging companion.

On this first visit, however, we were each of us flanked by our respective interpreters, who exerted themselves to their utmost to "make conversation," since the chief actors were not possessed of sufficient knowledge of each other's character or tastes to render the article one of easy manu-



THE GARDEN AT "AIDONIA"

facture. Meanwhile, I observed that the attention of my distinguished guest was attracted by a young lady, present that afternoon, to whom, only a few months later, much to my surprise, he made a formal proposal of marriage. By that time, fortunately, we had become somewhat acquainted; but our intercourse, like that of his Highness with Miss K—— herself, was still dependent upon the services of an interpreter, so it was not surprising that the negotiations, which had to be referred to the lady's parents in England, were not conducted without an occasional hitch.

It seemed, from his subsequent confidences to me, that Hadj Abd-es-Selam, for whom I soon learned to feel considerable regard, was partly influenced in the step he had resolved to take, by a desire to put at the head of his establishment a lady qualified to entertain European guests. Like the present Sultan of Morocco, the Chereef was anxious to cultivate the society of Europeans—an inclination which proved to be unfortunate in its effect upon the popularity of both princes. I did not fail to press upon my amiable neighbor the possible disadvantages of his proposed course, but he was fixed in his determination, and it was finally arranged, in order to relieve us from a serious responsibility, that Miss K—— should return to England and explain the circumstances to her parents before making any definite engagement. The Chereef had already discussed with me the settlements he proposed to make,

as well as his wishes regarding the numerous escort which was to accompany Miss K—— to London; and these arrangements were of such a character that her parents finally gave their consent. Ultimately they returned with their daughter, whose marriage with His Highness was celebrated at the British Legation at Tangier with all due state and ceremony.

The Sultan was so disturbed by the news of this alliance that a commission was presently sent to Tangier, to investigate the affair. Accompanied by the Basha or military governor of the town, its members called upon us one evening, and courteously yet freely expressed their opinions on the subject. Their disposition at first was to hold me somewhat unduly responsible for an incident which naturally attracted a great deal of attention, not only in Morocco, but elsewhere. All those directly concerned became, however, more or less reconciled to a marriage which proved, in the main, a happier one than some of us had anticipated.

As to the Chereef himself, who died some years afterwards, he certainly turned out a most kind-hearted and indulgent husband, and although it was impossible that his wife should be allowed the freedom she would have enjoyed had she married a man of kindred race, yet, as she resigned herself to the circumstances entailed by her union with a Mohammedan dignitary, she contrived to enjoy the confidence of her husband as well as the respect of his people and of his



MULIA ALI.

co-religionists in general. Two sons were the issue of this much-discussed union.

I could not help feeling how much more interesting and picturesque Hadj Abd-es-Selam would have seemed, had he adhered more strictly to the dress and customs of his own country, as do his sons, both of whom have married Mohammedan ladies, and never appear except in the native dress, whilst their father had adopted, even before we knew him, a hybrid attire that robbed him of much of the dignity and import-

ance which otherwise would have characterized his appearance. Although he usually wore the baggy trousers or *saroual* of the Moor, yet the Spanish military tunic which he donned, with the scarlet skullcap known as the *fez* or the *tarbosh*, ill accorded with the dark blue native mantle, or *gilabia*, whilst the absence of the two finest features of the dress of the native gentleman—the huge white turban, and the *burnous*, or semi-transparent *haik* of white wool and silk—constituted a loss which was poorly compen-

sated when, on state occasions, he appeared in the full-dress uniform of a Spanish general, wearing the order of Isabella la Catholica, with other decorations bestowed upon him by various governments. Once, indeed, we were invited to see His Highness arrayed in European evening dress; but this was too much for our sense of pictorial fitness. No other native dignitary ventured upon these sartorial innovations until the accession of the present Sultan, Abd-el-Aziz.

Neither natives nor foreigners, in my judgment, can make a greater

mistake in Oriental countries than by masquerading in an unaccustomed dress. Where the Mohammedan religion prevails, the foreigner, instead of increasing his popularity by so doing, is suspected of trying to elude the prescription which forbids his presence in native places of worship, or, still worse, of seeking association with the women of the country. I attribute mainly to my care never to offend their prejudices in these respects, the courtesy and consideration which have invariably been shown me by the natives, even when I was a prisoner in the hands of Raisuli.

---

### THE VIOLET IMMORTAL

*A violet by a ruin old  
Unclosed its azure eye,  
One morning in the early spring,  
A poet passed it by.  
He wove a web of silver song  
About the blossom sweet,  
That brought the laurel to his brow,  
The public to his feet.*

*The poet sleeps this many a year,  
His very grave forgot ;  
The tender song that wrought his fame  
The world remembers not ;  
But still beside the ruin old  
When Spring's retainers pass,  
The little violet appears  
Half hidden in the grass.*

MINNA IRVING.

## FRANKLIN'S SOCIAL LIFE IN FRANCE

WITH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

By PROFESSOR ALBERT H. SMYTH

[THE present paper is the first of a series in which light will be shed on Dr. Franklin's social life in France by means of his correspondence with the women whose friendship rendered less irksome the discharge of his many and grave duties as American Commissioner in Paris during and immediately after the Revolution. Unhappily, most of the philosopher's own letters, which called forth, or were written in answer to, those here made public, are no longer to be found; but a few of them have been preserved, and are now to be seen in print. It adds to their interest that they are in French—a language in which the writer never felt wholly at his ease. Mr. Albert H. Smyth, Professor of English in the Central High School, Philadelphia, and Curator of the American Philosophical Society, founded by Franklin, to whom we are indebted for this important find, is the editor of the monumental edition of Franklin's Life and Writings which has just appeared under the Macmillan imprint. By President Roosevelt's appointment, he was America's special representative last April at the celebration in Paris of the second centennial of Franklin's birth.—EDITORS.]

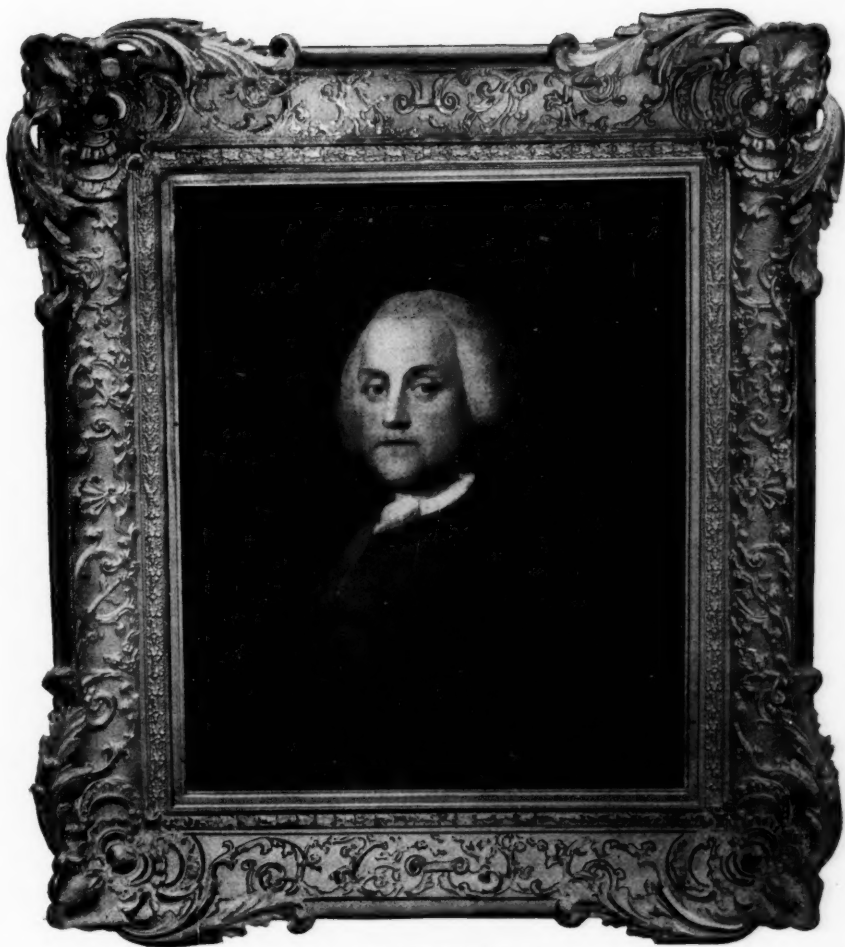
The story of Benjamin Franklin's official life in Paris from 1776 to 1785 is amply and minutely told in his voluminous correspondence. Every one is now familiar with the patience and industry with which he carried his stupendous burden, and the intelligence and astonishing success with which he discharged his Gibeonite task of drawing water for the whole congregation of Israel.

With no assistance, save the slight help furnished by his grandson,—an inexperienced boy who was more familiar than he with the French language,—surrounded by spies and beset by jealous and malicious foes, he performed alone the varied duties of merchant, consul, commissioner, and plenipotentiary. He bought and sold ships, adjusted difficulties between rival commanders, pacified mutinous crews clamoring for prizes, purchased arms and clothing for the Continentals, recommended soldiers and sailors for the army and navy in America, made treaties with the farmers-general, influenced the policy of foreign newspapers, honored the large and constant drafts of the Congress, and persuaded the French government to advance large sums

of money to relieve the desperate necessities of America.

But his life was not all toil. He lightened the burden and forgot his worries by social diversions. He was admired by philosophers and petted by society; and he found himself as much at home in the *salon* of Madame d'Houdetot or Madame Helvétius as in the laboratory of Lavoisier, the clinic of Vicq d'Azyr, or the cabinet of Vergennes. Never lived a man more idolized. Curious crowds followed him with applause when he walked abroad; men carried their canes and their snuff-boxes à la Franklin, fair women crowned him with flowers, and wrote him roguish letters affectionately addressed to "dear amiable Papa."

A list of the names upon the visiting cards found among Franklin's private papers would be an index of the society of Paris before the Revolution. Those that most frequently appear are la Duchesse d'Enville, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, M. Turgot, Duc de Chaulnes, Comte de Crillon, Vicomte de Sarsfield, M. Brisson, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Comte de Milly, Prince des Deuxponts, Comte d'Estaing, Mar-



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

This portrait, painted by Benjamin Wilson (1721-88), was taken from Franklin's house by Major André, when the British, under General Sir Charles Grey, evacuated Philadelphia in 1778. It was returned to this country during the present year (1906), by General Grey's descendant, Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada. The painting will have a permanent resting-place in the White House at Washington.—*Editors.*

quis de Mirabeau, M. Beaugéard, Treasurer of the State of Brittany.

Twice a week he dined with Madame Brillon at *Moulin Joli*, every Saturday with Madame Helvétius at Auteuil, and more irregularly but still frequently with Madame d'Houdetot at Sanois. He was a social creature and loved cheerful companionship,—chess, conversation, and music,—nor was he, *maigre* the gout and the gravel, in any wise averse to the pleasures of the table. His dinners at home when he entertained his friends on Sunday at Passy were carefully studied, and his household accounts speak of large and learned purchases of the best vintages of France. His appetite for sawdust-pudding belonged only to the days of his apprenticeship. At sixty he was fond of an afternoon of salt fish and brandy at the George and Vulture with Anthony Todd, and was rather proud of discomfiting Lord Clare at a claret-drinking. Ten years later he made careful collections of menus, and declared that he would rather bring back from Italy a receipt for Parmesan cheese than the rarest inscription that archæology had unearthed. A glass or two of champagne sufficed to put him in good humor, but before the dinner was over, he confessed to Mrs. Hewson, he often drank more than a philosopher should. He was particularly partial to the wines of Burgundy, and brought on access of gout with the copious draughts of *Nuits* with which Cabanis plied him at Auteuil. But he was also fond of madeira, and liked to gossip with his friend Strahan over the second bottle.

The brother-in-law of the Chevalier d'Eon sent him a cask of Burgundy from that strange creature's vineyard. M. de Bays, sub-delegate of the Intendance of Bourgogne, presented him with a basket of the best Burgundy to celebrate the Treaty of Peace. David Hartley supplied him with Jamaica rum. From Thomas Jordan, the brewer, he received a cask of porter which he broached

in Philadelphia, when "its contents met with the most cordial reception and universal approbation."

He was very susceptible to female charms. Madame Brillon wrote to him, "You permit your wisdom to be broken against the rocks of femininity." Writing from Paris to Mrs. Partridge, he said, "You mention the kindness of the French ladies to me. I must explain that matter. This is the civillest nation upon earth. Your first acquaintances endeavor to find out what you like and they tell others. If 'tis understood that you like mutton, dine where you will you find mutton. Somebody, it seems, gave it out that I lov'd ladies; and then everybody presented me their ladies (or the ladies presented themselves) to be *embraced*—that is to have their necks kissed. For as to kissing of lips or cheeks, it is not the mode here; the first, is reckoned rude, and the other may rub off the paint."

In America, the chief friends with whom he indulged in careless banter and frivolous correspondence were "Caty" Ray, afterwards the wife of William Greene, governor of Rhode Island, and Elizabeth Partridge, née "Betsey" Hubbard. In England he found his most cheerful diversion with Mrs. Mary Hewson and Georgiana Shipley (daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph). Liberal portions still exist of his correspondence in France with Mesdames Brillon, d'Houdetot, Helvétius, Foucault, Forbach, and le Veillard.

It was to Madame Brillon that Franklin addressed the first of his famous bagatelles. He has told the circumstances in a letter to William Carmichael.

"The person to whom it ['The Ephemera'] was addressed is Madame Brillon, a lady of most respectable character and pleasing conversation; mistress of an amiable family in this neighborhood, with which I spend an evening twice in every week. She has, among other elegant accomplishments, that of an excellent musician; and, with her daughters who sing

prettily, and some friends who play, she kindly entertains me and my grandson with little concerts, a cup of tea, and a game of chess. I call this *my Opera*, for I rarely go to the Opera at Paris."

M. Brillon was a French official of good estate and considerable income. His wife was much younger than he, and according to Miss Adams "one of the handsomest women in France." Franklin attempted in vain to arrange a marriage between her daughter and his grandson. Every Wednesday and Saturday he visited her and in the intervening days letters were swift and intelligent between them. "Do you know, my dear Papa," she wrote to him, "that people have the audacity to criticise my pleasant habit of sitting upon your knees, and yours of always asking me for what I always refuse?" "I despise slanderers and am at peace with myself, but that is not enough, one must submit to what is called *propriety* (the word varies in each century in each country), to sit less often on your knees. I shall certainly love you none the less, nor will our hearts be more or less pure; but we shall close the mouths of the malicious and it is no slight thing even for the secure to silence them."

In the great collection of Franklin's papers in the American Philosophical Society are one hundred and nineteen letters from Madame Brillon, sparkling with wit and full of interesting history. The rough drafts, also, of some of Franklin's letters to her exist in the same collection, some of them written in his halting French and corrected by her pen. These letters have not hitherto been printed. They illuminate the character of Franklin and show the great man in idle hours when free of the weary burden of public business. Most of them are undated, but I have tried to arrange them as nearly as possible in what would appear to have been their chronological order.

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"THE THUILLERIE,

"2nd November, 1778.

"The hope that I had of seeing you here, my dear Papa, prevented my writing to you for Saturday's tea. Hope is the remedy for all our ills. If one suffers, one hopes for the end of the trouble; if one is with friends, one hopes to remain with them; if one is away from them, one hopes to go to them,—and this is the only hope that is left to me. I shall count the days, the hours, the minutes; each minute passed brings me nearer to you. We like to watch when it is the only means of uniting us to those whom we love. Man, who takes life thus, tries unceasingly to shorten it; he plans, desires; without the future, it seems to him that he possesses nothing. When my children are grown up—in ten years—the trees in my garden will shade me. The years pass, and then one regrets them. I might have done such and such a thing, one says then. Had I not been only twenty-five years old, I would not have done the foolish thing that I now repent of. The wise man alone enjoys the present, does not regret the past, and waits peacefully for the future. The wise man, who, like you, my Papa, has passed his youth in gathering knowledge and enlightening his fellows, and his ripe years in obtaining liberty for them, can cast a complaisant look on the past, enjoy the present, and await the reward of his labor in the future; but how many are wise? I try to become so, and am, in some ways: I take no account of wealth, vanity has small hold on my heart; I like to do my duty; I freely forgive society its errors and injustices. But I love my friends with an idolatry that often does me harm: a prodigious imagination, a soul of fire will always give them the ascendant over all my plans and my thoughts. I see, Papa, that I must pretend to but one perfection—that of loving

the most that is possible. May this quality make you love your daughter always!

"Will you not write me a word? a word from you gives me so much pleasure. It is always very good French to say, 'Je vous aime.' My heart always goes out to meet this word when you say it to me.

"You always know how to join great wisdom to a grain of roguishness; you ask Brillon for news of me just when you are receiving a letter from me; you act the neglected one, just when you are being spoiled, and then you deny it like a madman when the secret is discovered. Oh, I have news of you!

"Good-bye, my kind Papa. Our good neighbors are going; there will be no more days for tea, where one can find you. I will write to you in spite of this, at least once a week. May my letters give you some pleasure,—as to love you and to tell you so is my heart's need. I have the honor to be

"Your very humble and very obedient servant,

"D'HARDANCOURT BRILLON.

"I was at a fine place (Erménonville), yesterday, where you are respected and wanted. I said I hoped we should go there together, some day; they spoke to me of you only. You can judge that, without knowing it, they could not have pleased me better.

"Mama, my children, and Mlle. Jupin present you their respects. May I venture to beg you to give my kind regards to Mr. Franklinet?"

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"11th May, 1779.

"You are quite right, my good Papa, true happiness should consist for us only in peace of mind; it is not in our power to change the nature of those with whom we live, nor to prevent the contrarieties that

surround us. It is a wise man who speaks, and who tries to advise his too sensitive daughter by teaching her the truth. Oh, my Papa, I beg for your friendship, your healthy philosophy; my heart listens and submits to you. Give me strength that it may take the place of an indifference your child can never feel. But admit, my friend, that for one who knows how to love, ingratitude is a frightful ill; that it is hard for a woman who would give her life without hesitation to insure her husband's happiness to see the result of her care and her desires taken away by intrigue, and falseness. Time will make all right: my Papa has said so, and I believe it. But my Papa has also said that time is the stuff of which life is made. My life, my friend, is made of fine and thin stuff, that grief tears cruelly; if I had anything to reproach myself with, I should long have ceased to exist. My soul is pure, simple, frank. I dare to tell my Papa so; I dare to tell him that it is worthy of him; I dare still assure him that my conduct, which he has considered wise, will not belie itself, that I will await justice in patience, that I will follow the advice of my honorable friend with firmness and confidence.

"Adieu, you whom I love so much,—my kind Papa. Never call me anything but 'my daughter.' Yesterday you called me 'Madame,' and my heart shrank, I examined myself, to see whether I had done you any wrong, or if I had some failings that you would not tell me of. Pardon, my friend; I am not reproaching you, I am accusing myself of a weakness. I was born much too sensitive for my happiness and for that of my friends; cure me, or pity me, if you can do one and the other.

"To-morrow, Wednesday, you will come to tea, will you not? Believe, my Papa, that the pleasure I take in receiving you is shared by my husband, my children, and my friends; I cannot doubt it, and I assure you of it."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"Saturday, 18th November, 1780.

"There should be many little things to criticise in your logic, which my dear Papa asserts so well. 'When I was a young man,' you say, 'and enjoyed the favors of the sex more than at present, I had no gout.' 'Then,' one might reply to this, 'when I threw myself out of the window, I did not break my leg.' THEN you could have the gout without having deserved it, and you could have well deserved it, as I believe, and not have had it.

If this last argument is not as brilliant as the others, it is clear and sure; what are neither clear nor sure are the arguments of philosophers who insist that everything that happens in the world is necessary to the general movement of the universal machine. I believe that the machine would go neither better nor worse if you had not the gout, and if I were forever rid of my nervous troubles.

"I do not see what help, more or less, these little incidents can give to the wheels that turn this world at random, and I know that my little machine goes worse for them. What I know very well besides, is that pain sometimes becomes mistress of reason, and that patience alone can overcome these two plagues. I have as much of it as I can, and I advise you, my friend, to have the same. When frosts have blackened the earth, a bright sun makes us forget them. We are in the midst of frosts, and must wait patiently for the bright sun, and, while waiting, amuse ourselves in the moments when weakness and pain leave us some rest. *This*, my dear Papa, is my logic.

"Your dialogue amused me very much, but the corrector of your French spoiled your work. Believe me, leave your works as they are, use words that say things, and laugh at grammarians, who, by their purity, weaken all your sentences. If I had a good enough head, I would

compose a terrible diatribe against those who dare to re-touch you, were it l'Abbé de la Roche, my neighbor Veillard, etc., etc., etc. I want to amuse myself by making notes on your work, and on theirs, and you will see that you are right.

"Adieu, my good Papa. My big husband will take my letter to you; he is very happy to be able to go to see you. For me, nothing remains but the faculty of loving my friends. You do not doubt, surely, that I will do my best for you, even to Christian charity, that is to say, your Christian charity, *exclusively*."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"New Year's Day, 1781.

"If I had a good head and good legs—if, in short, I had all that I lack,—I should have come, like a good daughter, to wish a happy New Year to the best of papas. But I have only a very tender heart to love him well, and a rather bad pen to scribble him that this year, as well as last, and as well as all the years of my life, I shall love him, myself alone, as much as all the others that love him, put together.

"Brillon and the children present their homage to the kind Papa; and we also say a thousand things to M. Franklinet."

Franklin attempted to arrange a marriage between his nephew, Jonathan Williams, and one of the daughters of John Schweighauser, banker at Nantes. His plans failed and Williams married Marianne Alexander. He also tried to obtain one of the daughters of Madame Brillon for his grandson, William Temple Franklin. It was in reply to overtures of this kind that the following letter was written. Between two and three years later Franklin received a notice of the marriage of the daughter whom he had hoped to receive into his own family: "Mon-sieur et Madame Brillon de Jouy ont l'honneur de vous faire part du Mariage de Mademoiselle Brillon,

leur Fille, avec Monsieur Paris." Upon the card, which exists among the private papers in the American Philosophical Society, Franklin wrote: "They were married Monday, Oct. 20, 1783."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"Friday, 20th April, 1781.

"I am going to answer your letter, my good Papa, with frankness and friendliness. It would have been sweet to my heart, and most agreeable to M. Brillon, to form an alliance which would have made one family of us; we like your son, and believe that he has all that is necessary to make a man distinguished, and to render a woman happy. But he cannot reasonably decide to remain in this country; his property, his profession, and his duty bind him to his country. Your name to sustain is another tie that obliges him in every case to do the things, and live in the places, where he will be useful to his fellow-citizens. On our side, we need a son-in-law who is in a condition to fill the place of my husband, who begins to feel the need of rest. This place is the most important object of our fortune; it calls for a man skilled in the knowledge of the laws and customs of our country and of our religion. M. Brillon and I think, with you, that there is but one religion and one moral law common to all wise men; we are, however, obliged to submit to the usages of our country; an isolated being, keeping silent and leaving to others their prejudices, can do as he wishes. Married people, belonging to a large family, owe it some account of their doings. There would be still many other objections to the flattering proposal you have made us; what it has cost us to refuse it, should assure you forever of our affection.

"Be at ease, my good Papa: as long as we live, you shall not be neglected. Without being your children we are your friends, and we will give you always all the attention that lies in our power.

"I beg you, my kind Papa, to communicate to your son all the obstacles in the way of the attachment he would form with our child. He must be the friend of all of us; he will be happy and will give us happiness in keeping to this feeling: if it becomes warmer, he will make himself unhappy, and give us pain; his integrity and your wisdom reassure us. Good-bye, my Papa. Love us and try to forget a plan, the remembrance of which would only cause us regret; or remind us of it only in order to strengthen, if possible, our confidence in the esteem and friendship which we have for each other."

Upon the birth of the first child of this marriage Franklin wrote to Madame Brillon:

DR. FRANKLIN TO MME. BRILLON

"Je vous félicite très cordialement ma très chère amie de l'heureux accouchement de votre fille. Puisse l'enfant être aussi bonne et aussi aimable que sa mère, sa grande-mère et sa grande-grande-mère, etc. Je me souviens d'avoir un jour rencontré chez vous quatre de vos générations quand vos enfants étoient très jeunes et que j'ai dit alors que j'espérois vivre à voir la cinquième. Voici mon souhait prophétique accompli. Je fais des vœux actuellement pour la prospérité continue de toute la bonne famille. Avez-vous des nouvelles de notre bon Évêque? Où est-il? Comment se porte-t-il? Je vous embrasse fortement.

"B. F.

"Ce 29 Novbre. '84."

(Translation of the preceding letter)

"I congratulate you very cordially, my very dear friend, on the happy accouchement of your daughter. May the child be as good and as amiable as its mother, its grandmother, and its great-grandmother, etc. I remember having one day met at your house four generations of your family, when your children

were very young, and that I then said that I hoped to live to see the fifth. Now my prophetic wish is realized. I now send wishes for the continued prosperity of all the kind family. Have you any news of our good Bishop? Where is he? How is he? I greet you warmly.

"B. F.

"29 Nov. '84."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

2nd December, 1784.

"Your letter, my kind Papa, has given me great pleasure; but if you would give me a greater, remain in France until you see my sixth generation. I only ask you for fifteen or sixteen years: my granddaughter will be marriageable early; she is fine and strong. I am tasting a new feeling, my good Papa, to which my heart gives itself with satisfaction, it is so sweet to love. I have never been able to conceive how beings exist who are such enemies to themselves as to reject friendship. They are ingrates, one says; well, one is deceived; it is a little hard sometimes, but one is not so always; and to feel oneself incapable of returning it gives a contentment that consoles one for the treachery.

"My little nurse is charming and fresh as a morning rose. The first days the child had difficulty, . . . but patience and the mother's courage overcame it; all goes well now, and nothing could be more interesting than this picture of a young and pretty person nursing a superb child, the father unceasingly occupied with the spectacle, and joining his attentions to those of his wife. My eyes often are wet, and my heart rejoices, my kind Papa. You realize so well the price of all that belongs to good and beautiful nature that I owe you these details. My daughter charges me with her thanks and compliments to you; my youngest and my men present their respects, and I, my friend, I beg you to believe that my

friendship and my existence will always be one for you."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"1st July, PASSY.

"MY DEAR PAPA: Your bishop was a niggard and your beggar a rascally fellow. You are a very skilful sophist, as you almost convince one with your clever arguments founded on a false principle. Is it to Dr. Franklin, the celebrated philosopher, the profound statesman, that a woman speaks thus irreverently? Yes, this erudite man, this legislator, has his weakness (it is the weakness, moreover, of great men: he has taken full advantage of it). But let us go into the matter:

"To prove that I do not love you, my good Papa, you compare yourself to a beggar who asked alms from a bishop. Now, the rôle of a bishop is not to refuse to give to beggars when they are really in want; he honors himself in doing good. But in truth the kind of charity which you ask of me so humorously can be found everywhere. You will not suffer by my refusals! What would you think of your beggar, if, the bishop having given him the 'louis' which he asked, he had complained because he did not get two? That, however, is your case, my good friend.

"You adopted me as your daughter, I chose you for my father: what do you expect from me? Friendship! well, I love you as a daughter should love her father. The purest, most tender and respectful affection for you fills my soul; you asked me for a 'louis'; I gave it to you, and yet you murmur at not getting another one, which does not belong to me. It is a treasure which has been entrusted to me, my good Papa; I guard it and will always guard it carefully. Even if you were like 'Colin sick,' in truth I could not cure you; and nevertheless, whatever you may think or say, no one in this world loves you more than I."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"20th October, MARSEILLES.

"I received on my arrival here, my good Papa, your letter of October 1st. It gave me much pleasure; I found in it evidences of your friendship and a touch of that gayety and gallantry which make all women love you, because you love them all. Your proposition to carry me on your wings, if you were the angel Gabriel, made me laugh; but I would not accept it, although I am no longer very young nor a virgin. That angel was a sly fellow and your nature united to his would become too dangerous. I would be afraid of miracles happening, and miracles between women and angels might not always bring a redeemer. . . .

"I have arranged, my good friend, to write alternately to my 'great neighbor' and to you; the one to whom I shall not have written will kindly tell the other that I love him with all my heart, and when it comes your turn you will add an embrace for the good wife of our neighbor, for her daughter, for little Mother Caillot, for all the gentle and pretty women of my acquaintance whom you may meet. You see that not being able to amuse you, either by my carols or by chess, I seek to procure you other pleasures. If you had been at Avignon with us, it is there you would have wished to embrace people. The women are charming there; I thought of you every time I saw one of them. Adieu, my good Papa; I shall not relate to you the events of my journey, as I have written of them to our neighbor, who will communicate them to you. I confine myself to assuring you of my most constant and tender friendship. . . ."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"13th October, THE THUILLERIE.

"How are you, my good Papa? Never has it cost me so much to leave you; every evening it seems to me that you would be very glad to see me, and every evening I think of you.

On Monday, the 21st, I shall go to get you; I hope that you will then be well on your feet, and that the teas of Wednesday and Saturday, and that of Sunday morning, will regain all their brilliance. I will bring you *la bonne évêque*. My fat husband will make us laugh, our children will laugh together, our big neighbor will quiz, the Abbés La Roche and Morelet will eat all the butter, Mme. Grand, her amiable niece, and M. Grand will not harm the society, Père Pagin will play 'God of Love' on his violin, I the march on the piano, and you 'Petits Oiseaux' on the harmonica.

"O! my friend, let us see in the future fine and strong legs for you, and think no more of the bad one that has so persecuted you. After the bad, one enjoys the good more; life is sown with one and the other, which she changes unceasingly. What she cannot keep from being equal and unchangeable is my tenderness for you, that time, place, and events will never change.

"My mother and all my family beg to be remembered to you.

"I had news of you from our neighbor, but I must absolutely have some from you."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"1st November, THE THUILLERIE.

"Here I am reduced to writing to you, my good papa, and to saying that I love you. It was sweeter no doubt to let you see it in my eyes. How am I going to spend the Wednesdays and Saturdays? No teas, no chess, no music, no hope of seeing or embracing my good papa! It seems to me that the privation which I experience from your absence would suffice to make me change my views, were I inclined to materialism.

"Happiness is so uncertain, so many obstacles are encountered in its pursuit, that the conviction that we shall be happier in another life can alone help us to bear the trials of this one. In paradise we shall be reunited, never to leave each other

again! We shall there live on roasted apples only; the music will be composed of Scotch airs; all parties will be given over to chess, so that no one may be disappointed; every one will speak the same language; the English will be neither unjust nor wicked there; the women will not be coquettes, the men will be neither jealous nor too gallant; 'King John' will be left to eat his apples in peace; perhaps he will be decent enough to offer some to his neighbors—who knows? since we shall want for nothing in paradise! We shall never suffer from gout there nor from our nerves; Mr. Mesmer will content himself with playing on the harmonica, without bothering us about electric fluids: ambition, envy, pretensions, jealousy, prejudices, all these will vanish at the sound of the trumpet. A lasting, sweet, and peaceful friendship will animate every society. Every day we shall love one another, in order that we may love one another still more the day after; in a word, we shall be completely happy. In the meantime let us get all the good we can out of this poor world of ours. I am far from you, my good Papa; I look forward to the time of our meeting, and I am pleased to think that your regrets and desires equal mine.

"My mother and my children send you their loving remembrance; we should all like to have you here. May I ask you to remember me to your grandson?"

Here is a letter of playful and pretended anger at not receiving from Franklin news of the surrender of Cornwallis's army:

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"11th December, NICE.

"MY DEAR PAPA: Our neighbor will hand you this little note. Do you know why I only write a little note, a very short one? It is because I am angry with you. Yes, Mr. Papa, I am angry with you. What! you capture a whole army in America,

you burgoyne Cornwallis, you take cannons, vessels, munitions, men, horses, etc., etc.; and the gazette alone announces the news to your friends, who get drunk drinking your health and Washington's, in toasting Independence, the King of France, the Marquis de Lafayette, Messrs. de Rochambault, Chalelux, etc., etc., whilst you give no sign of life! You must be, nevertheless, a *bon vivant* now, although you were always something of one; you must feel twenty years younger because of this good news, which should bring us a lasting peace after a glorious war. I am angry with you, therefore—and shall be, until I hear from you. In the meantime, however, as I do not wish the death of the sinner, I shall compose a triumphal march for you. I shall send it to you, write you, and even love you with all my heart.

"I, who am not angry with you, present you my sincere compliments, my dear Papa, and embrace you most cordially, as also your grandson, whom I cannot separate from you in thought."

DR. FRANKLIN TO MME. BRILLON

"À PASSY, ce 25 Decr. '81.

"Vous me boudés, ma chère amie, que je n'avois pas vous envoyé tout de suite l'histoire de notre grande victoire. Je suis bien sensible de la magnitude de notre avantage et de ses possibles bonnes conséquences; mais je ne triomphe pas. Sçachant que la guerre est pleine de variété et d'incertitude, dans la mauvaise fortune j'espère la bonne, et dans la bonne je crains la mauvaise. Ainsi je joue à ce jeu avec presque la même égalité d'âme que vous m'avez vu jouer aux échecs. Vous sçavez que je ne renonce jamais à une partie avant qu'il est finie, espérant toujours de gagner, ou au moins d'avoir un pas; et je me garde quand j'ai bonne partie contre la présomption, qui est souvent très nuisible et toujours très dangereuse. Et quand j'ai de présomption je tache de le

cacher pour éviter la honte si la fortune change. Vous voyez pourquoi j'ai dit si peu de cette affaire et que j'ai seulement remarqué que rien ne pouvait me faire parfaitement heureux en certain circonstances.

"Comme vous avez toujours évité de faire des connoissances nombreuses, vous ne pouvez pas imaginer le quantité de gens qui s'intéressent de votre bien être. Je rencontre toujours quelques uns en toutes les sociétés en toutes les parties de Paris et à Versailles qui me demandent de vos nouvelles, de votre santé et ceux qui m'aiment me disent quelques mots pour me consoler de votre absence, que vous améliorer votre constitution, que vos nerfs seront fortifiés, que vous vivrez plus longtemps, etc. Tous parlent de vous avec respect, plusieurs avec affection et même avec admiration. Cela est musique à mes oreilles et plus que compense ma perte des Noël's charmantes que la saison me fait souvenir.

"Je passe souvent devant la maison. Elle me paroît désolée. Autrefois j'ai brisé le commandement en la convoitant avec la femme de mon voisin. A cette heure je ne le convoite plus. Ainsi je suis moins pecheur. Mais par rapport à la femme je trouve toujours ces commandements bien incommodes et je suis fâché qu'on s'est avisé de les faire. Si dans vos voyages vous vous trouvez chez le Saint Père, demandez de lui de les rapeller, comme étant données seulement aux Juifs et trop gênantes pour les bons chrétiens.

"Voilà arrivé le Jour de la Naisance du Dauphin du Ciel et jusqu'à présent nous n'avions eu la moindre apparence d'hyver. J'ai diné aujourd'hui à Chaillot les portes et fenestres ouvertes comme en Eté et j'ai dit à moi-même je ne crois pas qu'on a plus beau temps à Nice et j'étois prêt à chanter

" Helas! pourquoi chercher sur l'onde  
Le Bonheur qu'on trouvoit au port.

Mais j'espere que tout sera pour le mieux.

"Quoique j'ai dit que je ne triomphe pas, je serai bien aise d'avoir la Marche que vous avez la bonté de me promettre. Mais je crois que je ne l'entendrai bien jouée avant votre retour.

"J'ai lu la petite Memoire de votre ami de Marseilles. Elle est plein d'intelligence et de bon sens. Je la communiquerai ou elle peut avoir quelque bonne effet.

"Dites quelques milliers de bonnes choses pour moi à chacun et chacune de votre heureuse Société.

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

*Translation of the Preceding Letter*

"Passy, 25th December 1781.

"So you are angry with me, my dear friend, because I did not send you at once an account of our great victory. I fully realize the extent of our advantage and its possible good consequences, but I do not exult over it. Knowing that war is full of changes and uncertainty, in bad fortune I hope for good and in good fortune I fear bad. I follow the game with almost the same equanimity as when you see me playing chess. You know that I never give up a game before it is finished, always hoping to win, or at least to get a move, and when I have a good game I guard against presumption, which is often very hurtful and always very dangerous; and when I am inclined to presumption I try to hide it from others to avoid being ashamed should fortune change. You now see why I said so little about that affair, and why I merely remarked that nothing could make me perfectly happy under certain circumstances.

"As you always avoided making numerous acquaintances you cannot imagine the number of people who are interested in your welfare. I always meet some of them in every society and in all parts of Paris and Versailles, who ask me about you and about your health; and those who love me say a few words to console me for your absence—that they hope your constitution will be

improved, that your nerves will be strengthened, that you will live long, etc. All speak of you with respect, many with affection and even with admiration. That is music to my ears, and more than compensates me for the loss of the charming Christmas carols which the season recalls to my mind.

"I often pass before your house: it appears desolate to me now. Formerly I broke the commandment by coveting it along with the wife of my neighbor. Now I do not covet it any more, so I am less sinful. But as regards my neighbor's wife, I always found these commandments very inconvenient and I am sorry that they were made. If in your travels you happen to see the Holy Father, you might ask him to repeal them, as having been given only to the Jews and too hard for good Christians to keep.

"This is the birthday of the Dauphin of Heaven and up to the present we have not had the least sign of winter. I dined to-day at Chaillot; the doors and windows were open as in summer and I said to myself that I did not believe you had finer weather at Nice and I was ready to sing: 'Alas! why voyage in quest of the happiness that can be found at home?' But I hope all will be for the best.

"Although I said that I do not triumph, I shall be very glad to have the 'March' which you have had the kindness to promise me. But I do not believe I shall hear it played well until you come back.

"I read the little memoir of your friend from Marseilles. It is full of intelligence and good sense, and I shall communicate it where it may have some good effect.

"Say a thousand kind things for

me to each and every one of your happy society.

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN."

MME. BRILLON TO DR. FRANKLIN

"25th of December at NICE.

"The atonement is adequate, my dear Papa. I shall no longer call you *Monseigneur* nor even *Monsieur*. My petition succeeded before reaching you; our tears are dried. You love us, you tell us so; you are in good health, and are as roguish as ever, since you are planning to steal me from Brillon, and to take me on a trip to America without letting any one know about it. Everything is as usual. I recognize your fine mask, and I am very glad. But, my good Papa, why say that you write French badly,—that your pleasantries in that language are only nonsense? To make an academic discourse, one must be a good grammarian; but to write to our friends all we need is a heart, and you combine with the best heart, when you wish, the soundest moral teaching, a lively imagination, and that droll roguishness which shows that the wisest of men allows his wisdom to be perpetually broken against the rocks of femininity. Write me therefore, write me often and much, or through spite I shall learn English. I should want to know it quickly, and that would hurt me as I have been forbidden all study, and you would be the cause of my ills, for having refused me a few lines of your bad French, which my family and I—and we are not simpletons—consider very good; ask my neighbors, ask Mr. d'Estaing, Mme. Helvétius and her abbés, if it would be right on your part to prejudice the improvement which the sun here has caused in my health, for the sake of a little pride which is beneath My Lord the Ambassador, Benjamin Franklin."

( To be Continued )

## "THE MAN WITH THE MUCK-RAKE"

By PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

[On April 14th, 1906, Mr. Roosevelt delivered, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Office Building of the House of Representatives, an address which attracted a very large measure of attention. The speaker had in his mind two main topics: first, the tendency to exaggeration on the part of journals, and on the part of the public generally, in criticising public evils and the actions of officials and of others in responsibility; and, secondly, the accountability to the community of those who have accumulated large property. The address was reported in the press throughout the country, and its publication brought about a more general discussion than any of the President's previous utterances. The author during the past five months has given due consideration to the expressions of unfavorable criticism, as well as to those of approval, of the conclusions and suggestions that he presented in his address; and he now reports that he finds occasion for no material modifications in these conclusions. He has made a careful revision of the text, and has added certain material. The questions which were under consideration last April are still pending questions; and they are likely to be discussed for years to come. It has seemed to the editors of PUTNAM'S that the address in its revised and final text is likely to prove of interest to their readers, and deserves preservation in this more permanent form.—EDITORS.]

---

OVER a century ago Washington laid the corner-stone of the Capitol in what was then little more than a tract of wooded wilderness here beside the Potomac. We now find it necessary to provide by great additional buildings for the business of the Government. This growth in the need for the housing of the Government is but a proof and example of the way in which the Nation has grown and the sphere of action of the National Government has grown. We now administer the affairs of a Nation in which the extraordinary growth of population has been outstripped by the growth of wealth and the growth in complex interests. The material problems that face us to-day are not such as they were in Washington's time, but the underlying facts of human nature are the same now as they were then. Under altered external form we war with the same tendencies toward evil that were evident in Washington's time, and are helped by the same tendencies for good. It is about some of these that I wish to say a word to-day.

In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"

you may recall the description of the Man with the Muck-rake, the man who could look no way but downward, with the muck-rake in his hand; who was offered a celestial crown for his muck-rake, but who would neither look up nor regard the crown he was offered, but continued to rake to himself the filth of the floor.

In "Pilgrim's Progress" the Man with the Muck-rake is set forth as the example of him whose vision is fixed on carnal instead of on spiritual things. Yet he also typifies the man who in this life consistently refuses to see aught that is lofty, and fixes his eyes with solemn intentness only on that which is vile and debasing. Now, it is very necessary that we should not flinch from seeing what is vile and debasing. There is filth on the floor, and it must be scraped up with the muck-rake: and there are times and places where this service is the most needed of all the services that can be performed. But the man who never does anything else, who never thinks or speaks or writes save of his feats with the muck-rake, speedily becomes, not a help to society, not an incite-

ment to good, but one of the most potent forces for evil.

There are, in the body politic, economic, and social, many and grave evils, and there is urgent necessity for the sternest war upon them. There should be relentless exposure of and attack upon every evil man, whether politician or business man, every evil practice, whether in politics, in business, or in social life. I hail as a benefactor every writer or speaker, every man who, on the platform, or in book, magazine, or newspaper, with merciless severity makes such attack, provided always that he in his turn remembers that the attack is of use only if it is absolutely truthful. The liar is no whit better than the thief, and if his mendacity takes the form of slander, he may be worse than most thieves. It puts a premium upon knavery untruthfully to attack an honest man, or even with hysterical exaggeration to assail a bad man with untruth. An epidemic of indiscriminate assault upon character does no good, but very great harm. The soul of every scoundrel is gladdened whenever an honest man is assailed, or even when a scoundrel is untruthfully assailed.

Now, it is easy to twist out of shape what I have just said, easy to affect to misunderstand it, and, if it is slurred over in repetition, not difficult really to misunderstand it. Some persons are sincerely incapable of understanding that to denounce mud-slinging does not mean the indorsement of whitewashing; and both the interested individuals who need whitewashing, and those others who practise mud-slinging, like to encourage such confusion of ideas. One of the chief counts against those who make indiscriminate assault upon men in business or men in public life is that they invite a reaction which is sure to tell powerfully in favor of the unscrupulous scoundrel who really ought to be attacked, who ought to be exposed, who ought, if possible, to be put in the penitentiary. If Aristides is praised overmuch as just, people get tired of hearing it; and overcensure of the un-

just finally and from similar reasons results in their favor.

Any excess is almost sure to invite a reaction; and, unfortunately, the reaction, instead of taking the form of punishment of those guilty of the excess, is very apt to take the form either of punishment of the unoffending or of giving immunity, and even strength, to offenders. The effort to make financial or political profit out of the destruction of character can only result in public calamity. Gross and reckless assaults on character, whether on the stump or in newspaper, magazine, or book, create a morbid and vicious public sentiment, and at the same time act as a profound deterrent to able men of normal sensitiveness and tend to prevent them from entering the public service at any price. As an instance in point, I may mention that one serious difficulty encountered in getting the right type of men to dig the Panama Canal is the certainty that they will be exposed, both without, and, I am sorry to say, sometimes within, Congress, to utterly reckless assaults on their character and capacity.

At the risk of repetition let me say again that my plea is, not for immunity to but for the most unsparing exposure of the politician who betrays his trust, of the big business man who makes or spends his fortune in illegitimate or corrupt ways. There should be a resolute effort to hunt every such man out of the position he has disgraced. Expose the crime, and hunt down the criminal; but remember that even in the case of crime, if it is attacked in sensational, lurid, and untruthful fashion, the attack may do more damage to the public mind than the crime itself. It is because I feel that there should be no rest in the endless war against the forces of evil that I ask that the war be conducted with sanity as well as with resolution. The men with the muck-rakes are often indispensable to the well-being of society; but only if they know when to stop raking the muck, and to look upward to the celestial crown above them, to the crown of worthy

endeavor. There are beautiful things above and round about them; and if they gradually grow to feel that the whole world is nothing but muck, their power of usefulness is gone. If the whole picture is painted black, there remains no hue whereby to single out the rascals for distinction from their fellows. Such painting finally induces a kind of moral color-blindness; and people affected by it come to the conclusion that no man is really black, and no man really white, but that all are gray. In other words, they believe neither in the truth of the attack, nor in the honesty of the man who is attacked; they grow as suspicious of the accusation as of the offence; it becomes well-nigh hopeless to stir them either to wrath against wrong-doing or to enthusiasm for what is right; and such a mental attitude in the public gives hope to every knave, and is the despair of honest men.

To assail the great and admitted evils of our political and industrial life with such crude and sweeping generalizations as to include decent men in the general condemnation means the searing of the public conscience. There results a general attitude either of cynical belief in and indifference to public corruption or else of a distrustful inability to discriminate between the good and the bad. Either attitude is fraught with untold damage to the country as a whole. The fool who has not sense to discriminate between what is good and what is bad is well-nigh as dangerous as the man who does discriminate and yet chooses the bad. There is nothing more distressing to every good patriot, to every good American, than the hard, scoffing spirit which treats the allegation of dishonesty in a public man as a cause for laughter. Such laughter is worse than the crackling of thorns under a pot, for it denotes not merely the vacant mind, but the heart in which high emotions have been choked before they could grow to fruition.

There is any amount of good in the world, and there never was a time when loftier and more disinterested

work for the betterment of mankind was being done than now. The forces that tend for evil are great and terrible but the forces of truth and love and courage and honesty and generosity and sympathy are also stronger than ever before. It is a foolish and timid, no less than a wicked thing, to blink the fact that the forces of evil are strong, but it is even worse to fail to take into account the strength of the forces that tell for good. Hysterical sensationalism is the very poorest weapon wherewith to fight for lasting righteousness. The men who, with stern sobriety and truth, assail the many evils of our time, whether in the public press, or in magazines, or in books, are the leaders and allies of all engaged in the work for social and political betterment. But if they give good reason for distrust of what they say, if they chill the ardor of those who demand truth as a primary virtue, they thereby betray the good cause, and play into the hands of the very men against whom they are nominally at war.

In his "Ecclesiastical Polity" that fine old Elizabethan divine, Bishop Hooker, wrote:

He that goeth about to persuade a multitude that they are not so well governed as they ought to be shall never want attentive and favorable hearers, because they know the manifold defects whereunto every kind of regimen is subject; but the secret lets and difficulties, which in public proceedings are innumerable and inevitable, they have not ordinarily the judgment to consider.

This truth should be kept constantly in mind by every free people desiring to preserve the sanity and poise indispensable to the permanent success of self-government. Yet, on the other hand, it is vital not to permit this spirit of sanity and self-command to degenerate into mere mental stagnation. Bad though a state of hysterical excitement is, and evil though the results are which come from the violent oscillations such excitement invariably produces, yet a sodden acquiescence in evil is even worse. At this moment we are pass-

ing through a period of great unrest—social, political, and industrial unrest. It is of the utmost importance for our future that this should prove to be not the unrest of mere rebelliousness against life, of mere dissatisfaction with the inevitable inequality of conditions, but the unrest of a resolute and eager ambition to secure the betterment of the individual and the Nation. So far as this movement of agitation throughout the country takes the form of a fierce discontent with evil, of a determination to punish the authors of evil, whether in industry or politics, the feeling is to be heartily welcomed as a sign of healthy life.

If, on the other hand, it turns into a mere crusade of appetite against appetite, a contest between the brutal greed of the "have-nots" and the brutal greed of the "haves," then it has no significance for good, but only for evil. If it seeks to establish a line of cleavage, not along the line which divides good men from bad, but along that other line, running at right angles thereto, which divides those who are well off from those who are less well off, then it will be fraught with immeasurable harm to the body politic.

We can no more and no less afford to condone evil in the man of capital than evil in the man of no capital. The wealthy man who exults because there is a failure of justice in the effort to bring some trust magnate to an account for his misdeeds is as bad as, and no worse than, the so-called labor leader who clamorously strives to excite a foul class feeling on behalf of some other labor leader who is implicated in murder. One attitude is as bad as the other and no worse; in each case the accused is entitled to exact justice; and in neither case is there need of action by others which can be construed into an expression of sympathy for crime. There is nothing more anti-social in a democratic republic like ours than such vicious class-consciousness. The multimillionaires who band together to prevent the enactment of proper laws for the supervision of the use of wealth, or to

assail those who resolutely enforce such laws, or to exercise a hidden influence upon the political destinies of parties or individuals in their own personal interest, are a menace to the whole community; and a menace at least as great is offered by those laboring men who band together to defy the law, and by their openly used influence to coerce law-upholding public officials. The apologists for either class of offenders are themselves enemies of good citizenship; and incidentally they are also, to a peculiar degree, the enemies of every honest-dealing corporation and every law-abiding labor union.

It is a prime necessity that if the present unrest is to result in permanent good the emotion shall be translated into action, and that the action shall be marked by honesty, sanity, and self-restraint. There is mighty little good in a mere spasm of reform. The reform that counts is that which comes through steady, continuous growth; violent emotionalism leads to exhaustion.

It is important to this people to grapple with the problems connected with the amassing of enormous fortunes, and the use of those fortunes, both corporate and individual, in business. We should discriminate in the sharpest way between fortunes well won and fortunes ill won; between those gained as an incident to performing great services to the community as a whole, and those gained in evil fashion by keeping just within the limits of mere law-honesty. Of course no amount of charity in spending such fortunes in any way compensates for misconduct in making them. As a matter of personal conviction, and without pretending to discuss the details or formulate the system, I feel that we shall ultimately have to consider the adoption of some such scheme as that of a progressive tax on all fortunes, beyond a certain amount, either given in life or devised or bequeathed upon death to any individual—a tax so framed as to put it out of the power of the owner of one of these enormous fortunes to hand on

more than a certain amount to any one individual; the tax, of course, to be imposed by the National and not the State Government. Such taxation should, of course, be aimed merely at the inheritance or transmission in their entirety of those fortunes swollen beyond all healthy limits.

Again, the National Government must in some form exercise supervision over corporations engaged in inter-State business—and all large corporations are engaged in inter-State business,—whether by license or otherwise, so as to permit us to deal with the far-reaching evils of over-capitalization. This year we are making a beginning in the direction of serious effort to settle some of these economic problems by the railway rate legislation. Such legislation, if so framed, as I am sure it will be, as to secure definite and tangible results, will amount to something of itself; and it will amount to a great deal more in so far as it is taken as a first step in the direction of a policy of superintendence and control over corporate wealth engaged in inter-State commerce, this superintendence and control not to be exercised in a spirit of malevolence toward the men who have created the wealth, but with the firm purpose both to do justice to them and to see that they in their turn do justice to the public at large.

The first requisite in the public servants who are to deal in this shape with corporations, whether as legislators or as executives, is honesty. This honesty can be no respecter of persons. There can be no such thing as unilateral honesty. The danger is not really from corrupt corporations: it springs from the corruption itself, whether exercised for or against corporations.

The eighth commandment reads, "Thou shalt not steal." It does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the rich man." It does not read, "Thou shalt not steal from the poor man." It reads simply and plainly, "Thou shalt not steal." No good whatever will come from that warped and mock morality which denounces the mis-

deeds of men of wealth and forgets the misdeeds practised at their expense; which denounces bribery, but blinds itself to blackmail; which foams with rage if a corporation secures favors by improper methods, and merely leers with hideous mirth if the corporation is itself wronged. The only public servant who can be trusted honestly to protect the rights of the public against the misdeeds of a corporation is that public man who will just as surely protect the corporation itself from wrongful aggression. If a public man is willing to yield to popular clamor and do wrong to the men of wealth or to rich corporations, it may be set down as certain that if the opportunity comes he will secretly and furtively do wrong to the public in the interest of a corporation.

But, in addition to honesty, we need sanity. No honesty will make a public man useful if that man is timid or foolish, if he is a hot-headed zealot or an impracticable visionary. As we strive for reform we find that it is not at all merely the case of a long uphill pull. On the contrary, there is almost as much of breeching work as of collar work; to depend only on traces means that there will soon be a runaway and an upset. The men of wealth who to-day are trying to prevent the regulation and control of their business in the interest of the public by the proper Government authorities will not succeed, in my judgment, in checking the progress of the movement. But if they did succeed they would find that they had sown the wind and would surely reap the whirlwind, for they would ultimately provoke the violent excesses which accompany a reform coming by convulsion instead of by steady and natural growth.

On the other hand, the wild preachers of unrest and discontent, the wild agitators against the entire existing order, the men who act crookedly, whether because of sinister design or from mere puzzle-headedness, the men who preach destruction without proposing any substitute for what they intend to destroy, or who propose a

substitute which would be far worse than the existing evils—all these men are the most dangerous opponents of real reform. If they get their way, they will lead the people into a deeper pit than any into which they could fall under the present system. If they fail to get their way, they will still do incalculable harm by provoking the kind of reaction which, in its revolt against the senseless evil of their teaching, would enthrone more securely than ever the very evils which their misguided followers believe they are attacking.

More important than aught else is the development of the broadest sympathy of man for man. The welfare of the wage-worker, the welfare of the tiller of the soil—upon this depends the welfare of the entire country; their good is not to be sought in pulling down others; but their good must be the prime object of all our statesmanship.

Materially we must strive to secure a broader economic opportunity for all men, so that each shall have a better chance to show the stuff of which he is made. Spiritually and ethically we must strive to bring about clean living and right thinking. We appreciate that the things of the body are important; but we appreciate also that the things of the soul are immeasurably more important. The foundation stone of national life is, and ever must be, the high individual character of the average citizen.

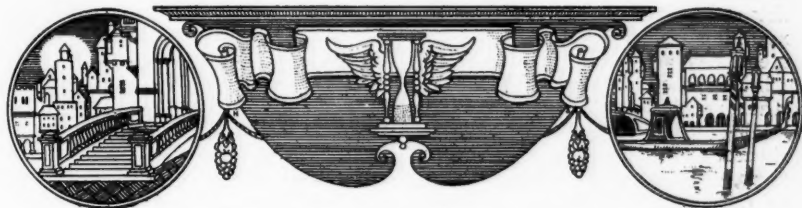
#### APPENDIX

Five months have gone by since I made this speech. I have reread it, and have added a few sentences strengthening one paragraph. I believe more strongly than ever, if that is possible, in all that I have therein said.

*Theodore Roosevelt*

*Sept 20<sup>th</sup> 1906.*

*Sagamore Hill*



# THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK

A NOVEL

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

## I

MID-JULY, Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-four. On her rude bed in the formless western wilderness the great mother, Destiny, had been delivered of an infant commonwealth, which was lifting its voice in the first shrill wail of surprise over the strangeness of life. Already its name was chosen: Nebraska. And its lot? Mother-like, this mother had seen her visions in the bitter-sweet days wherein she had felt the new life quickening. Full share of good and evil would befall the child, no doubt; but deep in her heart of hearts she had known that the evil must pass and the good endure. Knowing this she had borne her agony steadfastly.

Of all the rough frontier towns that stretched in a ragged line along the eastern bank of the Missouri, Council Bluffs seemed most alive with the robust spirit of the time. There the crowd was most motley; there the leaping pulse could best be felt; there was the very vortex of the mad maelstrom of passionate hope, desire, and purpose.

Night was falling, and in the deepening gloom, with the shadows thick over the dim streets, there was something half eerie in the town's aspect. The roadways were filled with huge freight-wagons, drawn together in close order to leave the middle of the thoroughfares clear. All around were oxen, mules, and horses, released from harness after the day's labor, some tethered to the wagon-wheels and others picketed near by, grazing. At intervals loomed the black bulk of rude log buildings, their windows and doors gleaming faintly with the weak rays of candle-light—so faintly that it seemed no more than the phosphorescent shining of ghostly eyes staring unwinking

into the darkness. Between the buildings and all around, filling every space, tents were pitched for temporary shelter, and in the open places beyond were a hundred white-covered emigrant-wagons, holding crowded loads of men, women, and children. The flickering flames of myriad tiny campfires pricked the dusk with sharp stabs of light; the warm air was heavy with the pungent odor of wood-smoke.

Now and again belated wagons came creaking in, by twos and threes, over the eastern trail, and found camping grounds; then the rich scents of boiling coffee and frying bacon would be thickly mingled with the drifting smoke. There was everywhere a lusty clamor of hoarse shouts and hoarser laughter, from the throats of men who passed restlessly back and forth, here and there, the light of the low fires making them appear as mere vast, burly Shapes. Over all, dominating every separate sound, swelled a deep-toned, resonant murmur—the voice of the spirit of the multitude. Now and then a child cried fretfully; sometimes a girl or a woman sang a fragment of a tune; there were unnumbered sounds in the crowded human camp, and countless others that were borne in from the enfolding night. Yet deeper, stronger than these was the one great voice; inarticulate yet vibrant with meaning, crying the unfathomable passion of a new exodus to a new Promised Land.

The Boltwood store, standing near the centre of the town, was a favorite gathering-place for the crowd. It was a long, one-roomed building, its walls made of hewn logs chinked with mud, its low roof of poles sagging under the weight of sod and earth piled atop. Against the side walls,

on rough shelves resting upon wooden pegs driven into the chinking, was ranged a great supply of the wares suited to the primitive needs of the emigrants; at the rear, from floor to ceiling, bales, crates, and barrels were piled in close ranks. A space was left clear at the forward end of the room, where rough wooden benches were ranged about rough tables made of planks, and grouped about the tables were many men, packed close, talking, laughing, eating, and drinking. The day's activity was at an end, its tension relaxed, and the actors were at ease, surrendering themselves to a jocund comradeship. There was no bar in the room, but on one of the tables in the middle of the floor stood a wooden tub half filled with whiskey, with tin cups hanging from the handles by long chains. This was a gala time, and the liquor was free; whosoever thirsted might come and drink his fill. The tub had been full to the brim at sunset, two hours gone. Not many were drunk, but most had been drinking freely. The air was thick with the reek of laden breaths, with pipe-smoke, and with the smell of hot men's bodies. Two Omaha Indians, smoke-stained and frowsy, squatted together upon the floor in a corner, speaking sometimes in deep gutturals and regarding the strange scene with furtive eyes; three or four halfbreeds, mongrel offspring of the early French traders, had a table to themselves, where they chattered noisily in the *patois* of the Border; now and again a weather-tanned woman passed through the throng to barter with the busy clerks at the long counters. But the great majority of those present were men of the master-race; one type was strongly dominant—the type of the American pioneer.

One entered presently from the night and stood in the doorway, looking about him, as though he was a stranger to the place. The marks of hardship were plain upon him; his heavy boots were white with road-dust, and the dust lay

thick upon his black hat, upon his shoulders, and upon his tanned cheeks, where it was streaked with sweat. But it needed only a glance to show that whatever had befallen him weighed lightly upon his spirit. He was not past five or six and twenty, with the buoyant health and strength which make physical endurance a joy. He stood straight and tall, his features showing firm and resolute; his every muscle was lithe, free-moving, full of sturdy agility. A pistol was in a holster at his belt—his only weapon and burden.

After a quick glance over the crowd he walked to one of the counters and bought food; then, finding a seat, he ate with ravenous appetite. No one gave heed to him; he was but one of many; a hungry wayfarer, more or less, counted for little in that throng.

When his wolfish hunger was somewhat satisfied he looked about him again, at greater leisure and with keener interest, scanning the faces one by one, as though he hoped yet hardly expected to find one that was known. And suddenly a light of pleasure shone in his eyes, as they rested upon three men at the opposite side of the room, grouped about a small table, on which was a single flickering candle, a litter of papers, and a torn outspread map. Two of the men bent over the map, deeply intent, following its lines with their fingers and talking earnestly, but the third leaned idly back with his shoulders against the wall, giving only light heed to what his companions were about.

His was a handsome, boyish face, its youthful flush heightened and its eyes feverishly brightened by drink. His full lips were relaxed in an amused smile at the fervid spectacle before him; his eyelids drooped heavily; the pipe he held between his teeth was tipped sidewise and its ashes spilled thickly over his woollen shirt. Seen thus, his was the face of a devil-may-care; his features were well-lined, good-tempered, betraying a generous warmth of im-

pulse; but they were wanting in those tokens of self-mastery which make the best of manhood.

"See here, Jack; look at this," one of his companions said, with a show of impatience, urging the boy's attention. "Here's where we strike the Leavenworth trail; and then we follow the Platte clear to the mouth of the Sweetwater. Look, man!"

The boy turned his sleepy glance upon them with a short, meaningless laugh. "It's all right, Joe," he said, lightly. "If you say so, it's good enough for me. I don't care. That whiskey has made me too comfortable; I don't want to worry about anything. Wait a minute, till I get another drink; maybe it'll wake me up some."

He arose and walked unsteadily to the tub, dipping up a cupful of the liquor. As he raised it to his lips, his eyes met those of the newcomer, fixed upon him, and the cup fell from his hand with a clatter, the untasted whiskey splashing upon the floor.

"Mark Bailey! Why, Mark!" he cried, surprise stiffening his drooping figure, his vacant smile giving place to an expression of lively pleasure. Their hands met in a firm pressure, and the boy's arm was laid affectionately across the man's broad shoulders. The style of the welcome brought a vagrant flush into Bailey's tanned cheeks, making it plain that he shared in the other's feeling. He did not speak at once; his eyes were busy with taking account of his friend's appearance, as though they had met after a long separation.

"It's the same old Jack Forrester, without a hair changed," he said presently, a note of fondness in his deep voice. "Lord, but I'm glad to see you!"

"In heaven's name, Mark," the younger man returned; "tell me about it. How did you happen to get here?"

Bailey laughed lightly. "The bars were all down," he said, "and nobody seemed to want to stop me."

"Well, but the last I heard of you,

a year ago, they said you were getting rich, back there in your little old Ohio."

"Rich!" Bailey echoed, his laugh persisting. "The man that told you that must have got it out of his dream-book. I've just been scraping out a bare living. Ohio has nearly busted me. That's why I came out here; maybe a new pack and a new deal will change my luck. But I've had the devil's own time getting here. I've walked half-way across the State."

"Walked?" Forrester said. "Two hundred miles?"

"There's certainly a whole lot of distance between the Des Moines and the Bluffs," Bailey returned. "But I had time to match, and I needed the training. It took me ten days, wading through dust knee-deep, most of the way. It did me good. I've learned a lot I did n't know before. I've been cooking my own victuals over a brush fire, and sleeping on the ground with nothing over me. I'd never done that before. I killed most of my own grub, too, with my six-shooter—rabbits and birds. It helped to work a lot of the fat off me—body and mind too. I've had the time of my life. I reckon I need n't ask any questions about you; yours was always the standing Forrester luck."

For answer Forrester thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and brought forth a crumpled, disorderly mass of bills. "I'm bloated out of shape with this stuff," he said; "deformed with it. I don't believe I could shake loose from it if I tried. You'll have to take some of it, if you're broke. This is no country to be broke in; and the Lord knows I've got more than is good for me."

Bailey's strong hand rested with a light pressure upon the boy's shoulder.

"I don't want your money," he said. "It isn't so bad as that. I've got a thousand dollars tucked away inside my shirt, to begin with. That's enough. The only thing I'll

let you give me right now is a drink. My throat feels like the inside of a fur boot."

"My luck again!" Forrester retorted whimsically. "Nobody can pay for a drink here; it's free. Here, help yourself." He turned to the whiskey-tub, dipping up a cupful and passing it to his friend's hand. Bailey sipped lightly at the raw spirits, gasping as the fiery fumes caught his parched throat; then he drank two or three deep gulps, and the cup was half emptied.

"Now, show me some water," he said.

In the littered yard at the rear of the building was a well. They groped their way to it in the darkness, and Bailey drew a fresh bucketful from the cool depths. Tipping it upon the curb, he drank long and greedily; then filled his doubled hands again and again, bathing his dusty face and neck, wiping the water away with his handkerchief.

"That's the stuff!" he said gratefully. "Now I don't need anything more but some sleep; and I need that bad. I'm dead tired. I'd made up my mind that I'd finish my trip to-night and sleep in Nebraska. How do you get across the river?"

"You can't," Forrester returned. "You'll have to stay here till morning. There's a ferry, but it does n't run after night. You're going to stay with me to-night, and then I'll go across with you to-morrow, and we'll take a look around. You'll want to find something to do, won't you? I can tell you a lot about the place. I've been here six weeks—I'm one of the old settlers."

Bailey considered, with a show of disappointment. "I won't sleep easy on this side," he said. "I'd set my heart on being over yonder."

"Well, it's no use," Forrester insisted. "I tell you there's no way to get across. Even if there was, I would n't let you go. I want you to meet those fellows I'm with—two of the best men out here. I did n't tell you; but we're organizing a big freighting outfit—a wagon-train,

you know, to take stuff across the plains to Salt Lake, and maybe to the coast. There's a mint of money in it. Why, say, Mark, why can't you come in with us? I can fix it for you. We're going to need good men. Come in and let's talk it over."

He led the way back to his table. His companions were still intent upon their map; but their interest was suspended for a time, while they welcomed Bailey, making a place for him and inviting him to join them.

One of the two, Joe Cannon, was a burly, hairy giant, whose bushy head and beard of fiery red, massive shoulders, and huge hands showed the robust animal. The other, James Frick, was of slighter make, thin-lipped, lean of feature, with a bony forehead of marked breadth that shadowed steady, cool eyes. Repression and restraint distinguished him. Though he listened carefully to all that was said, alert and watchful, it was hard to judge of the impression the talk made upon him, so little did his manner betray him. Yet there was in this no suggestion of mere craft or cunning. He was not the sort of man to whom men are easily attracted. He could be generous enough, upon occasion, but his generousities would be all well-planned, judicial, never blindly impulsive. Cannon was one of those who give with open hands, recklessly and to the uttermost. He would have a score of friends to Frick's one. Yet Frick was plainly much his superior in many of the ways of manhood—far above the average. He looked the part of the born leader, while Cannon showed only sheer, gross animal force, of the sort that does its best work under wise leadership. Forrester said as much when he presented Mark to the two.

"Here we are, Mark: Brains, and nerve, and money. Frick thinks; and Joe Cannon can do anything Frick can think. I'm the rich man of the bunch. They can't beat our combination. If the country turns out as well as it ought to, we'll make millions."

"What?" Cannon cried, his big voice carrying a vibrant, thunderous roll. "If it turns out well! Why, good-goddle-mighty!" He threw his bulky figure forward upon the table, thrusting his bearded face toward Forrester aggressively, spreading out his great hands upon the strewn papers. "There never was no country yet like what there 'll be, yon side the river," he roared. "I'm tellin' you! Why, the pick of all the men on earth are comin' out here, right now. That's what makes a country. That's what makes me know it'll be a world-beater—because the lazy cowards are goin' to stay away from it for a while—they sneaks that are huntin' an easy time. If a man——"

Forrester interrupted with his habitual easy laugh. "Oh, shut up, Joe. I'm tired to death of that talk. It's going to be nothing but a big, raw wilderness for years, without a damned thing in it to make a man's life worth while, unless he's half a beast to begin with. There 'll be chances to fight, and chances to get rich, and nothing else—a place to waste the best of your life in. But I reckon there 'll be lots of fun in the wasting; and I've always been a pretty good waster."

"It's hard to say what will come of it," Frick said, in slow, unimpassioned quiet. "We're going to help win the country for the men that come after us. What we 'll get out of it for ourselves is n't written on the wall. What are you thinking of doing, Bailey?"

Forrester cut in before Mark could reply. "Say, let me tell you. I've told Mark about our scheme. He's looking for a chance, and I'd like it mighty well if he could go with us. He's the sort of man we want. I'll stand good for that. I'd like to sell him a part of my share in the outfit, if he's satisfied after he's looked into it. You fellows won't be sorry."

His suggestion met with ready favor. For an hour they sat, discussing plans and conditions; and at the hour's end it was agreed that

Bailey would be admitted as a partner in the enterprise if within a few days he found nothing more to his liking. The talk, filled with the spirit of the time and place, gave to him a sense of buoyant elation. Then Frick engaged himself again with his papers, calm, intent, absorbed.

But Cannon dropped his personal concerns, that he might indulge his passion for speech with a sympathetic listener concerning the immeasurable possibilities of the virgin land beyond the river. He had gathered from here and there a chaotic medley of facts, theories, and fancies, which he poured out upon Bailey in a bewildering flood. He was not logical; it would have been easy to find numberless weaknesses in what he said; yet his vagaries, his sheerest inconsistencies, his very contradictions, were somehow held together and almost harmonized by his virile enthusiasm. Mark listened eagerly. His mind was in many ways closely akin to Cannon's. He had come to the new country to make his fortune; and what he heard, delivered in the giant's ringing voice, fitted in admirably with his own bold, far-reaching desires, satisfying him. He was not too particular about details. The whiskey he had taken had eased the ache in his muscles and given a fine exhilaration to his thoughts, so that the very bigness and wildness of the life ahead enticed him. He could feel the warm blood flushing his cheeks; the clamor of confused noises in the room, growing a little maudlin under the effects of the liquor, somehow aroused in him a grateful sense of fellowship; he would have liked to shout with the rest, in the pure joy of life and strength. He drank again presently, when Cannon and Forrester invited him. After that his blood leaped with the lustiness of his youth, and every rude element in the picture before his eyes was invested with a golden glamor. In every man's soul throbbed pulses of power and passions of fire, fit for

the struggle that was to come against the titanic forces of the wilderness. It was like the night before a battle, when the fighters are drunk with visions of victory.

Toward the last, Cannon had another listener; a young man who sat at one of the nearer tables, looking on at the stirring scene but taking no part. He seemed to be without companions, for he spoke to none of those at his table. While Cannon thundered on in his tireless glorification, the stranger turned in his seat, giving close attention. Presently he arose and came nearer.

"My name's Braidlaw," he said. "I've heard what you've been talking about. You're going to run a freighting outfit west. I'm going to California, with my sister. I didn't know but maybe you could give me a job with your train and let me work my way out, as far as you go."

The speech seemed frank and honest enough: yet Bailey's first impulse was one of dislike. He could hardly have told why. The man was of about his own age, strong and sinewy in figure, with a bold-featured face that would have been handsome but that the clean-shaven lips were too full and pouting and the thick, straight, black brows too closely meeting. His black eyes showed a dull, smoky lustre, giving an expression much too sombre, almost sinister. Cannon too seemed instinctively distrustful, for the habitual genial warmth died out of his voice as he answered.

"I don't know. We'll need men, but it's too soon yet. Who knows you, hereabouts?"

"No one," Braidlaw answered. "We only got in to-day, from Illinois. I have n't any friends here, that I know of. But I've got to get some kind of work, going west."

"Well," Cannon returned, a little uneasy under the steady stare of the stranger's eyes, "we ain't ready yet. It'll be a month or so. You better not count on it, if you can find anything else. Are you ox-broke—can you drive an ox-team?"

"I never have," the other returned, a shade of disappointment showing in his voice and bearing. "But I'm used to horses, and I could learn with oxen, I suppose. I'll need the work."

"Well," Cannon repeated, still visibly on his guard, "we'll talk about it after a while, if you're still around. We're the Forrester outfit; you can't lose us; we're goin' to leave an awful lot of awful wide trail, when we get things to movin'. You might keep askin'."

And with that Braidlaw had to be satisfied for the time. As he returned to his seat, Cannon's glance followed him gravely.

"Him!" he muttered. "Not for me, Bailey. He don't seem to belong to me, somehow; struck me a good deal like drawin' a black two-spot when you're tryin' to fill a red flush. No, sir; that boy goes in the discard unless we happen to need him terrible bad."

Forrester had fallen asleep, his head resting upon his arms on the table; Frick was heedless of everything but the maze of figures before him; but Cannon seemed to have taken leave of business for the day, preferring to keep on with his sturdy rhapsody, though Mark's attention was beginning to waver as his need for rest made itself felt again. After another half-hour the crowd was thinning out somewhat; but the noise swelled stronger than ever from the throats of the hardier ones who remained. With some the earlier jollity was passing into frenzy. In their separate corner the little group of half-breeds began to quarrel bitterly. A knife was drawn, and one of the brawlers got a long cut across his cheek, from which the blood spurted freely. They were thrown with rude force into the road, to finish their fight if they would in the darkness. The incident seemed to be fuel for the half-mad spirit of the roisterers; the many voices swelled to a discordant clamor, mingled with boisterous singing and ribald cries.

A woman came to the open doorway and stood looking over the crowd within. She was clad as a widow; middle-aged, round of face and figure, thoroughly self-possessed, as though she found herself quite comfortable and at ease in that rude setting. At sight of her Bailey spoke a thought which had been in his mind again and again during the evening.

"It'll be hard on the women, won't it, in the new country? Even if they've got folks, they'll have to stand a lot; but if they're alone I'm sorry for 'em. There's that widow over there——"

Cannon turned quickly to look; then he arose, his ruddy face wrinkling with an overspreading grin.

"She's no widdler," he cried. "She used to be, but she's reformed. She's my wife, ever since a month ago, only she ain't got her new clothes made yet. But me an' her knows she's no widdler. She's lookin' for me, I reckon. I better go."

When he was gone, Mark too arose and went out. The roadway had fallen into deeper darkness, so that he had trouble in picking his way along. Once he stumbled and fell over the bulky body of an ox that lay upon the ground, still yoked to its mate, in readiness for the morrow. Men too were sleeping here and there, beside the wagons, covered with blankets, their heads pillowed upon boots or saddles. Silence was over all; silence and slumber.

A half-formed purpose guided Mark's steps. He had set his heart upon reaching Nebraska before he slept; if that was not to be, he would at least have a look at the river-barrier. He hurried onward toward the water front until he came presently upon a picture which made him halt and stand for a time, wondering.

A small fire had been kindled at the side of the open roadway, as the centre of a camp; but it had fallen low and made but a narrow circle of soft light in the enveloping gloom. The bulk of recumbent men's figures

showed dimly against the black earth, and close to the fire was a mother with her child, both in deep sleep, the baby's bare, round legs kicked free of the covering and lying outstretched in the warmth. Near to these lay another figure, whether of girl or woman Mark could not at first be sure, so slight it appeared on its great, rude bed. The face was turned full to the fireglow; a sweet, fair face, almost childish in its delicacy, yet mature in the firm strength of the lines of lips and chin and in the breadth of the full forehead, that was half-hidden by a thick mass of tumbled brown hair. One arm was beneath her head as a pillow, her hand, pressing the bare earth, was small, almost fragile. She was resting in perfect tranquillity, as though knowing neither fear nor discomfort; yet as he looked, Mark's thoughts were flooded with a sudden warmth of pity and tenderness.

"God!" he breathed. "What's she doing here?" For a long time he stood, looking down upon her with a sort of awe. The blanket that covered her had slipped low upon her shoulders, exposing her to the dewy night air, and she stirred slightly, as with a shiver. Very quietly Mark drew nearer, bending over, drawing the blanket closer about her; hardly breathing, fearful lest the very beating of his heart might waken and frighten her. But she slept on, all unconscious, and he drew back into the shadow of the big wagon, turning there for another look.

"I wonder where she's going," he mused; then, quick upon the heels of that thought: "I wonder if I'll ever see her again. It's an awful big country, out yonder. I wish——" But the wish was too vague to find form, even in his musing, and he turned away, going slowly on toward the river.

When he stood at last upon the bank, he felt that his purpose must be abandoned. Along the river front was only darkness. The clumsy ferry-barge was securely moored,

and no living creature was in sight. It needed but a moment to show the danger of trying to swim the stream, however expert and fearless he might be. The mighty waters, eddying against the crumbling, sandy bank, tearing it away little by little almost from beneath his feet, stretched black and formidable to the Nebraska hills. The rushing current seemed terrible in its power. But while he stood hesitating there flashed upon him a sudden reckless desire to match himself against the water. He had an unshaken confidence in the strength of his healthy young body, which had never yet failed him; in his present mood the threat of danger was in itself an invitation. Throwing off his boots and hat, he fastened them securely across his shoulders; then, with a laugh that was half sheer defiance and half pure abandon, he plunged into the stream.

Close against the bank the water was no more than waist-deep; yet he was thrown from his feet helplessly and swept along in the grasp of a force which he felt instinctively would tax his endurance to the uttermost. He wasted no strength in fighting against the current, but was content to drift with it, keeping his face upstream, and with the cunning art of a practised swimmer making it aid him on his way. Where the current ran straight and smooth, however swift, he was its master; that he knew at once, so soon as he had settled to his work and gained control of his stroke. But he knew too, within a few moments, that this was the least part of what he must face. Again and again he was borne, without warning, into the heart of a wide expanse, where the waters halted in their onward course to indulge in demonic sport—dancing, swirling, boiling, as in an infernal caldron, choked thick with sand up-borne from the deep bed. Now he would be lifted with his shoulders and breast clear of the surface, his arms beating the air; then in the next moment the eddy would clutch him like a living monster, dragging

him down, down, into nether blackness, and he would fight with wild fury, struggling to rise, until his deep lungs seemed rending with the pain of suffocation. Then another stretch of smooth, gliding current, where he suffered himself to drift, keeping barely afloat, regaining his spent breath and strength against the next encounter with one of those mad whirlpools. Though it was so sore a strain upon his body, the contest was tonic to his will. Had he been wanting in that exultant, lordly courage which marks the born fighter, he must have sunk to his death within the first hundred yards; but in the moments of his greatest peril his will would assert itself, masterful, supreme.

Only once did he feel anything like despair. He had fought his way through a whirlpool and was floating again, his every muscle shaking with exhaustion, when he was carried against a sunken tree that was anchored fast in the sand, and found his legs entangled in the ragged network of its dead branches; and again the choking water covered him. A wave of passion swept his soul—in part a formless prayer, and in part sheer savage joy that if this was to be the end he would die fighting. Then with a supreme effort he cast himself free. In the next moment he was carried against a low sandbar that lay dry above the river's surface; and with his last remaining strength he crawled out upon it, falling at his length, gasping and utterly spent.

For a full half-hour he lay, hardly moving, until his death-like weariness passed. When he stood up, he saw that he had crossed the greater part of the river's width. The wooded hills of Nebraska loomed close before him, and the channel running between bar and bank appeared of an even blackness, unbroken by the deadly eddies. After a little time he plunged in again, swimming freely. Soon his hand caught at a pendant vine, and he clambered out upon the shore.

Across the river, far in the distance, glimmered a cluster of feeble specks of light, hardly distinguishable, that marked the town he had left—the very outmost western border of civilization. Westward stretched a vast new empire, unknown, untried, as yet untainted by the tragedy of weakness and failure—a splendid wilderness, calling a bold challenge to those who were destined to become its conquerors. And as he stood at the river's brink, with the sense of victory fresh upon him, there was that within his heart which cried a dauntless answer to the challenge. He would be a sharer in the glory of the conquest.

He found a sheltered spot in a narrow ravine between wooded hills, where the ground was strewn with deep, wild-smelling mould; and there he stretched himself at his length, burrowing into the soft warmth. But despite his profound exhaustion, sleep did not come at once. For many minutes he lay, staring with wide eyes at the vague shapes about him, while through his thoughts there swept, in swift procession, the events of the crowded day. But that passed presently, as through a cleft in the wind-blown treetops he caught a glimpse of the tranquil stars, and the depths of his mind were stirred by another thought—not of strife, not of conquest, but of a sleeping face lit by the red glow of firelight. In the last moment before he slept the face floated before him, outlined against the deep background of infinity—stars for the lips and chin, stars for the soft curve of the cheek, two glorious stars for the eyes, and a long and shining strand of star-cloud for a mass of gold-brown hair.

## II

Only once in the night did Mark awaken, startled for a moment by the shrill, wailing cry of a pack of hungry coyotes, that were pursuing their hunt along the crest of the bluff above his retreat. When they

had gone on their way, leaving behind a faint trail of ghostly sound, he lay for a little time, turning in his bed, burrowing deeper into the mould. It was near the hour of three. The silence was profound, save for the palpitant chirring of myriad nocturnal insects and the whisper of the slow midsummer night wind in the leafage overhead. The sounds lulled him like friendly voices; his senses were cloyed with a delicious weariness, and without effort or care he sank back into dreamless sleep.

When he awoke again the world about him was brilliant with the glory of dawn. The great river had lost its midnight aspect of terror and appeared as a wide expanse of shimmering gold, mirroring the beauty of the morning. Throwing off his clothes he leaped into the water, swimming to the sandbar and back again, coming out upon the bank refreshed and vigorous and desperately hungry. From his pocket he brought a small roll of oilskin, securely wrapped and tied, holding a bundle of matches, and kindled a fire of leaves and dried twigs against the body of a fallen log. The next thing was breakfast.

Scores of birds were in a riot of song in the trees and undergrowth near at hand—jays, thrushes, and many others whose names he did not know. A full-breasted lark perched upon a swaying branch at the stream's edge close by, tempting him. He raised his pistol against it, but then, obeying a formless impulse, he let the weapon fall. From the same deep pocket he drew a coil of stout fishing-line, furnished with a dozen hooks. With his clasp-knife he dug into the crumbling heart of a rotting stump until he had found a handful of fat white grubs; and with these he baited his hooks, then cast the line into a deep, still pool close against the bank, fastening the shoreward end to a bush and leaving it to the care of good fortune while he prepared a bed of embers. He laughed as he realized his odd situation.

"I need a square meal, bad," he

said aloud, "and all the money I've got could n't buy one over here, I reckon. I hope to heaven luck don't fool me."

Luck played him no tricks. When his fire was ready and he went down to look at his line, he found it drawn taut, cutting the water in wide, sweeping plunges, back and forth. He hauled in upon it, hand over hand, and drew to the bank a huge catfish. In a few minutes he had thick steaks cut from the firm, sweet flesh, impaled on twigs of green hickory and set to broil over the coals.

Never was better breakfast than that, eaten at the edge of the woodland in the first sunlight of the summer day, savored only by spicy wood-smoke and by the sauce of a lusty young appetite. He ate as though he would never get enough, slice after slice, stepping down to the river bank sometimes to dip up the cool water in the hollow of his doubled hands, drinking deeply and washing his eyes free of the smart of the smoke.

His meal was still far from ended when he heard a movement in the underwood on the hillside above, drawing nearer; and a stalwart young Indian appeared, naked to the waist, wearing only rawhide moccasins and breeches of deerskin. His face, brown, aquiline, seamed even in its youth by exposure, was grave, sombre, yet wearing that fine dignity which marks the race born in untrammelled freedom and suckled at the breast of the good earth, but which passes quickly into bestial grossness, once the race has so much as touched the hem of the garment of civilization. This man was still a wildling; a beautiful figure, lithe, erect, calm, but with an air upon him of deep melancholy; for he was of the Omahas, the tribe that had just been led into reluctant surrender of its lands to the white invaders. A little longer and the Omahas would be driven to find a new home.

The man's sudden appearance gave Mark a momentary uneasiness; but

that feeling passed directly; for seeing what Mark was about, the Indian came closer, sitting down cross-legged beside the fire and showing by a sign that he would join in the meal. Mark laughed again, lightly, over the humor of it.

"Say, whose treat is this, any way?" he said. "Am I your company or are you mine? But it don't matter much, so long as there's enough to go 'round." Willingly he gave a generous portion of the broiled fish to the Omaha, who ate hungrily, while Mark went on with his own breakfast, keeping an un-failing supply over the coals.

No further word was spoken while they ate; there seemed to be no need, for without speech they held perfect communion of understanding. When the Indian had finished, he sat for a time motionless, regarding Mark with steadfast eyes; then in unbroken silence he arose abruptly and disappeared amongst the trees.

Mark waited only to roll up his fishing-line before he set off for the scene of the new day's action, at the ferry-crossing above. His night's swim had carried him for a long distance down-stream, and the walk back was hard, leading over steep, rough hills, and through pathless tangles of bush and vine. But he came at last to the summit of a bolder crest and looked down upon the broad, shining ribbon of the river, with Council Bluffs showing faint in the distance through the morning haze that was over the water, and below, seeming almost at his feet on the western shore, the rude beginning of the new Omaha City.

A bare half-dozen log huts stood at wide intervals and without order on the level bench of land above the river-bottom; these made the town. The axe had not yet touched the thick growths of timber that began with the first uplift of the hill-slopes; far as the eye could see there was no least mark of husbandry. Yet the scene held a mighty meaning; it was the first budding of that conquest

which was destined to sweep, in fire and blood and passion, over the full, vast breadth of the wilderness. Across the narrow bench-land and winding sinuously away amongst the hills to the westward, ran the line of the Great Salt Lake Trail, a mere thread of dusty gray against the vivid green of the plain, fainter and fainter, and melting from sight into the heart of the unmeasured distances.

Although it was hardly more than an hour past sunrise, already many people had crossed from the Iowa shore; the clear spaces in the village were dotted with their white-covered wagons, strewn with their belongings, quick with their eager movements as they went about, reconnoitring. The clumsy ferry-barge was in mid-stream, its deck sunk nearly to the water's edge beneath its load of wagons, beasts, and men coming to join those on the Nebraska side. On the trail, near the river, a score of wagons were drawn up in line, headed westward, making ready to begin the long journey across the plains; and as Mark looked, other wagons were crawling slowly in toward this centre from many directions, to take their places in the line.

As Mark walked down and moved about from camp to camp, looking on, his first elation of the morning was oddly tempered by dismay. His own part in the great drama that was acting itself out before his eyes was not yet fixed; strength or weakness, victory or failure—these were as yet no more than words in the unread lines. The enthusiasm of the home-makers was alien to his present temper. There was no reason why he should think of a home; he must do other things first—make a place for himself in affairs and get on speaking terms with his fate. For two long hours he loitered, seeing no familiar face, the sense of his isolation growing.

Then suddenly he came upon Cannon—big, healthful, red of beard and blood, radiant with the glow of bodily action. He had made camp

at the edge of the woods behind the town, by the side of a tiny stream, and had at once given himself a task. Even at this early hour a dozen trees had been felled, the trimmed trunks dragged together, the branches and undergrowth piled high for burning. A canvas-covered prairie wagon, heavily laden, stood near by, and mules were grazing in the thick pasturage beside the rivulet. Cannon, hatless and coatless, his flannel shirt wet with sweat from neck to waist, was swinging his axe with all his vigor against a stalwart elm, scattering a wide shower of chips; and his wife moved contentedly about the camp, cheery, housewifely, seeming perfectly at home with only the open sky for a roof and the hills for walls.

When the tree fell, Cannon paused for a time, seating himself upon the prostrate trunk, wiping the sweat from his hot face upon the sleeve of his shirt. Then he caught sight of Mark, who stood apart at a little distance.

"Hello, there, Bailey!" he called in hearty, thunderous greeting. "I've been wondering about you. Where you been? Come over here an' sit down. You ain't hardly made camp anywhere, have you? Well, this one's yours, till you find something better. Dinner'll be comin' along, after awhile; a young turkey—shot it first thing after I got up here. Say, Molly, this is young Bailey, that I was tellin' you about; him that's goin' to be with the outfit. Throw in some dinner for him, will you?"

She gave Mark a frank welcome, offering her hand—a large, firm, strong hand, whose pressure was warm, satisfying. There was a comfortable sort of grace about her, and the promise of an unusual capability—the power to meet serenely and to triumph over the hard facts of practical living. Those were the qualities of the best of the pioneer women of the West. Meeting the kindly glance of her eyes, feeling the kindly touch of her hand, Mark warmed to her

instinctively, knowing that he had found a friend.

She spoke a word or two of quiet, hospitable commonplace, then went on with her work, while Mark seated himself at Cannon's side upon the trunk of the fallen tree.

"You've begun to do things in a hurry," he hinted, as his glance wandered about the little clearing, that had already subtly gathered something of the atmosphere of home.

"This?" Cannon returned, with an inclusive gesture. "Oh, I'm just killin' time with this, till we get ready to pull out West. I never was one that could set an wiggle my thumbs while I'm waitin'; I've got to be doin' somethin' busy. There's a month yet, any way; an' this'll pay first rate. Land's sure to be worth a heap around here, when things get to goin'. Lemme tell you this, Bailey: The way to stack up a winner out here is to miss no chances. You want to keep your eyes peeled an' busy every minute, an' whenever you see a chance stick its head up, hop onto it, all spraddled out, an' grab hold of it with both hands an' all the teeth you got, an' hold on. See? Say, why don't you do like I'm doin', an' pick you out a claim? Get a piece o' land, and put up a shack on it, like I'm doin', an' you'll feel like you'd kind o' struck root, this side the river. Here's this piece right west o' mine, that nobody's took yet. You could n't do better," he added, with his big, wholesome laugh. "Fine climate, right on the creek, an' good neighbors. What more do you want? Come on; I'll show you how to stake it out."

Mark echoed his laugh, but a little doubtfully. "I don't know anything about making a claim," he demurred.

"Well, learn!" Cannon retorted. "That's what we're here for. There's no land-office open yet; but get your stakes drove, an' start to doin' things, like you belonged there, an' nobody'll bother you. We've got to respect each other's rights, or the

thing won't hang together. Get you an axe out o' my wagon an' come ahead; we'll cut your stakes up the creek a ways."

Mark followed the giant's impetuous lead, because he could not help it; Cannon's brusque enthusiasm dominated him, making it seem that his own will was turned blunt at the edge and of only minor service. When at noontime he sat down to share the outdoor dinner at Cannon's camp, the stakes were already set that made him a landholder, and the day had gained a new zest. The meal, served upon the ground in primitive, homely fashion, was prolonged far beyond the time needful, while they talked. Cannon knew no more of the future than did Mark, but there was a quality in his robust will which had almost the force and virtue of prescience.

"There's everything to do yet," he declared. "There's towns to build, like this one'll be, clear from here to the coast, an' freightin' to do, like the scheme we've started, an' army contracts, for them soldiers out on the plains yonder—everything like that. There'll be thousands an' thousands of people in the country by next year, soon as they hear what it's like, an' somebody's got to feed 'em an' do for 'em. That's where we win by being here first. I should n't wonder if sometime there'd be a railroad; an' somebody's got to build it. Somebody's got to do everything that's done. Do you see? All you need is to stay awake an' keep your nerve healthy."

While they lingered, Forrester came sauntering leisurely up to the camp. If the morning had held its doubts or puzzles for him, they had left no mark upon him; his manner was that of an unruffled, amused composure. A change had come to him since the night before; the effects of his whiskey were gone, and the change for the better was very marked.

"Hello, Mark!" he said. "What became of you? When did you come over?"

"Last night," Mark laughed. "I swam."

"Swam!" Forrester echoed, incredulous. "Swam the Missouri—at midnight, and midsummer high water? But I believe you!" He threw himself at his length upon the grass in the grateful shadow of the elms, his arms and legs outstretched, his fine face alight. "My soul! what's got into all the people?" he cried. "Are you all moonstruck? When I got awake this morning, there sat Frick with his maps—busy. I tried to find Cannon, to loaf with him awhile, and he'd been over here for an hour. There was n't a man at the Bluffs that could spare the time to sit down and smoke with me. It's even worse on this side; everybody's in a tearing, mad hurry. And now you tell me you swam the river in the middle of the night. For what? What is it you're all trying to do?"

It was Mrs. Cannon's smooth, comfortable voice that answered.

"Are n't you asking too much, when you ask them to explain? I don't suppose they could. Not many people know what they're really trying to do."

Forrester turned to her with his frank, engaging smile. "You mean that it's destiny?" he returned. "Maybe it is; but if it is, destiny's no friend of mine. I can't understand why destiny must always make folks excited and noisy, instead of letting them be decent and quiet and restful. That's so much nicer, Mrs. Cannon."

Cannon snorted with impatience. "Anybody'd know *from* that," he growled, "that you ain't struck a lick all morning."

"I have n't struck a lick all morning," Forrester agreed imperturbably. "I'm not going to strike a lick all afternoon, nor to-morrow, nor the next day. Why should I strike licks? I'm opposed to striking licks. It overheats the blood, for one thing; and then I might make a miss-lick and knock down something that somebody else would rather not have

knocked down. Don't you see?"

Cannon was pulling at his beard and regarding the boy with a puzzled frown. "I wish somebody'd tell me what made you come to this country," he said.

"And I wish they'd tell *me*," Forrester retorted. "I don't know. I thought at first it was the chance of getting some more money that brought me, but I know better. I don't want any more money. I did n't come for amusement; I don't like my amusements quite so raw. I guess I just blew out because the wind was setting this way."

But this inconsequent lightness of mood was put aside a little later, when he and Bailey had separated from Cannon and were walking toward the scene of Mark's afternoon labor. Then Forrester said, in perfect seriousness:

"I wonder if I'm as much of a fool as I think I am. If that's so, it's a desperate case. Mark, I'd give half of what I've got if I could find out what's the matter with me. There's something wrong. To save my poor soul, I can't get up any enthusiasm about anything. I can't lose myself in anything I do or think. I haven't worn out my emotions; I don't believe I ever had any. I thought it would be different out here, maybe; but it is n't. This thing seems so wonderfully real and worth while to you and Cannon and Frick and all the rest. It does n't to me. I don't care a damn for it, and I wish I had n't come."

Mark regarded his friend curiously, only half understanding, and wholly unable to sympathize. His own healthy soul knew no such disorder.

"I reckon you'll find something real enough to think about when we get out on the trail," he hinted.

"Trail!" Forrester echoed with a mild disgust. "I'm not going west with the outfit. There's nothing that would hire me to spend months in the middle of that big waste. I'd lose what little mind I've got. I'm going to stay down here, where I can make a pretence of looking after

the company's interests along the river, and where I can keep comfortably drunk." He broke off with a short laugh that was quite without mirth. "Drunk!" he repeated. "God bless the man who found out whiskey! Don't look so scared. I tell you, whiskey has floated me through some bad days. It's given me the only understanding I've ever had of how I think a man ought to feel. If I can manage to keep just about so much whiskey circulating in me, without letting it die out, I can almost forget what a farce my life is."

They had reached the spot which Cannon had suggested for the site of the cabin, and while he listened Mark was preparing to begin his work. Forrester took the axe from his hand and swung it awkwardly, until with laborious effort he had felled one of the smaller saplings. Then, hot and short of breath, he let the axe drop.

"I suppose that's what Cannon calls 'striking a lick,'" he said, with evident distaste. "No, thank you; that's enough for me."

He lay down again upon the grass, made himself lazily comfortable, and fell easily asleep, while Mark set to his task with vigor. He was almost a stranger to the ways of woodcraft, and inexpert with his tools; but his bodily strength was great, and he found an unsuspected satisfaction in the new use of that strength toward a definite end. His future might be uncertain, but this day amply sufficed unto itself. When Forrester awoke, at the end of the afternoon, he saw a goodly pile of logs, trimmed and hewn for building.

"Have you done all that, while I've been asleep?" Forrester queried. "And you've enjoyed it too, I suppose? Oh, it's no use, Mark, I've got in clear beyond my depth. I don't belong here."

They ate their supper at Cannon's camp, and afterward, though bodily weariness weighed heavily upon Mark, he walked with Forrester down to the teeming centre of the new town,

where the people were relaxing a little after the tension of the day. Fires were shining here and there, and folk were gathered about them, talking, laughing, singing, meeting with one another on terms of a fine, free intimacy. There was a dauntless optimism upon them; the atmosphere was that of a holiday, rather than a day of grave portent. They knew well enough that their ways were to be hard, yet they faced the knowledge with an exultant courage. Watching their faces, catching stray scraps of their talk, touching elbows, as it were, with their indomitable spirit, he felt for them a strong and abiding kinship.

He and Forrester did not offer to join any of the groups, though a welcome awaited them everywhere, but were content with the part of onlookers, passing slowly onward toward the river-front, where the newer arrivals were gathered, making such shift as they could to meet the oncoming night. There Mark halted suddenly, and his heart quickened its beat; for his eyes were resting upon the face of the woman he had seen asleep, the night before, on the Iowa shore—the face which had hovered over him, a new constellation, as he lay in his own bed under the trees.

She was walking slowly back and forth beside the camp-fire, carrying in her arms a fretful child, crooning a soft lullaby, trying to hush the babe to sleep. About her was the disorder of a new-made camp; cooking utensils were scattered near the fire, with the remains of the recent supper. Save for the little creature held against her breast, the girl was alone.

Each time she passed the fire there was a brief moment when her fair face was touched and illumined by the ruddy glow, thrown into relief like an exquisite cameo against the background of darkness. Mark stood for a little time, his hand upon Forrester's arm to detain him, his eyes intent upon her, waiting eagerly, impatiently, for each next succeeding instant's revelation of her gentle sweetness; and as he watched, again

his thoughts were suffused with tenderness.

"Wait a minute, Jack," he said, after a time, and stepped quietly to her side. "You have more than your share," he said softly. "Let me take the baby; I can quiet him."

She turned to face him, a little startled, raising her beautiful, calm eyes to his. "It's the way, out here, to help each other," he went on, trying to be very matter-of-fact; but in the next breath his feeling was not so well restrained. "You don't know me; but I feel almost as though we were acquainted. I saw you, last night, over at the Bluffs, and I wondered if I should ever see you again."

Her glance fell at that, and a sudden warm flush of embarrassment came to her cheeks. But she did not resist when he put out his strong arms for the child. The downy little head fell at once against his broad shoulder, and the fretful cry ceased with a long sigh. The girl's momentary air of confusion passed, and she smiled with frank relief as she put up her small hands to brush back from her forehead the curling masses of her gold-brown hair.

"I was n't afraid of you," she said, her smile persisting, her voice soft and rich and tranquil. "I'm not yet used to your goodness, here in the new country: that's all. There is such a lot to do!" she added, with a half-hopeless glance around the confusion of the camp. "The baby's mother went with her husband, after supper, to look about a little and get ready for to-morrow, and my brother has n't come over the river yet."

"Your brother?" Mark echoed; and there came to his memory the image of the dark-browed, sinister face of the man who had applied to Cannon for work the night before, at the Boltwood store. He had said something about his sister. "Tell me, is your name Braidlaw?" Mark asked abruptly.

"Yes," the girl answered, a note of surprise in her voice.

"And you're going to California?"

"Yes," she said again, her eyes searching his face, a little mystified; then, with a manner that was an unabashed challenge to friendliness: "Why, you know ever so much more about me than I do about you."

He was not skilful at fence. "My name is Mark Bailey," he told her directly. "I'm one of the new ones—I only got here yesterday. I saw your brother last night, over yonder. That's how I knew your name and where you're going. It's a long way."

"Yes," she answered, and stood looking pensively toward the line of the low-lying hills, vaguely defined against the western sky. "A long way," she said, after a moment. "It makes me almost afraid; it's so big and so lonely—a weary land; do you remember? I wonder if we shall find 'the shadow of a great rock' there."

Her emotion was strong upon her. She turned abruptly away toward the fire and began to busy herself with the scattered supper things. Mark had forgotten Forrester for the time; but now the boy strolled up to the fire, his hands deep in his pockets, his face alight with its amused, half-cynical smile.

"You've found a use for yourself, Mark, as usual," he said. "And I'm the bystander—as usual, too. I'm worn out with being merely decorative all day. I think I'll go over the river and go to bed. Good night."

He had spoken as though to Mark alone, yet there was something indefinable in the manner of the speech which made it include the girl. At the last he withdrew his hands from his pockets and bared his head, then turned to face her directly for an instant, with a slow inclination of his lithe young body, his fine eyes meeting hers and holding them as he passed. In another man the action would have been formal, constrained; in him it seemed no more than a natural and gentle deference, which her very presence compelled. She acknowledged it with a grave, calm grace,

and Mark saw that her glance followed him with an inquiring interest as he loitered lazily away toward the river.

The babe was sleeping soundly in Mark's arms. "You can put him down now," the girl said; and Mark laid the little body in its nest of blankets within the shelter of the wagon. She bent and touched the flushed cheek gently with her lips.

"His mother has been good to me," she said. "We came with these people from Illinois; but they will stay here, and we must find some other way to go on. We have n't found it yet; but we shall."

A hundred questions were crowding to Mark's lips, but before one of them was spoken Braidlaw came to the camp. As on the preceding night, when Mark had first seen him, there was that in the man's heavy, sensual face which forbade liking—not traces of past evil, but signs of capacity for evil. The feeling did not wholly pass when Braidlaw met his sister with a smile which curiously softened the gross lines. Before he took account of Mark's presence, he answered her unspoken but evident anxiety.

"Not yet, Dorothy; but don't let it worry you. I'm sure to find something with all this travel."

There was a brief interval of silence, while the girl seemed to be waiting for some sign of that acquaintance between the two men of which Mark had spoken. After a moment Mark offered Braidlaw his hand.

"My name's Bailey," he said. "I belong to the Forrester outfit. You were talking to us last night at Council Bluffs about going West."

Braidlaw's smile was gone, and his black eyes were fixed upon Mark with their habitual hard, disconcerting stare.

"I remember," he said dully. "You would n't give me what I wanted."

"It was n't so bad as that, was it?" Mark laughed. "We're not ready yet, that's all. I'm only one of the smaller partners; but if you're still

here when we take the trail, I think we may fix it. We'll need a lot of men."

"I hope so," Braidlaw answered, quite without feeling, and Mark turned to the girl with a grateful sense of relief.

"I must go now," he said; then, with sudden daring: "I'm not going to wonder about it this time; I know we'll meet again."

They were big, hardy, brave days that followed; days tense with purpose, quick with activity. Much was to be done, and at first thought the means seemed poor. Government by rule and statute in the new land was still far ahead—an end to be attained some time, when bigger things were out of the way. For the present, better than any code of laws was the stanch spirit of a people firmly bound together by the cords of common interest, common dependence, and common honor. Had there been time to doubt, the doubters might well have been alarmed for the safety of a society whose only tie was the native integrity of the race; but all were busy with other things than fear, and so the fabric held, strong, effectual. Rude honesty was practised; rude justice was done; and that was enough. If any hungered, he was fed; if any mourned, he was comforted; no man was permitted to feel himself a stranger. Those were the best days the West has ever known.

Mark threw himself heart and soul into his new life. Day by day his confidence grew, as it was fed by definite accomplishment. Log by log the walls of his cabin were rising, and his tiny clearing was becoming an orderly nook in the wide chaos. Often he would forsake this labor of his own to give aid to Frick, upon whom, as by common consent, the details of the freighting enterprise rested. All was going well, Frick declared, and the wagons would be westward bound by the beginning of September.

Through these golden days Forrester was Mark's constant com-

panion. In no degree was his own indolent indifference stirred by what he saw going forward; it was his need for friendship, more than any interest in their concerns, which attached him to Mark.

"I'm watching the show, that's all," he said once. "I've watched lots of others, and I know this one's no more real than those; but the acting's pretty good, and I guess I'm getting my money's worth."

So while Mark worked he loitered somewhere near, sleeping on the grass or filling the intervals of labor with his inconsequent talk.

Desire first, and then desire strengthened by habit, took Mark for a little time each evening to the camp where Dorothy Braidlaw was; and those brief meetings seemed to round the days to completeness. Beyond that, he could not have told his feeling for her if he would. He did not try, even to himself; with such as he, self-scrutiny is rare. All he knew was that each night when he went to her he was given some new token of her sweetness and strength and courage, over which he might brood tenderly, happily, through the robust hours of the succeeding day, while he labored with axe and maul, growing impatient for the day to end and bring their next meeting. To a man of his make, love does not come by taking thought; it was to come to him in the fulness of time, as an awakening—as a sudden, sweet surprise of the soul, when it had woven itself into every fibre of his life and youth. And while the mystery of love was working itself out, by those rules which no man knows, every new disclosure she gave him was a new delight, every thought of her a profound joy.

Quite as a matter of course Forrester was Mark's companion when these meetings began, but his own part in them seemed slight. He was not often a sharer in the intimate evening talk of the camp; he was for the most part content to sit lazily at his ease by the fire, smoking in silence—listening, perhaps, though he gave no sign.

Then one night toward mid-August the two sat before the door of Mark's cabin. The glory of summer moonlight was about them, the warm air astir with murmurous life. A long silence had fallen between the friends, while Forrester pulled fitfully at his pipe and Mark's eyes were fixed upon a tiny spot of light amongst the camp-fires in the valley below, marking the place where his thoughts were. Often during the days, when he rested from his work, he had searched out that camp from his hillside; often he had watched its fire shine out in the first dusk of evening, until he knew its place amongst the others by heart. By and by he spoke suddenly and without warning:

"Jack, she's wonderful!"

Forrester stirred ever so slightly on his bench and his pipe glowed with his quickened breathing, but his silence was unbroken. It was as though his pipe and not himself had heard. While he waited for an answer, Mark speedily lost himself again in the mazes of his musings, and forgot that he had spoken. Soon Forrester arose and went in to bed without a word. Mark forgot the incident too, completely; but thereafter Forrester was less of an attendant shadow at his evening meetings with Dorothy. It would have been hard to tell that the change was deliberate. He was helping Frick, he said. Only now and then did he appear at the camp.

The relation between Mark and Braidlaw in those days was of a nameless sort, wearing the outward look of friendliness, fair-spoken and smooth-going, yet, as both knew, a sham—an intimate aversion. They had nothing in common. Mark was willing enough to like the fellow; he was even persistently watchful for signs that would justify liking; but the signs were wanting. After a time, with a show of reluctance, Braidlaw had told something of his circumstances. He was almost penniless. Still with seeming reluctance he had accepted a small amount of money which Mark offered to lend

him; and after that beginning he came twice of his own accord to borrow more.

On the last of these days he appeared at Mark's cabin, late at night, frenzied with whiskey.

"You 've got to let me sleep here," he told Mark, shaken with drunken fear. "Dorothy must n't see me like this, or there 'd be hell to pay. She's taking me out there to California to reform me. Wants me to be good! Me! Understand? Wants to get me away from all my friends. She don't know I'm drunk. I told her I would n't. Understand? If you tell her, I 'll kill you."

He threw himself upon the earthen floor and fell into a sodden sleep. When Mark went to his own bed, an hour afterward, he still lay in a heavy stupor, his gross face purple and bloated. Mark's masked dislike

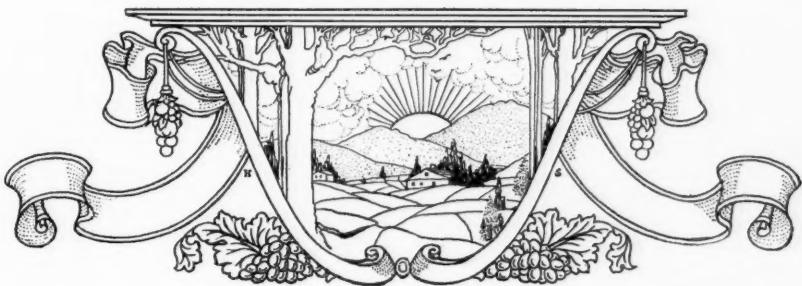
became profound loathing, and he touched the insensate body with his booted foot.

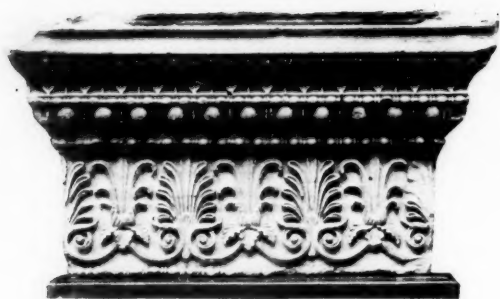
"You damned brute." he muttered.

When he awoke in the early dawn, Braidlaw's place in the corner was vacant, nor was he anywhere about. Mark began to dress hurriedly, to go in search of him; then stopped suddenly as he turned back the corner of his blanket, where, according to habit, he had concealed his pistol and knife and the oilskin bag that held his money. They were not there.

Certainty of the truth flashed upon him, chilling heart and mind. Slowly, methodically, he lifted and shook out his blankets, one by one folding them up and laying them in their accustomed pile. The search was unavailing; his money was gone with Braidlaw.

*(To be continued.)*





## THE RESTORATION OF THE ERECHTHEUM

By GORHAM PHILLIPS STEVENS

*(Extracts from a private letter.)*

You have never heard why I was sent out here.

To begin with, you must know that there is a temple on the Acropolis called the Erechtheum, which the Greek Government has been restoring recently; that is, the Greek Archæological Society, which is a government affair, has been putting all the ancient blocks that could be identified as belonging to the temple back in their original places, and strengthening certain insecure portions. The money for this work, and all the work of the Archæological Society, is raised by means of a public lottery. A single ticket costs about forty cents, and you have a very remote chance of winning \$5000 or one of the many smaller prizes. This method of collecting money certainly works well financially, whatever our American views on the subject of lotteries may be. Just at this moment, however, no work is being done on the Erechtheum, owing to a lack of funds caused by a more popular lottery, also managed by the Government, for a new navy.

For work on the temple, heavy scaffolding and modern hoisting machines had to be erected, and the Director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens at once saw what an exceptional chance this offered for studying the temple with

a view to a publication of its many interesting features. This difficult, but absorbingly interesting work, by rare good luck, fell to my lot, and for a year and a half I have been enjoying a splendid architectural feast. I have climbed over the cornices and architraves like a monkey in quest of architectural cocoanuts; I have been exhibited as a sacred serpent which the ancient Greeks used to keep in a crypt under the north portico of the temple; and I have been asked "Will you kindly tell me which building is the Acropolis?" My only regret is that the work is almost over.

The Erechtheum was built to house several divinities, chief among whom were Erechtheus (one of the mythical founders of Athens), Poseidon, and Athena. Legendary accounts of early Athens tell us how Poseidon and Athena struggled for possession of the city. Each was called upon to display some miracle, and supreme Zeus was the judge. (Phidias used this contest as the subject for his sculptural group in the west pediment of the Parthenon.) Poseidon thrust his trident into the native rock, and out gushed a salt spring, the water of which, later on, was carefully caught in a rock-cut well. The north portico of the Erechtheum was built over his sacred trident marks; and they are still visible—deep fissures in

the rock of the Acropolis; and the rock-cut well, inside the western part of the temple, still holds water, in the rainy season. Athena, as her miracle, caused an olive tree to grow. The Athenian people evidently thought an olive tree was a better gift than a salt well, for she became their protecting goddess, and the city itself was called after her, Athens. The sacred olive tree is supposed to have grown in a holy precinct to the west of the temple. Pausanius, the Marco Polo of Roman days, quaintly describes how he was shown the trident marks, salt well, and olive tree, when he visited the temple about 160 A. D.

The present temple was begun probably in the last quarter of the fifth century B. C. It dates, then, from the best period of Greek art. The Peloponnesian wars presumably delayed the completion of the temple, for in 409 B. C. we find that the Athenian people were dissatisfied with the progress which had been made, and appointed a commission to investigate and report on the state of the work and the expenditures of money. This commission went right round the temple in a most business-like way, noting the heights the walls had reached, measuring all the half-

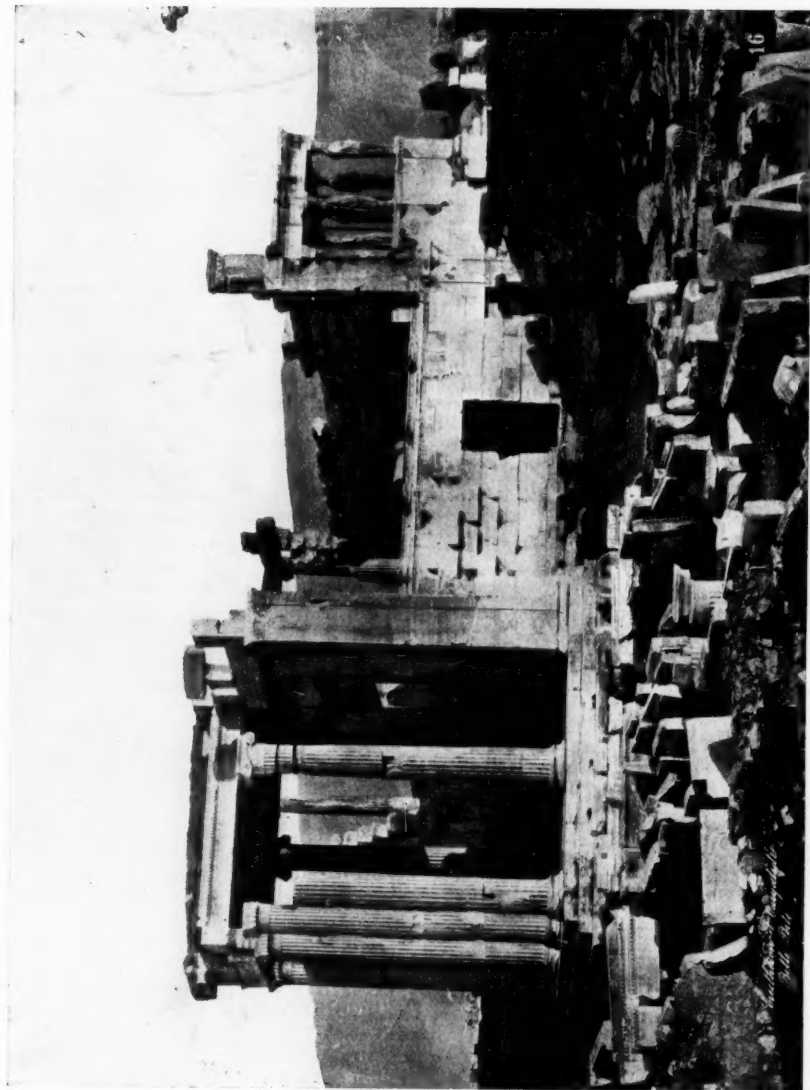
worked stones lying about, and making an inventory of the sums of money paid to various stone-cutters, painters, metal-workers, carpenters, sculptors, and even shifters of scaffolding. The architect in charge received a modest but artistic salary of twenty cents a day — an equivalent of about one dollar a day in our money. Incidentally, I was much interested in learning that the coinage of ancient Athens was on a free-silver basis, the ratio being 14½ to 1.

But to return to the commission. The report was carefully cut on marble tablets and set up on the Acropolis where all could see it. About fifty years ago large fragments of these slabs were found and the inscription was identified as referring to the Erechtheum: many new pieces have come to light since, so that to-day there is at least three-quarters of the original inscription intact. It

one of the most important of the so-called building inscriptions of antiquity, and by its help many stones lying about the Acropolis have been identified as originally belonging to the Erechtheum and actually put back in their old places. Moreover, it has been of great assistance in drawing the restorations of the temple on



CARYATID FROM THE SOUTH WEST PORCH OF THE  
ERECHTHEUM, ATHENS



paper—it describes so carefully certain parts of the structure now completely gone. The temple seems to have been finished about 400 B.C., and was burned and restored several times later on. In Christian times it was changed into a church; and under Turkish control it served the purpose of a harem for the Governor's wives. The Greek Government excavated the temple very carefully in the middle of the last century, and three years ago its restoration was begun, for which the scaffolding is still up along the south wall.

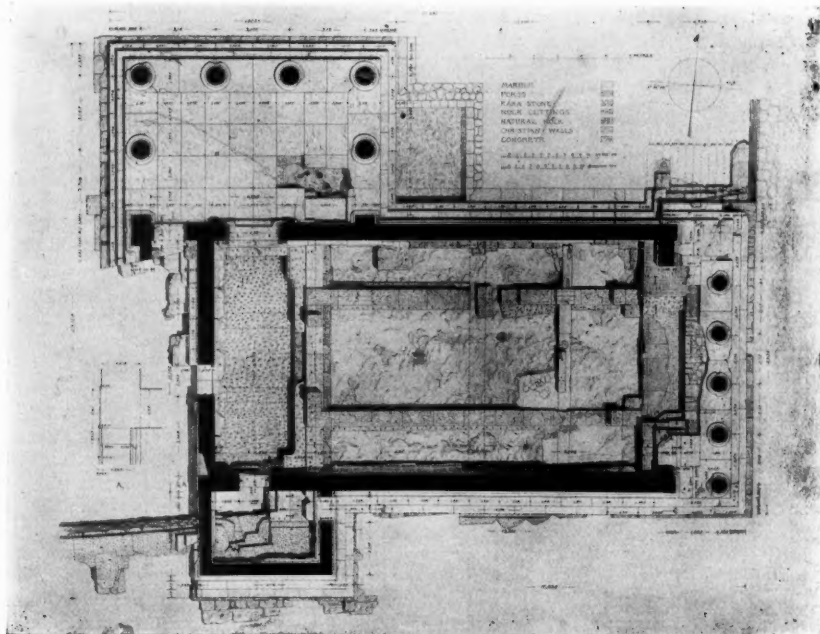
The temple was built of white marble from the quarries on Mount Pentelicon, not ten miles away. For the frieze, however, a dark blue-gray limestone was used—it formed a background for white marble figures, sculptured almost in the round. The effect must have been very rich—like lace-work with some dark material beneath. From the east portico a door opened directly into the cella of Athena, the protecting goddess of the city. Very little is left of the east wall, but from a number of stones on the ground, sufficient evidence has been accumulated to show that light was admitted through two windows, one on either side of the door. The north column of this portico was taken to England by Lord Elgin in the early part of the last century, and now stands in the British Museum. He obtained permission from the Turkish authorities to remove some of the art treasures from the Acropolis. Among these was one of the marble maidens from the beautiful south portico. It is now replaced by a copy in terra-cotta, which has turned almost black and is entirely out of harmony with the rest of the building. The columns on the west wall were blown over by a terrific wind storm some fifty years ago. They have just been put back, so that one has a very good idea of what this façade must have looked like.

All the marble ceiling beams of the north portico, except two, were lying on the ground three years ago. Now, the ceiling is entirely restored, and

the way the Greek architect did this bit of work was clever and thorough; he hung the pieces of the stone beams to iron girders placed above the fragments, so that all metal work was hidden from view. The coffer blocks which the beams supported have also been replaced; this stone ceiling, with a clean span of twenty feet, is the most imposing of its kind in existence.

The carving throughout the temple was done with a loving care that defies description; and the way the stones were laid up and bonded together is no less remarkable. No mortar was used between the blocks, and true beds and almost invisible joints were obtained by polishing the surfaces of contact. Greece is subject to earthquakes, and even a slight trembling of the earth might have opened a wall joint; to prevent such a possibility, each block was clamped to the blocks next it and dowelled to the block below. The clamps and dowels were of wrought iron, and held tightly in place by having molten lead run about them. Then, too, many interesting methods of moving the big stones were found. Another point of interest was the decoration in color, traces of which appeared on almost all well preserved parts of the temple—frettes, eggs and darts, etc. Metal, also, as a pure decoration was used; as, for example, a metal rosette in every coffer of the north portico ceiling. The building inscription mentions these rosettes—a certain sum of money was paid out for the purchase of gold leaf to gild the bronze rosettes in the coffers of this portico. Each coffer is pierced with a hole, still visible, through which the rosette was hung. The interior ceiling was of wood, richly painted; above this flat ceiling came a sloping roof, heavily timbered to support a wonderfully ingenious covering of white marble tiles. The whole temple must have been exceedingly beautiful.

The Greek Archæological Society has certainly acted in a very generous way. Not only has it allowed me to use its scaffolding with perfect liberty,



GROUND PLAN OF THE ERECHTHEUM, ATHENS

but it has even put its workmen at my disposal whenever stones needed to be moved or digging to be done. The Greeks, perhaps more than any other nation, receive Americans with cordiality and courtesy.

It has taken thirty large drawings and about sixty text cuts to represent everything of importance; and then there is the text itself, now well advanced. It is needless to say that the work has been of immense interest from start to finish.

In closing, I would say that the most striking feature of all Greek art, to my mind, is the fact that its extraordinary perfection is due to a

rigid respect for precedent. In architecture its development is clearly written on the various temples—in the general proportions, profiles of mouldings, and in constructive details—an advancement, step by step, toward a climax. Radical departures would not have been tolerated, probably, by a people so conservative in their religion as the Greeks; and so the artists found an outlet for their talent in studying and improving what their predecessors had done. It was under these conditions that the most brilliant artistic climax the world has ever known was able to attain its marvellous perfection.



# THE GOLDEN WORD

BY

Josephine A Meyer



His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

HAMLET.

I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze  
But that this folly douts it.

HAMLET.

It has always been a source of wonder to me that among the numerous ballades,—that form of verse unanimously accepted by poets as a literary Information Bureau,—no metrical inquiry has been lodged relative to the whereabouts of certain witty and elusive remarks that invariably desert us in our hour of need. I, myself, attempted to embody this theme in the characteristic form, and secured a touching refrain in the line: "Oh, where are the things I might have said?" But upon revision, the whole fared so lamely and shone forth with such a flickering and uncertain effulgence, that the best line in it struck me keenly as a pertinent reminder of the already too-obvious disqualifications of my own stupidity.

It may be this that has prevented others from attempting it. Surely it is not because the theme lacks vitality. For what is the importance of the loss of last year's snow, or the doubtful location of the stage fav-

orites of the time of our ancestors, or the disappearance of those time-obiterated social leaders whose flourishing personalities led death and destruction in their luminous trains? Our concern is far greater for the gay sayings that crop up like mushrooms when the opportunity for using them has passed, and whose fatal tardiness no amount of preparation and no ex-post-facto desire, however strong, can remedy. Those apt quotations, not only intrinsically witty, but hinting at latent intellectuality; that ready pun that plays havoc with our opponent's repartee, turning the arrows of his discourse against himself; that delicate compliment that spins the world,—whither do they flee? Is there no art to entrap them, that they may be used at will? Upon such bases rests the fame of whole lines of French monarchs, and literature teems with examples. Beatrice and Benedick show us clearly a very even way to



use these tools for the promotion of matrimony. Nay, what more need be said than that the Lady at the Notion Counter is not ignorant of their influence, and sparkles with her own questionable gems of rhetoric? For when the solicitous floor-walker has tenderly inquired as to her cardiac action, she has been known to retort brilliantly that the organ in question is "still there," and thereupon being ironically termed "funny," she has followed up her former sally with the cuttingly original remark, that she "ain't so funny as some people."

It is in the flame of anger that we need our best answers most. Then should our words sear like lightning and zigzag round our foe until he is confused and utterly undone. We should stand by, calm and serene, even as Jove, like him rendering impossible any retaliation through the effective pointedness of our bolts.

"By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you," says Jacques.

"He is drowned in the brook," returns the irritated Orlando; "look but in and you shall see him."

But it is Hamlet himself who is past-master in the art of keeping his enemies at bay with knife-pricks. Not Polonius nor Rosencrantz nor Guildenstern could be quite convinced of his madness, when they found their

subtlest questionings fly back into their own smarting eyes. Hamlet has stood before the ages with a challenge and a thrust; for what commentator, searching in every line for some clew to his complexity, has not grown suddenly uneasy at the recorder speech, and winced at the majestically pathetic line: "You would pluck out the heart of my mystery"?

Alas, we, poor fools, confront our antagonist with a red face, fuming and stuttering. Stock phrases haunt our whirling brain, such as "What do you mean?" and "I'll be even with you"; but the latter is too distant to be penetrating, and the former is generally impracticable, for a foeman worthy of our steel rarely leaves us any grounds for misapprehension; on the contrary, his remarks are, as a rule, distinctly and peculiarly instructive. Perhaps, when we get outside and relate the quarrel to a friend, we endeavor to balm our sore pride by taking special pains to inform him that we "just stood by and let him talk," or "we did not want to lower ourselves by answering him, or we should have said"—and here the flow of biting sarcasm that failed us at our utmost need will gush forth with unmitigated splendor under the warm influence of friendly sympathy. But

we know the truth of the matter, and—what is twice as sad—we must realize that our friend knows, too.

May it be due to an innate self-depreciation that our lips are sealed before one glittering with noble deeds or high rank, or whom we adore? Perhaps the fact that Whistler, that glorious butterfly, was conscious of his own infinite superiority may account for the poignancy of the unfailing sting in his intercourse with his critics. Nor did his self-sufficiency serve always as a barb to his conversation. No one could manage a compliment with more delicacy than he. When King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was visiting the Royal Society of British Artists for the first time, he asked Whistler, as President, its history. Neither benumbed nor overawed by the austere presence, Whistler gracefully replied: "It has none, Your Highness. Its history dates from to-day."

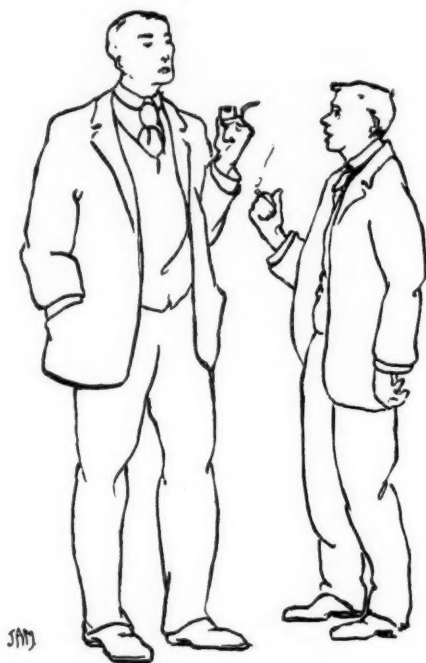
Because of our self-consciousness it is hard for us to face a celebrity without becoming offensively mute or idiotically garrulous. There is a sad story of a lady who desired to shine especially before a certain great professor. She was introduced to him on four separate occasions, and each time he greeted her with unflagging cordiality, but absolutely no vestige of recognition. She attributed this to the fact that she always froze into a dull silence at his approach, and she determined upon a speedy amendment. Contemplating a fifth introduction, she cleverly memorized a greeting for him. Nightly did she rehearse the unstudied ease with which she would gayly exclaim: "I pray you know me when we meet again!" And the professor died that week.

But the embarrassment experienced upon being introduced to one of high estate pales to mere nothing when compared with the agony of being presented as an extraordinary being. Then truly do the brains of our head melt like snow in the sun, and the tongue of our mouth grows too

bulky to be of any use whatever. I have known some who have murmured a word or two at such times, but, on the whole, silence is less oppressive and less likely to cast reflections on the pure honor of him who has so praised us. Two more or less celebrated women were introduced to each other by an indiscreet individual who had never learned the full and horrible significance of the word "extravagance." She lauded each to the other until both were weak, and she concluded her almost Elizabethan homily by adding: "I am positively overjoyed to be able to bring together two such kindred spirits." The victims gazed after her retreating form in silence. "I feel," said the first at length, "like a fool." "She was right," replied the other; "we *are* kindred spirits."

Once a poor innocent took the advice of a friend who knew nothing at all about it, and during the excruciating ordeal endeavored to assume an air of easy nonchalance. He was rewarded by the acute if doubtfully pleasant sensation of hearing himself referred to later as a "blanked conceited cad."

In the presence of grief we are powerless to speak, and it is wild business to attempt to elucidate our sympathy thus. "Why are you crying?" asked a well-meaning little girl of a companion in evident distress. "My father's gone to Heaven," sobbed the afflicted one. "Hush, don't take on so," advised the comforter soothingly, "maybe he ain't." So it is better to grasp the hand of our brother in the dark, to let him know we are beside him, sharing his suffering, nor breaking silence till he bids us speak. One may be able to write all things well, from a Poetical Drama to a set of Architectural Specifications, but he will ever trip up on the letter of condolence and the note of thanks. For there are things that living lips can but hint at, and that crumble and vanish with the touch of ink; and the more deeply personal the emotion, the



more hopeless the endeavor to entrap it in a net of written words. Who has ever composed a note of thanks which has not been either so effusive as to appear ironical, or so restrained as to intimate a lack of appreciation?

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy," says Claudio. Alas, that it is not considered the most courteous! The age is not yet so ripe nor truthful but that we, ourselves, would not look askance if a gift or a worthy deed were received without a word of praise or gratitude. We might be tempted to regard it as suggestive of feelings other than contentment, and perhaps we should be led on to investigate the matter further, at the risk of sharing the eternity of him who is addicted to a periodic "Don't you like it? I'm afraid it's not good enough."

I do not say it is impossible to find one's voice in any of the circumstances

I have cited, but I do affirm and maintain that it is only the true humorist that needs never regret having done so. For an attempt at an apt quotation has been known to get inextricably involved, though we had thought to know it ever since our infancy, and ranked it in company with the alphabet and "Now I lay me"; or the sentiment becomes singularly inappropriate the moment we are permitted to deliver it verbatim.

"He was accompanied down the street," remarked some one of an inaugural procession, "by the —nth squadron."

"Squadron!" we grin. "There must have been a thaw in Washington." Whereupon it transpires that "squadron" is the proper technical name for the cortège, and our little jest was a perfect manifestation of military ignorance.

There have been brilliant moments

in our lives when the reply has come timely, when it glinted like a dragon-fly and stung like a wasp, when it was delicate and subtle like the precious humming-bird, and covered the situation with the completeness and crisp elegance of a starry winter's night. Therewith we have glanced modestly at our auditor, prepared for the gleam of unwilling admiration in his eye; and behold, he gazes back at us vacantly, unconscious of the splendor of the pearls we have cast before him. We cannot risk assuming that he has not heard, for to repeat the exquisite touch would be akin

to duplicating Notre Dame or the Kohinoor diamond.

Let us say it is humility that chokes our utterance, let us attribute it to dignity or to contempt, and declare our preference is for him who can suffer in silence and be strong. But in our hearts we know better. So our rapid, nervous breathing shall still dull the crystal of our wits, and our few ideas shall ever be irretrievably scattered to the mercy of the winds of Heaven, whenever the blithe voice of Beatrice smites upon our ear, bidding us "Speak, Count; it is your cue!"





MAURICE MAETERLINCK  
(Author of "The Latin and Teuton Races," from a Sketch by Scotson Clark.)

## THE LATIN AND TEUTON RACES\*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

It is important that we should not apply to this problem of the races solutions that are too general or too radical or too simple. Few problems are intricate with so many complex and contradictory realities.

Let us first remark that the word "race" is too inexact, too elastic, since it serves to denote species as dissimilar as the negro, the white, the Mongolian, etc., and as analogous as the Celt, the Teuton, the Latin and the Slav. On the other hand, so soon as we leave the great classifications which start with certain somatic characteristics (such as the conformation of the skull, physical coloring, and so on) upon which we are very nearly agreed, we enter upon the most complete state of uncertainty and arbitrariness. The vast hypothesis that interests us most particularly, for instance, the Aryan hypothesis, has, since the beginning of the last century, in which it was born, been more than once entirely upset; while philology and anthropology often arrive at irreconcilable conclusions.

It is enough to say that the question of the Latin and Teuton races, being more delicate and more subtle, is the more difficult to solve scientifically. The latest conclusions of anthropo-sociology no longer even take account of the existence of these two races. All would seem to depend on the shape of the skull; and the peoples of Europe are divided into "dolichocephali" (South and Island Italy, South France, Spain, Portugal, England, North Germany, Scandinavia) and "brachycephali" (Upper Italy, Central France, South Germany, Austria, and the rest).

Wherefore I shall endeavor to tackle the problem not from the scientific but from the experimental side, from the side of pure, simple, vulgar, and personal observation.

\*Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright, U. S. A., 1906, by Maurice Maeterlinck.

From this point of view, it is clear to whosoever has travelled a little and come into contact with the men of the several European latitudes that there are undeniable differences between those more or less conventionally known as the Teuton and the Latin. But here again there is need for precision. It is fairly easy to agree as to the origin and the delimitations of the Teutonic race. But what is the Latin race? Is it the Italic or the Roman race? But then what are we to make of the Spanish, an amalgam of Celts, Iberians, Cantabrians, Gascons? And what of the French, the chief and the most living of the so-called Latin races, in which the Gallic blood predominates, that is to say the Germano-Celtic blood, regermanized yet once again, except in the extreme south, by the Frankish conquest, with the result that there are few nations so profoundly Teuton as France? If we reduce the problem to the pure Latin races, it has hardly any interest, having hardly any importance; if we extend it to the others, the question, like the monster Catoblepas, devours its own feet.

It is certain that the great races which we improperly call Latin all contain a strong admixture of foreign elements and that the most active of them, that which is at the head of the Latin movement, is the most deeply saturated with Teutonic blood and could furnish a decisive argument in favor of the pre-eminence of that blood. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that, under all these contradictions, under all these somewhat arbitrary classifications, a reality lies hidden. But this reality is so obscure, so evasive, that it is almost impossible to estimate its value. For myself, I am persuaded that these questions of race, especially where our Teutonic and more or less Latin races are concerned have only a secondary importance. That which makes the race, that which gives it its psychological characteristics, its physical and moral

qualities, is—much more than the almost always disputable origin—the climate, the mountain or the plain, the banks of the river or the sea, the chemical substance of the soil, the invariable soil of the land on which it lives and from which it derives its nourishment. In view of this and to elucidate as far as possible (and the possibility in this case is somewhat limited) the complex problems that touch so closely all the unknown matters of our terrestrial life, it would be right and seemly that each of those who, thanks to particular circumstances, are in a position to study this or that aspect of the question should give an account, simply, sincerely, and without any preconceived theory, of his experience and his observations, however modest they may be. This would be less brilliant, but infinitely more useful than the too-lofty speculations and too-vast hypotheses in which men magnificently, but blindly, amid the clouds of the imagination, toss the destinies of peoples and of races.

I will therefore tell what I have been permitted to observe by the chance that caused me to be born on one of the sensitive points of the problem. In Belgium, that artificial little country formed by the whim of the diplomatists, the two races with which we have to do have been living for centuries on a territory of less than twelve thousand square miles, heaped up like bees of different species in too narrow a hive. The Flemings, who are of pure Teuton blood, fill the northwestern half of the country. The Walloons people the other half. I will not say that the Walloons are of pure Latin race, because this cannot be stated of any of the groups that constitute France, with the exception, perhaps, of certain zones of the Mediterranean coast. But if we rank the French people among the peoples of the Latin race, it cannot be denied that the Walloons of Belgium must be numbered among the most distinctly Latin groups of which France is made up. The Walloon, who is much more French than the

Norman, for instance (not to speak of the Breton, the Alsatian, or the Basque, who are only politically French), much more French than the inhabitant of the departments of the Nord and the Pas-de-Calais, possesses the same characteristics as the Frenchman of Île-de-France, Berry, Touraine, and Orléanais; and his dialect is contemporary with the first formations of the *langue d'oïe*.

For centuries, as far back as exact history goes, these two races have lived side by side on that little corner of earth, separated by a line that starts from Maastricht, passes through Brussels, and, forming an elbow to take in the northern extremity of French Flanders, ends west of Dunkirk. This line corresponds with no geographical reality: it is determined by no river, no chain of mountains or hills, no accident or nature of the soil. It is purely ideal, and yet immutable and sacred. Since the time when the men who live on either side of it have a memory of their existence, it has not swerved by the breadth of a hamlet to the one side or to the other. No Great Wall of China, no abyss could be more insurmountable. Every attempt that has been made to blend the two races has failed miserably. For three quarters of a century, they have been living under the same government; all their interests are alike; all their political and economical existence is inextricably bound up in one. Nevertheless, they do not mingle; they feel for each other an instinctive and insuperable antipathy. A Walloon peasant or workman, whom half an hour's railway-journey carries into the heart of Flanders, feels as outlandish there, as much misunderstood, as strange, as though he were to find himself exiled to the depths of Scandinavia or Germany; and, in the same way, the artisan of Audenarde, sent to Tournai, a few miles higher up the same river Scheldt, could not feel farther from his native land in Lombardy or Estramadura.

Their language separates them, you will say. That is true; but language

is not the cause, but the effect. It is the product, the emanation, the profound and essential synthesis of the race; and, if the two races were not proof against all mingling, they would long ago have amalgamated their dialects.

Finding these Teutons and these Latins thus united by chance, for centuries, in the crucible of a little province, we should be able here more easily than anywhere else to study how much there is that is real, how much imaginary in this question of the two races. We should observe more readily what is invariable and what ephemeral in their disparities, their aptitudes, their instincts, and their aspirations, and hence, perhaps, in their destinies. But this would entail a long and minute study which would exceed the limits of this mere note. I will therefore confine myself to drawing rapidly the principal features and the conclusions.

As I have said, since the time, some ten centuries ago, at which we begin to know their history with sufficient exactness, these two insoluble and irreducible races, which perhaps represent two great, mysterious volitions of the human species, have been bubbling, under the same influences, in the same alembic, while preserving in an astonishing fashion all their distinctive characteristics. For instance, his mere physical appearance will almost invariably enable one to tell for certain, at first sight, whether this or that man of the people or of the middle class is a Fleming or a Walloon. But, without lingering over a crowd of secondary differences, let us arrange summarily, under two or three synthetic heads, the most decided psychological characteristics of each race.

First, from the military point of view, which occupies the chief place in the formation and the destinies of a people, it cannot be denied that the Fleming possesses less buoyancy, less dash, less enthusiasm, less imagination, less active heroism; but, once set going, he has more patience, more firmness, more gravity, more passive

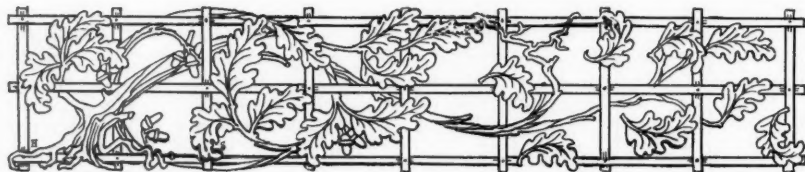
heroism than the Walloon. From the point of view of art, which sums up in general very important aptitudes and aspirations of the unconsciousness, the former alone has the sense of color; for, somewhat strange to say, there has never been a good Walloon painter. On the other hand, he possesses less sense of line, of grace, and of elegance. From the intellectual and scientific point of view, their faculties are much on a level. From the religious point of view, the Fleming is more convinced, more conscientious, more inward than his neighbor; and, had it not been for the Spanish tyranny in the sixteenth century, East and West Flanders would inevitably, like Holland, have followed the movement of the Reformation, whereas Catholicism was never seriously shaken in the Walloon country. From the political point of view, the Fleming is extremely positive, practical, matter-of-fact, if you wish, and jealous of his real privileges. He is not satisfied with words. Contrary to the Walloon, who attaches an ideal value to liberty, he sets store by it only because of the material advantages of which it is the source. The admirable movement of the municipalities of Bruges, Ghent, and Ypres, which, in the heart of the Middle Ages, were the first to teach to slumbering Europe the meaning and the use of liberty, had virtually no other starting-point and no other turning-point than economic quarrels and claims. The same differences are manifest to-day in the organization of socialism in the two districts; it is practical, almost mercantile, based upon the small advantages of the co-operative baking and grocery societies, but powerful and irresistible, in Flanders; theoretical, more abstract, greedier of justice and of ideal and verbal equality, in Hainaut and the Liège country.

But we must needs recognize the fact that all these differences, and so many others that might be pointed out, however specific and however invariable they may declare them

selves to be, are none the less accessory and superficial differences; and it would be altogether rash to maintain that they can have a serious influence on the future of either of the two races. Considering all that makes the life of a branch of mankind—its lofty and profound qualities of endurance, of energy, of morality, of conscientiousness, of mysterious strength; considering all that entitles it to space and duration on our planet—chance, the good and ill fortune of luck itself, which, they too, must be counted in the horoscope of a race; all this considered, it seems very positive that the Fleming and the Walloon are of exactly the same value. The scales of the balance into which one should throw their past, their present and the possibilities of their future with a view to interrogating their destiny, would establish an equilibrium and remain immovable in that equilibrium as though the very force and the secret will of time and of things had sealed them into the rock. This equilibrium, it must be agreed, is significant, seeing that, during ten centuries of agitated and excessive history, during a thousand years of contact, of friction, of collisions, conflicts, and perpetual contests in every field of human activity, the two races have not succeeded, I do not say in impairing, in encroaching upon each

other, but even in so much as scratching each other, in blunting the extreme points of their distinctive characteristics. We find neither absorption nor admixture, neither gain nor loss, neither advance nor retrogression. With incredible precision and tenacity they have maintained their respective positions, their wealths, their wills, their customs, their languages, and if, suddenly, they were placed in such circumstances that it would be absolutely necessary for the one to disappear in order that the other might endure, it would be impossible to foretell which would have to yield, seeing that it is impossible to unravel which is inferior to the other by one of those infinitesimal, but vital, quantities or qualities which often determine the great deeds and the great judgments of history.

For the rest, it is allowable to ask one's self whether the Walloon race does not owe its adaptation to the fact that like most of the races of France, it is saturated with Teuton blood. Would pure Italic Latins, for instance, or Spaniards, have borne themselves in the same way in identical circumstances? Would they have been eliminated or absorbed? This question and a crowd of others, grafted upon the main question, once more show the extreme complexity of the problem.



## THE VALLEY OF LIFE

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

WHEN I was a child joyfully I ran, hand clasped in hand, now with my mother, now with my father, or with younger, blithe companions, now in sunlight, now in shadow and dread, through the strange new Valley of Life.

Sometimes on the highroad, then over the fields and meadows, or through the solemn forests; sometimes along the happy brook-side, listening to its music or the roaring of the falls, as the pleasant waters hurried, or grew still, in the winding way down the Valley of Life.

And as we went along, hand clasped in hand, sometimes the hand-clasp was broken, and I, a happy child, ran swiftly aside from the path to gather flower or fruit or get sight of a singing bird; or to lean down and pluck a pearly stone from under the lapping waves; or climbed a tree and swayed, shouting, on its waving boughs,—then returned to the clasp of loving hands, and so passed on and on down the opening Valley of Life.

In the bright morning I walked wondering; wondering I walked through the still twilight and many-colored sunset; watching the great stars gather, and lost in the mystery of worlds beyond numbers and spaces beyond thought,—till, side by side, we lay down to sleep under the stars in the Valley of Life and of Dreams.

Then there came a time when the hands that held me—the loving hands that guided my steps and drew me gently on—turned cold, and slipped from my grasp; I waited, but they came not back, and slowly and alone I plodded on down the Valley of Life and of Death.

Where went they?—I asked my heart and the whispering waters and the sighing trees,—where went my loving and well-beloved guides; did they climb the hills and tarry; did they, tired, lie down to sleep and forget me forever; leaving me to journey on without their dear care down the long Valley of Life?

I could not know, for I heard no answer except my own heart's beating. But other comrades came,—one dearer than all,—and as time went on I felt the little hands of my own children clasping mine while, once more happy and elate, with them I travelled down the miraculous Valley of Life.

But, as on I wander, hearing their bright voices, and seeing their joy upon the way,—their happy chasings here and there, their eager run to hold again our hands,—how soon, I think, shall I feel the slipping away of the clasping fingers while I fall asleep by the wayside, or climb the cloud-enveloped hills, and leave those I love to journey on down the lonely Valley of Life?

And I say, surely the day and the hour hasten; grief will be theirs for a season; then will they, as did I, with brave hearts journey on the appointed way—but where then shall my spirit rest? Will it sink unconscious into endless night? or shall I, in some new dawn, and by some unimagined miracle not less than that which brought me here, wander, with those that led me once, and those I led, hand clasped in hand as of old, by the murmuring waters and under the singing trees of the ever-wonderful, the never-ending Valley of Life?



## The Lounger



CRAVING the reader's patience THE LOUNGER would like to say a few words about *The Critic*, which now steps aside to make room for PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. It retires, however, only in name. Under its new title, in its new dress, it will keep all its best characteristics. It will retain especially the literary and artistic tone that has given it the enviable position among magazines that it holds to-day. But its scope will be wider, it will treat of a greater variety of subjects, and give more space to their discussion.

*The Critic* was born on the fifteenth of January, 1881. Its editors, who are its editors to-day, were its founders; they were also its publishers, but their enthusiasm was greater, perhaps, than their business sense. It was their belief that there was room in this country for an exclusively literary journal; for *The Nation*, strong as it was on the literary side, was stronger still on the political. *The Critic* eschewed politics and cultivated literature and the arts. It was a bold venture, considering the youth, the inexperience, and the small bank-account of its projectors; but they had the good will of the authors and of the publishers. While the first number of *The Critic* was not a thing of beauty, its contributions gave evidence of its quality. There was an essay from the pen of Edmund Clarence Stedman; the late Emma Lazarus wrote a long review of Professor Meyer's "Life of Wordsworth"; while among other contributors were Messrs. Brander Mathews, Sidney Howard Gay, Charles de Kay, Richard Watson Gilder, Paul M. Potter, Gustav Kobbe, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Announcements were made of contributions to come from the pens of Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, Walt Whitman, H. H. Boyesen, R. H. Stoddard, Helen Hunt, Frances Hodgson Burnett, and Kate Field. Walt Whitman wrote some

of his best known poems, and his poetic essays, "How I Get Around at Sixty and Take Notes." Several of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" papers appeared in *The Critic*; and there were poems by Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Dr. J. G. Holland, H. C. Bunner, Edith M. Thomas, and others. The list of its contributors during the quarter of a century of its existence includes most of the best known names in recent English literature. To *The Critic* the young literary aspirant turned for his first hearing. It was in the columns of *The Critic* that Mr. F. Marion Crawford first appeared in print in this country, and it was for *The Critic* that Mr. James Lane Allen wrote his delightful early essays. *The Critic* has always stood for good literature. It has always been glad to discover and encourage real talent. It has never been satisfied to exploit the names of those already famous, but has enjoyed helping to make the fame of new writers.

Those readers of *The Critic* who have followed its career when it was a fortnightly, when it was a weekly, and since it has become a monthly, will find that all the things they liked best in its pages will be found in PUTNAM'S MONTHLY. To those who did not know *The Critic* the name was a little forbidding. They fancied from its title that it was "nothing if not critical." Had they set out on a voyage of discovery for themselves, they would have found that it was much more. The name PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, presenting as it does an imprint that has during the past seventy-five years been associated with good literature of a specific character, gives a more accurate and a more satisfactory impression of the character of the magazine that is now brought into publication. The new MONTHLY will contain, as *The Critic* has contained, articles present-



From a sketch by Will Rothenstein

THE LATE MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBS)

ing the best criticism, but its plan provides for, and its increased size renders possible, a greater variety as well as a greater number of contributions. Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, who have during the last eight years of its existence been the publishers of *The Critic*, retain the publishing control of the magazine that is to be issued under the name of Putnam's Monthly and the Critic.

THE LOUNGER asks your best wishes and would be glad to know your opinion of the new magazine.



When the editors wrote to Dr. Edward Everett Hale that they wanted to count him among the contributors to the new PUTNAM's as he had been to *The Critic*, he replied:

Here is your welcome note about a new PUTNAM! It is a pleasure to reply at once—yes, *propria mana*. For you wake our early fires. You will find it hard to make young America believe what was the thrill of joy with which the green PUTNAM, No. 1, was received.

You see,—no! you cannot see what it was,—month by month to see the dreary *Knickerbocker*, to see *Graham* and the *Southern Literary*—and to be told that these represented literary America! What young men in college read, month by month, were *Blackwood* and the *Dublin University Magazine*—names unknown to young America to-day. And to such a constituency appeared PUTNAM! And we knew it had come to stay.

The central article,—the article which quickened even the dull Daily Press—was the article about "the Bourbon,"—as it was always called—"Have we a Bourbon among us?"—by Dr. Hanson, who had fallen in with Eleazer Williams,—the reputed "Bourbon,"—and wrote out his curious history very well. You ought to find some one to-day, to add fifty more years to that history. Let me add my little contribution,—for I was myself a little bit mixed up in it. Eleazer Williams, "the Bourbon," had been for nearly three years a pupil of my grandfather, the Rev. Enoch Hale of Westhampton. He had

been picked up by some missionary among the St. Regis Indians, and had been sent to my grandfather's parsonage to learn those things which were thought necessary for promising youths, among others, perhaps, the English language. But when the PUTNAM article taught me that he was the lost Louis XVII, I had never heard of him.

Well—I lived in Worcester then. One morning a gentleman called on me—in regulation clerical uniform—(vest buttoned to the neck) and he had a *Bourbon* look so distinct, that I said at once, "How do you do, Mr. Williams?" I did know that he was in the neighborhood. But I had no clew to his "personality" but the very strong Bourbon look.

The funniest thing that occurred in this connection was that I asked a fellow-pupil of his, at the Longmeadow school, about him. She was Mrs. Butman, an accomplished lady, who was a parishoner of mine. Did she "remember Williams, the Indian boy?"

"Remember him?—of course. He was a *plausible* boy." If you wanted to identify a Bourbon, could you do better, in one word, than to call him "plausible?"

Well! somebody will write out for you the end of Eleazer William's story; not to say that there is a very good account of it in "Appleton's Biographical History," to which my little contribution is, that when I knew him he thought he was Louis XVII, or said he did. He told me the story of the Prince de Joinville, which the Prince afterwards denied. It was certainly rather queer that in those early days the Prince should have gone whole days off his route at the west to visit Green Bay. I believe that the whole doubt about his descent was solved, when a hair of his, under the microscope, proved to be an Indian's hair, and not that of the French race, Celtic or Teuton. As the chances for our places in history may turn on the question, what sort of a pupil the Bourbon was to my grandfather, in whose home he "studied" three years, I have looked him up in my grandfather's diary. Alas and alas! The only entries I find in that severely silent journal are these: "1810. Eleazer Williams. Studied here most of the year. 1811. Eleazer Williams. Studied with me Jan. 11, to March 7th. He is gone to Canada.

1812. Aug. 4. Eleazer Williams went to Vermont, etc."

And there the curtain drops. Only I am obliged to add that my father, who was a man of sense, and remembered the young Williams, never took any stock in the subposition that he was a Bourbon!



This photograph of the late Lafcadio Hearn is much more agreeable than the one we usually see. While the eye is accentuated, it is not as staring as in the other picture. Dr. Gould, whose remarkable study of Hearn is begun in this number, says that it is very like his friend, but that it is not so characteristic as the one to be published in the November PUTNAM.



The death of Mrs. Craigie is a distinct loss to literature. Excellent as the work is that she had already done, it was not equal to that which she would have done had she lived. As every one knows, she wrote for the love of writing, and not from necessity. She had all the money she wanted, which gave her abundant leisure to follow her literary inclinations. At first her books were clever and brilliant rather than thoughtful, but later she took her art more seriously; and while she could never resist the temptation to write epigrams, her recent books were not made up of them, as were her earlier stories.

The first of Mrs. Craigie's books to be published in America was given me to read and decide on, for or against. I was then the "reader" for an international publishing house. The story was given me in printed sheets and it was to be the initial volume, if I mistake not, in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library. It was called "Some Emotions and a Moral," and was signed John Oliver Hobbes. It did not take me long to read the story, and it took much less time to accept it. Wit sparkled in every line and epigrams ran riot through its pages. I was greatly entertained and told the



LAFCADIO HEARN

(From an unpublished photograph.)

publisher for whom I was reading to secure every book that was written by John Oliver Hobbes, whoever he or she might be, and he wisely took my advice.



Those foolish people who think that no new writer can get a hearing should read the history of books. Talk about the gold fields of Nevada and the joy of discovering new mines—it cannot compare to a reader's joy in discovering a new writer, one who is worth while, one whose work is really to count. One such book as "Some Emotions and a Moral" rewards the "reader" for the ninety and nine that have to be declined with thanks. Twice recently I have had the sensations that nothing but a newly discovered author can give to an editor. In the hundreds of manuscripts sent unsolicited to PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE two from entirely new writers have filled the editorial soul with delight. They are



HOLLAND  
By Louis St. Gaudens.

as opposite as the poles—one a psychological study, the other a melodrama, still with a touch of psychology, but dramatic as a play by Sardou. It is going to be a great pleasure to introduce the work of these writers to the readers of PUTNAM'S.



If the New York Custom House is not a thing of beauty it will not be the fault of the sculptors. They have been engaged by the score and their fancy has been allowed to run riot. I give here two of the more striking figures that are to adorn the cornice of the building. Mr. Louis St. Gaudens (the brother, not the son

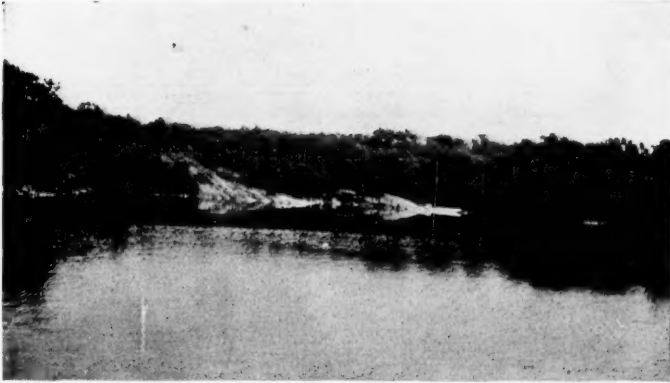


GENOA  
By Augustus Lukeman.

of Augustus St. Gaudens, as many have supposed) is the sculptor of the figures representing Portugal and Holland. The Holland is here given. Not just my idea of the phlegmatic Dutchman is this debonaire cavalier with his curls and plumed hat, but perhaps those that crossed the sea in their little boats were dashing fellows or they would not have thus adventured. The figure of Genoa by Augustus Lukeman is a very different sort of a person. He has the stern, firm features of the Puritan rather than those of the typical Italian.



Even a busy Lounger must have a holiday, so I took a little one some



AN ISLAND THAT WAS FOR SALE

weeks ago. I went to Canada, where I had never been before, and to the Thousand Islands. Sixteen hundred islands dot the St. Lawrence, they tell me, rather than a thousand; but it is easier to say "I'm going to the Thousand Islands," than to say "I'm going to the Sixteen Hundred Islands"; hence this seeming modesty. I shall not be happy till I have an island home. I would have bought the island pictured here if it had not been too costly. It is one of a group of three and the owner would not divide them. "I'll not break up the family," said he. They make a beautiful group. The big one covers ten acres, the next in size, two, and the little one not more than half an acre. Only think of these island triplets held together by arched bridges! Well, there they are for any one who has the money to buy them.

Quebec more than realized my expectations. What a site for a town! I have never seen anything like it and I have seen many towns in this country and Europe. And what a foreign town within only a few hours' journey of New York. Not only French spoken every where, but a French atmosphere over the whole place. Curiously enough, I found Canada a warm place. They say that it only has moments of hot

weather, but I happened to strike one of those moments.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, the English critic and editor, whose visit to America some years ago will be pleasantly remembered, has recently written a short appreciation of Benjamin Franklin to celebrate the bi-centennial of that philosopher, whom he describes as a typical American patriot. Even better than to Wellington Mr. Harrison thinks may be applied to Franklin the lines:

Rich in saving common-sense—  
In his simplicity sublime.

Mr. Roy Rolfe Gilson has made himself a conspicuous figure among authors for the simple reason that he has refused to allow his photograph to be published. If Mr. Gilson made this resolution with an eye to advertisement he could not have done better. The proneness of young authors to be photographed in stained-glass attitudes is a subject of painful comment by their readers. It is interesting to see the portrait of a man or woman who has made his or her name famous, but it is not so interesting to see the portrait of a man or woman who has made a temporary success with a temporary book. It should be a mark of distinction for an author to have his portrait published, but unfortunately it is not.



ELIAS HOWE'S SEWING-MACHINE MODEL

Now that the Government has decided that \$19,500 a year is too much to pay for the housing of patent models, and the accumulations of more than a century will be scattered to the winds, it is interesting to see these photographs of some of the more important of them. Here, for instance, is the model for the first sewing-machine, sent to the Patent Office by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846. A queer, clumsy-looking thing it is, too, but it revolutionized woman's work the world over. The same year S. F. B. Morse patented his electro-magnetic telegraph. Look at it here and compare it with the simple little machine that you can see in any telegraph office to-day! There are few of us who knew that Abraham Lincoln had tried his hand at inventing, but here is the proof. Proof also that Lincoln was a greater statesman than inventor. This queer-looking machine—really it looks like a loom or a boat—was patented by Lincoln in 1849, and was intended to lift

river steamboats over snags and shoals. It was, however, absolutely impracticable, and no one, not even the patentee, had the temerity to try it.

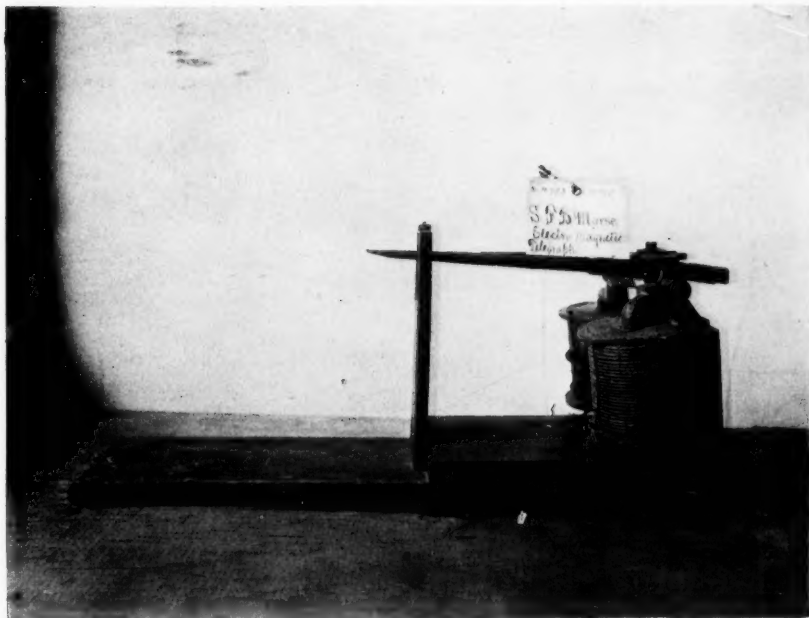


If Mr. Thomas A. Edison claims all of his models he will have a little patent office of his own at Orange, N. J., for since 1869 he has taken out seven hundred and eighty-four patents. This up to 1904. How many he has taken out since, I do not know. But with all his work he has had time to sleep even in the day, for in this picture you see him dozing in his office.\* He looks tired, too, which is not surprising. It would tire the best of us to invent seven hundred and eighty-four patentable devices, even if we had thirty-seven years to do it in.

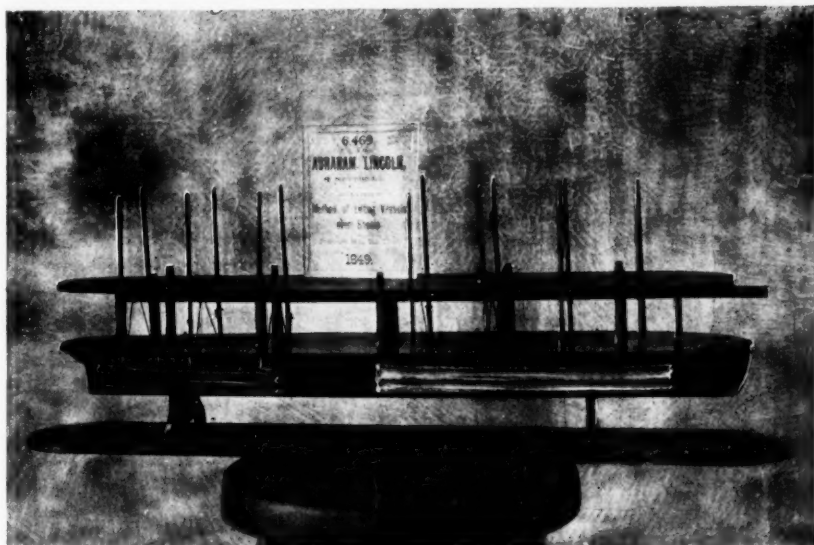


The September number of *Harper's Bazar* devotes several of its broad pages to "Mrs J. G. Phelps Stokes

\*See page 90.



MODEL OF S. F. B. MORSE'S ELECTRO-MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH INSTRUMENT



INVENTION BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
Model of a boat designed to float over shallow portions of a river



Photo by Van der Weyde.

THOMAS A. EDISON CAUGHT NAPPING

at Home." The writer of the story is Lillian Baynes Griffin, whose object in writing is to put the J. G. Phelps Stokes in their true light before the world. In the first place, instead of Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes being a multi-millionaire he is far from it, his present income "probably not exceeding \$2,500 a year." He goes to his business daily like any other man, and "when the day is done returns to his home, which is on the top floor of a well-built seven story apartment-house at Grand and Norfolk Streets." Mrs. Stokes keeps no servant, "her only help being the janitress, who is called upon on sweeping days." The article is illustrated with photographs of the humble apartment which show it to be cosily and comfortably furnished. The rooms are all light, there is an elevator run by "a German woman in a blue calico gown," and for all of this the rent is \$38 per month. A tidy sum when one considers the neighborhood. Mrs. Stokes, we are told, has reduced housekeeping to a fine point of economy. "She uses no table-linen, but substitutes white Japanese napkins, that are destroyed after each meal." The absence of table-linen may be noted in the homes of the rich and great at luncheon, but the paper napkins are a novelty and lend the character of a picnic to meals that might otherwise appear to be slightly humdrum, for they are largely composed of "uncooked foods."



"The Long Day," it is interesting to know, has been an important factor in the working out of Trowmart Inn, the new hotel for working-women modelled somewhat on the lines of the Mills Hotel for men. When the book first appeared, Mr. W. R. H. Martin, the projector of this model home, asked, through the publishers of "The Long Day," for an interview with the anonymous author; and his conferences with her resulted in several modifications of pending plans. The Trowmart Inn is a big, six-story building, occupying the entire block

front on the south side of Twelfth Street, between Greenwich and Hudson streets, opposite Abingdon Square, New York. The hotel is exclusively for young women of from fifteen to thirty-five years of age, earning their own living, and making not more than \$15 a week. Any woman may, however, obtain a night's lodging, a certain number of rooms being reserved for transients. The weekly cost is \$4.50 to \$5, which includes breakfast and dinner. On Sundays and holidays a lunch is served at 15 cents. The dining-room seats 250 persons.

A sewing-room, with sewing machines, cutting tables, stoves, and pressing irons, and a laundry, with a steam-heated drying-room, are open day and night. There are also a library, a large parlor, and half a dozen small parlors, where, as the prospectus says, "your men and women friends can be with you when they choose and you choose." The hotel is a philanthropy, not a charity, and is intended to pay its own way. Mr. Martin will turn it over to a board of trustees as soon as it is in good running order.



Mr. W. T. H. Crosland, who has made such fame as is his by assailing the inhabitants of the British Isles in his books, "The Unspeakable Scot" and other unspeakable works, has turned his attention from peoples to phases of life. His latest barbed arrow he has let fly at living in the country. Mr. Crosland has tried country life and finds it a hollow mockery. He lived in Surrey and found it not at all what the enthusiasts have claimed for it. As for milkmaids, instead of rustic beauties such as are seen upon the London stage, he finds them flat-faced, over-speckled, with no sentiment, but plenty of bad language. As for "Cottagetis," as he calls living in a cottage, he wants none of it. "If," remarks Mr. Crosland in a typical passage,

"you are wayfaring in any of the rural parts of the home counties, and you happen

to come across a thatched domicile of one story, with a little plot of land in front of it, a draw-well in the corner, and honey-suckle and roses on the porch, you may safely call and leave a card, and express to the blowzy female who will open the door to you the pious hope that Lord So-and-So and her Ladyship keep well. In other words, the aristocracy haunt these places, in spite of their cheapness and in spite of their lack of drainage."

The thought of tea on the lawn makes him shudder, for he says it

"involves a great amount of inconvenience, and persons who like spiders in their orange pekoe and caterpillars on their Madeira cake may have all the sweetness of it for nothing."



No one, I imagine, takes Mr. Crosland's complaints very seriously. He has found that by attacking institutions dear to the British heart he has attracted attention that otherwise would not be awarded him, and he keeps it up. As for caterpillars on the cake and spiders in the tea, that is all pure invention. I have sipped many a cup of tea and eaten many a slice of cake on English lawns without the accompaniment of caterpillars or spiders, which is more than could be said of most American lawns. The immunity from crawling and flying things makes eating in the open one of the delights of European domestic life. There are places in America where flies and mosquitoes and other small deer do not interfere with meals *al fresco*, but they are few. When you get one, keep it, for it is like the honest man—hard to find, and not to be given up for a better one yet.



Mrs. Deland has come into her own again with her latest novel—"The Awakening of Helena Richie." Old Chester is a town with which many readers have become acquainted, and Dr. Lavendar is a man whom many have learned to love. Both reappear in Mrs. Deland's new novel. For it is to Old Chester that Helena Richie

has come. She lives alone, only visited now and then by her brother, Lloyd Pryor. Her neighbors discuss her much, wondering why a young and beautiful woman should lead so lonely a life; but only old Benjamin Wright, grandfather of young Sam, who fancies he has fallen in love with her, guesses the truth. It is impossible in a word to tell Helena's story, or even to describe to the reader the many exquisite touches with which Mrs. Deland has illumined it. Pryor is not her brother, but the man who is to marry her when her wretched husband dies—the man for whom she has abandoned everything but who is already beginning to weary of her. Helena is not a bad woman; she has asked, as she says, only for happiness. But in the circle of events in which she becomes involved, leading among other things to the death of young Sam, who is driven desperate when he learns the truth, her perception of the real issues of life widens and she awakes to a fuller realization of her position. That Dr. Lavendar's wise kindness has a share in this process goes without saying. That is a masterly scene where he shows the unhappy woman how unfit she is to care for the child who has wound himself into her heart. In fact, the character of Helena is as subtle a study as we have had in many a day. It puts Mrs. Deland among the novelists whose work belongs to literature in a real sense. The story presents a rounded and harmonious picture of "life as it is" in the best sense,—life, that is, interpreted with great delicacy in terms of art. For insight, emotional power, and mingled humor and pathos, "The Awakening of Helena Richie" is a remarkable novel.



The portrait of Mrs. Deland here reproduced is the one she likes the best. I am not surprised at this, for it is the one that looks the most like her. The others I have seen printed are too severe. While Mrs. Deland's home is in Boston it is at her summer home in Kennebunkport, Maine, that



MRS. DELAND



MRS. DELAND'S LIBRARY AND WORKROOM



MRS. DELAND'S GARDEN AND A CORNER OF HER HOUSE AT KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

she does the most of her writing. Here is the library in which she writes though her desk does not show in this photograph. The curious looking thing in the centre of the garden picture is an old bell turned upside down and used as a flower-pot. Is it not true, as I have always contended, that there is nothing pleasanter than to be a successful novelist, for you can pitch your desk under a spreading oak or on the sea shore, a thousand miles from the noises and smells of New York and do your work.



Miss Elizabeth Dickson Conover sends me these clever

#### Lines to a Literary Man in Love.

Lover, if you would Landor now,  
And my advice will Borrow,  
Raleigh your courage, storm her  
Harte,—  
In other words, be Thoreau.

You'll have to Stowe away some Sand,  
For doubtless you'll Findlater  
That to secure the maiden's hand  
Hugo and tackle Pater.

Then Hunt a Church to Marryatt,  
An Abbott for the splice;  
And as you Rideout after Ward  
You both must Dodge the Rice.

Next, on a Heaven-Gissing Hill,  
A Grant of Land go buy,  
Whence will be seen far Fields of  
Green,  
All Hay and Romany Rye.

Here a two-Story Houseman builds;  
The best of Holmes is it  
If you make sure that on its Sill  
The dove of peace Hazlitt.

"Hough does one Wright this Motley  
verse,  
This airy persiflage?"  
Marvell no Morris to Howitt's Dunne,  
Just Reade Watson this Page!

The success of "The Throne," the journal written by aristocrats for aristocrats, says our humorous English contemporary *Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow*, has led to a flood of other class periodicals conducted on similar lines. From a number of preliminary advertisements we extract the following:

*The Desk. Carved Culture for Clerks.* No. 1 contains:

- (a) Stirring poem by the Westminster Office Boy: When the Boss is Out.
- (b) Ledger Lifting: by a Sedentary Sandow.
- (c) The Cuisine—Accounts: by a Cashier.
- (d) The Silly Season—The Clerk vs. The Giant Gooseberry: by the Editor of the *Daily Mail*.

*The Cell. Edited by Mr. Jabez Baljourn.* Look out for

- (a) Do we Smoke too Much? by the Editor.
- (b) English Literature—The Short Sentence: by the Editor.
- (c) Short Story—Not Guilty: by a Syndicate of Prominent Convicts.

*Packingville Gazette. No Packer should be without this full-flavored compot. We have the goods.*

- (a) Famous Composers—Mr. Walter Slaughter.
- (b) Causerie—Pot Luck: by an Habitual Consumer of Tinned Meat.
- (c) Drama—His Packing House in Order?
- (d) Curiosities—In Praise of Old Armour: by Mr. Upton Sinclair.

*The Basement. Devoted to the Interests of all Who Receive Tips.*

- (a) Musical Notes—Arias.
- (b) Editorial—Keyholes and Earache.
- (c) The Art of Buttlng—Interview with Mr. H. B. Irving: by Mr. W. Creighton.
- (d) Our Oxford Correspondent: The Char.

*The Millions. By Millionaires for Millionaires. A mine of pure gold. Published simultaneously in this country and Germany.*

- (a) Candid Friends—Mr. Upton Sinclair: by Mr. A. G. Armour.
- (b) Problems of Existence—How to be Honest though Rich.
- (c) Deportment in the Dock: by Anon.
- (d) My Hundred Worst Libraries: by Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

## OCTOBER

By DON MARQUIS

CEASE to call him sad or sober,  
Merriest of months, October!

Patron of the bursting bins,  
Reveller in wayside inns,—  
I can nowhere find a trace  
Of the pensive in his face;  
There is mingled wit and folly,  
But the mad-cap lacks the grace  
Of a thoughtful melancholy.  
Spendthrift of the season's gold,  
How he loves to fling about  
Treasure filched from Summertime!—  
Never ruffling squire of old  
Better loved a tavern bout  
When Prince Hal was in his prime.

Doublet slashed with gold and green;  
Cloak of crimson, changeful sheen,  
Opulently opaline,  
Of the dews that gem his breast;  
Frosty lace about his throat;  
Scarlet plumes that flirt and float  
Backward in a gay unrest—  
Where 's another gallant drest  
With such tricky gayety,  
Such unlessoned vanity?

With his amber afternoons  
And his pendant poets' moons—

With his twilights dashed with rose  
From the red-lipped afterglows—  
With his vocal airs at dawn  
Breathing hints of Helicon—  
With the winding of the horn  
Where his huntsmen meet the morn—  
Bacchanalian bees that sip  
Where his cider-presses drip—  
With his every piping breeze  
Shaking from familiar trees  
Apples of Hesperides—  
With the chuckle, chirp, and trill  
Of his jolly brooks that spill  
Mirth in tangled madrigals  
Down pebble-dappled waterfalls;  
Brooks that laugh and make escape  
Through wild arbors where the grape  
Purples with a promise of  
Racy vintage rare as love—  
With his merry wanton air,  
Mirth and vanity and folly,  
'Why should he be made to bear  
Burden of some melancholy  
Song that swoons and sinks with  
care?

O cease to sing him sad or sober—  
He 's a jolly dog, October!

# LAFCADIO HEARN\*

A STUDY OF HIS PERSONALITY AND ART

By GEORGE M. GOULD.

First Paper.

In the year 1887, I was struck by the characteristics of the tales and sketches of Lafcadio Hearn, which seemed to me prose-poems of almost unique quality. With some difficulty I secured the author's address and my letters of friendly interest were forwarded to him. He was then living in New Orleans, and I soon began to receive replies which further piqued my curiosity, both scientific and literary, and aroused an interest that grew with each added year of acquaintance and friendship.

So far as duty demands or the public has a right to know, I shall try to suggest some of the literary, artistic, and psychologic lessons I have gleaned from a sympathetic study of Hearn's mind and work. Probably he never opened his heart so generously to any one as to me, nor did he so frankly allow another to look into his past life. But it was done, of course, with the unexpressed condition that it was to a friend, and that no friend would betray the trust. All now admit that with the private and purely personal life of great actors and geniuses, the world of spectators and enjoyers has and should have no concern. The dramatist presents his play and the actor his interpretation; it is a morbid and impermissible desire that allows "personal journalism" or any sort of "interviewing" to go far beyond the art-work as offered. As psychologists and scientists we may, in a large way, glance at the sources which make, mould, or mar the character and hence the art-work, but for every restrained critic there is drawn a clear line of intimacy within which curiosity may not trench. This is emphatically true of such a man as Hearn.

When in 1889 Hearn appeared in

my reception room, although I had not seen any photograph of him, and had not even known of his coming, I at once said, "You are Lafcadio." The poor exotic was so sadly out of place, so wondering, so suffering and shy, that I am sure he would have run out of the house if I had not at once shown him an overflowing kindness, or if a tone of voice had betrayed any curiosity or doubt. It was at once agreed that he should stay with me indefinitely, and there was no delay in providing him with a seat at my table, and a room where he could be at his work of proof-correcting. His "Two Years in the French West Indies" was then going through the press and an incident connected with the proof-reading illustrates how impossible it was for him, except when necessity drove, to meet any person not already known. He wished to give his reader the tune of the songs printed on pages 426-431, but he knew nothing of music. I arranged with a lady to repeat the airs on her piano as he should whistle them, and then to write them on the music staff. When the fatal evening arrived, Hearn and I went to the lady's house, but as we proceeded his part in our chatting lapsed into silence, and he lagged behind, although he finally dragged himself to the foot of the door-step. After I had rung the bell, his courage failed, and before the door was opened I saw him running as if for life, half a square away!

Even before this adventure I had learned that it was useless to try to get him to lunch or dinner if any stranger were present. I think he always listened to detect the possible presence of a stranger before entering the dining-room, and he would certainly have

\* See portrait page 85.

starved rather than submit to such an ordeal. It may be readily imagined that my attempt to secure his services as a lecturer before a local literary society was a ludicrous failure. He would have preferred hanging.

I allude to this attitude of his mind from no idle or curious reason, but because it arose from logical and necessary reasons. When, later, he was in Japan, I was once importuned, and should not have given way, to give a friend a note of introduction, who was about to visit Tokio; as I warned my friend, Hearn refused to see visitors.

That his extreme shyness depended upon his being unknown, and that it was united to a lack of humor, may be gathered from the fact that, when he came from Martinique, he wore clothing which inevitably made the passers-by turn and look and smile. Long and repeated endeavors were necessary before I could get his consent to lay aside the outrageous tropical hat for one that would not attract attention. How little he recked of this appears from the tale I heard that a lot of street gamins in Philadelphia formed a queue, the leader holding by Hearn's coat-tails, and as they marched, all kept step and sang in time, "Where, where, where did you get that hat?"

At once upon first meeting Hearn I instinctively recognized that upon my part the slightest sign of a desire or attempt to study him, to look upon him as an object of literary or "natural history," would immediately put an end to our relations. Indeed, it never at that time entered my mind to think thus of him, and, only since collections of his letters and biographies are threatened, has it occurred to me to think over our days and months together, and to help, so far as advisable, toward a true understanding of the man and of his art.

From Hearn's letters to me, and from conversations with him, I learned the following facts: His father, Dr. Charles Bush Hearn, was Surgeon-Major of the 76th British Regiment, now merged into the West Riding,

Second Battalion. He was an Irishman, and for a long period of service was stationed at Madras, Calcutta. Hearn did not know his mother's maiden name, but she was a Greek from Cerigo, one of the Ionian Islands. When his father was wooing her he was set upon by her male relatives who thought they had killed him with their knives. Despite his score and more of wounds, he recovered and made the woman his wife. Lafcadio was named after the Island where he was born (June 27, 1850)—the antique Leucadio, in Santa Maura. Besides Lafcadio there was a younger brother named Daniel who was brought up by a brother of Dr. Hearn, an artist, Richard Hearn, of Paris. The marriage of Hearn's father and mother proved unsatisfactory and a divorce was granted about 1857 or 1858. Lafcadio's mother remarried and moved to Smyrna, Asia Minor. His father also remarried and took his wife to India, where three daughters were born. Lafcadio thought his father was buried at sea. In 1889 Lafcadio was 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighed 137 pounds, and had a chest girth of 36½ inches. From Martinique, before I had met him, he wrote me:

I am very near-sighted, have lost one eye, which disfigures me considerably; and my near-sightedness always prevented the gratification of a natural *penchant* for physical exercise. I am a good swimmer, that is all.

In reply to nearly all the questions about my near-sightedness I might answer, "Yes." I had the best advice in London, and observe all the rules you suggest. Glasses strain the eye too much—part of retina is gone. The other eye was destroyed by a blow at college; or rather by inflammation consequent upon the blow. I can tell you more about myself when I see you, but the result will be more curious than pleasing. Myopia is not aggravating.

As for me, I know I have a good deal in me *not* to thank my ancestors for; and it is a pleasure that I *cannot* even if I would trace myself two generations back, not even one generation on the mother's side.

Half these Greeks are mixed with Turks and Arabs;—don't know how much of an Oriental mixture I have, or may have.

Hearn early fell under the spell of the exquisite literary art of the French masters of the short story, and especially of Gautier. A paragraph from a letter of Hearn reads:

You asked me about Gautier. I have read and possess nearly all his works; and before I was really mature enough for such an undertaking I translated his six most remarkable short stories: "Une Nuit de Cleopatre," "La Morte a Moureuse," "Arria Marcella," "Le Pied de Mornie," "Le Roi Candaule," and "Omphale," which were published by R. Worthington about eight or nine years ago, under the title of the opening story: "One of Cleopatra's Nights." The work contains, I regret to say, several shocking errors; and the publisher refused me the right to correct the plates. The book remains one of the sins of my literary youth; but I am sure my judgment of the value of the stories was correct and if ever able I shall try to get out a new and correct edition. Of Sainte-Beuve I have read very little—found him silver-grey. Most of the Romantic school I have. If you like Gautier, how much more would you like the marvellous work of Julien Viaud (Pierre Loti); We know each other by letter. Read "Le Roman d'un Spahi" first; I think it will astonish you. Then "Le Mariage de Loti"; then "Fleurs d'Ennui." No such books were ever written before in the history of the world."

So far as concerns Hearn's literary life, it naturally divides itself into four periods: The first was the New Orleans Epoch, 1884 to 1888, in which fall his translations from the French, published anonymously in the *Times-Democrat*; his editorials, reports, etc., in the same newspaper, some of these signed; his two volumes, "Stray Leaves from Strange Literatures," "The Collection of Creole Proverbs," and "Some Chinese Ghosts." After these newspaper articles, Hearn showed not only his trend, but at once seized upon his material—such as could be used by his paper, and at the

same time such as would at least in part satisfy his already exigent literary taste. The large scrap-book left me, and which is filled with his translations of tales and novels for these years significantly starts off with one from Guy de Maupassant. At least twenty-five more by this master of the short story follow, and scores of others by different writers give evidence of the zeal of Hearn in this brief period. Flaubert, of course, early attracted his attention, and probably was the writer, his master in truth, who exercised the most profound influence upon Hearn's judgment and literary workmanship. I was early surprised that Hearn had not translated one of Gautier's most magnificent tales, and to my inquiry Hearn wrote me from Martinique:

The work of Gautier cited by you—"Avatar"—was my first translation from the French. I never could find a publisher for it, however, and threw the MS. away at last in disgust. It is certainly a wonderful story; but the self-styled Anglo-Saxon has so much—prudery that even this innocent phantasy seems to shock his sense of the "proper."

The drift of Hearn's mind is more clearly seen in his unsigned editorials during this New Orleans period. There is the somewhat desperate attempt at superficiality and objectivity required by the newspaper reader, but it is astonishing how persistently the mystic sentimentalist succeeds in bringing his favorite theme to the fore. "Cholera Vaccination" starts the list in a second scrap-book, then in motley confusion, "Literary Pessimism," "The Song Celestial," "The Jewish Question," "Russian Literature," "Poetry and Pay," "The Present and Future of India," "Archæology," "The Great I-Am," "The Fear of Death," "The Magician of Paris" (Pasteur), "Tolstoi's Vanity of Wisdom," "Minos," "John Fiske's Philosophy," "On Dante," "The Origin of Christmas," "The Future of Idealism," "Solitude," "The Religion of Suffering," "A Defence of Pessim-

ism," "Over-Education," "Decadence as a Fine Art," "Theosophical Iconoclasm," "Nihilistic Literature," "Creole Literature," "A Religious Nightmare," "Chinese Belief in God," etc. Already Hearn's mind shows the beginning of the life-long search after "the ghostly"; his aim had already begun to give his reader "the creeps," the haunting sense of awe and shudder and mystery, without and within the human life and soul.

The translation of Anatole France's "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," a separate volume, also belongs to the New Orleans time.

Although published after Hearn had left New Orleans, "Chita," properly belongs to the New Orleans period. Concerning this story he wrote me:

"Chita" was founded on the fact of a child saved from the Lost Island disaster by some Louisiana fisher-folk, and brought up by them. Years after a Creole hunter recognized her, and reported her whereabouts to relatives. These, who were rich, determined to bring her up as young ladies are brought up in the South, and had her sent to a convent. But she had lived the free healthy life of the coast, and could not bear the convent; she ran away from it, married a fisherman, and lives somewhere down there now,—the mother of multitudinous children."

The Martinique period is opened by "Youma," and carried on by the "Two years in the French West Indies"; the perfect chapter on Mt. Pelée in peace and sunshine seems to have a dim forefeeling of the approaching calamity which makes one wish that the same splendid descriptive powers might have told the story of the eruption which occurred a few years later. As a *tour de force* Hearn would have been in great part equal to the emergency, but one can well imagine that his interest would soon have slipped from the hard horrors and desolations of the mountain in agony and burying all in thunderous death, and instead would have woven a soft sunset of darkening silences out of the faint dreams and vanished

longings of his dead grown-children friends.

His "Two Years" was revised in 1889 at my house. This summer made noteworthy changes in Hearn's character. I suspect it was his first experience in anything that might be called home life. To his beloved *pays des revenants*, Martinique, his mind constantly reverted, with an *Ahnung* that he should never see it again. There are truth and pathos and keen self-knowledge, frankly expressed in the letters he would write me in the next room, and immediately after we had chatted long together, and when he felt that the pen could better express what he shyly shrank from speaking:

Ah! to have a profession is to be rich, to have international current-money, a gold that is cosmopolitan, passes everywhere. Then I think I would never settle down in any place; would visit all, wander about as long as I could. There is such a delightful pleasantness about the first relations with people in strange places—before you have made any rival, excited any ill wills, incurred anybody's displeasure. Stay long enough in any one place and the illusion is over; you have to sift this society through the meshes of your nerves, and find perhaps one good friendship too large to pass through.

It is a very beautiful world; the ugliness of some humanity only exists as the shadowing that outlines the view; the nobility of man and the goodness of woman can only be felt by those who know the possibilities of degradation and corruption. Philosophically I am simply a follower of Spencer, whose mind gives me the greatest conception of Divinity I can yet expand to receive. The faultiness is not with the world, but with myself. I inherit certain susceptibilities, weaknesses, sensitivenesses, which render it impossible to adapt myself to the ordinary *milieu*; I have to make one of my own wherever I go, and never mingle with that already made. True, I love much knowledge, but I escape pains which, in spite of all your own knowledge, you could not wholly comprehend, for the simple reason that you *can* mingle with men.

I am really quite lonesome for you, and am reflecting how much more lonesome I shall be in some outrageous equatorial country where I shall not see you any more;—also it seems to me perfectly and inexplicably atrocious to know that some day or other there will be no Gooley at—St. That I should cease to make a shadow some day seems quite natural, because Hearney boy is only a bubble anyhow ("The earth hath bubbles"),—but you, hating mysteries and seeing and feeling and knowing everything,—you have no right ever to die at all. And I can't help doubting whether you will. You have almost made me believe what you do not believe yourself: that there are souls. I haven't any, I know; but I think you have,—something electrical and luminous inside you that will walk about and see things always. Are you really—what I see of you—only an Envelope of something subtler and perpetual? Because if you are, I might want you to pass down some day southward,—over the blue zone and the volcanic peaks like a little wind,—and flutter through the palm-plumes under the all-putrefying sun,—and reach down through old roots to the bones of me, and try to raise me up. . . .

The weakness and even exhaustion which the West Indian climate had produced in Hearn was painfully apparent. His stay in Philadelphia, warm as this summer was to us, brought him speedily back to physical health. The lesson was not unheeded, nor its implications, by his sensitive mind. From Martinique he had written me, June 4, 1888:

Were I to continue to live here for some years more, I am almost sure that I should find it difficult to write English. The resources of the intellectual life are all lacking here,—no libraries, no books in any language;—a mind accustomed to discipline becomes like a garden long uncultivated, in which the rare flowers return to their primitive savage forms, or are smothered by rank, tough growths which ought to be pulled up and thrown away. Nature does not allow you to think here, or to study seriously, or to work earnestly; revolt against her, and with one

subtle touch of fever she leaves you helpless and thoughtless for months.

But she is so beautiful, nevertheless, that you love her more and more daily,—that you gradually cease to wish to do aught contrary to her local laws and customs. Slowly, you begin to lose all affection for the great rough Northern nurse that taught you to think, to work, to aspire. Then, after a while, this nude warm savage amorous Southern nature succeeds in persuading you that labor and effort and purpose are foolish things,—that life is very sweet without them;—and you actually find yourself ready to confess that the aspirations and inspirations born of the struggle for life in the North are all madness,—that they wasted years which might have been delightfully dozed away in land where the air is always warm, and sea always the color of sapphire, the woods perpetually green as the plumage of a green parrot.

I must confess I have had some such experiences. It appears to me impossible to resign myself to living again in a great city and in a cold climate. Of course I shall have to return to the States for a while,—a short while, probably;—but I do not think I will ever settle there. I am apt to become tired of places, or at least of the disagreeable facts attaching more or less to all places and becoming more and more marked and unendurable the longer one stays. So that ultimately I am sure to wander off somewhere else. You can comprehend how one becomes tired of the very stones of a place,—the odors, the colors, the shapes of shadows and tint of its sky;—and how small irritations become colossal and crushing by years of repetition—yet perhaps you will not comprehend that one can actually become weary of a whole system of life, of civilization even with very limited experience. Such is exactly my present feeling,—an unutterable weariness of the aggressive characteristics of existence in a highly organized society. The higher the social development, the sharper the struggle. One feels this especially in America,—in the nervous centres of the world's activity. One feels, at least I imagine, in the tropics, where it is such an effort just to live, that one has no force left for the effort to expand one's

own individuality at the cost of another's. I clearly perceive that a man enamored of the tropics has but two things to do: To abandon intellectual work, or to conquer the fascination of Nature.

Which I will do will depend upon necessity. I would remain in this zone if I could maintain a certain position here;—to keep it requires means I can earn only by writing, and yet if I remain a few years more, I will have become (perhaps?) unable to write. So if I am to live in the tropics, as I would like to do, I must earn the means for it in very short order. So far I have just been able to scrape along;—the climate numbs mental life, and the inspirations I hoped for won't come. The real, surpassing imagination, whelms the ideal out of sight and hearing. The world is young here,—not old and wise and gray as in the North; and one must not seek the Holy Ghost in it. I suspect that the material furnished by the tropics can only be utilized in a Northern atmosphere.

The veering of the tide is shown in many letters,—for example:

I am convinced now that most of our fashions are deformities; that grace is savage, or must be savage in order to be perfect; that man was never made to wear shoes; that in order to comprehend antiquity, the secret of Greek art, one must know the tropics a little (so much has fashion invaded the rest of the world), and that the question of more or less liberty in the sex relation is one of localities and conditions, scarcely to be brought under a general rule.

Your objection to my idea is quite correct. I have already abandoned it. It would have to be sexual. Never could you find in the tropics that magnificent type of womanhood, which in the New England girl, makes one afraid even to think about sex, while absolutely adoring the personality. Perfect natures inspire the love that is a fear. I don't think any love is noble without it. The tropical woman inspires a love that is half a compassion, this is always dangerous, untrustworthy, delusive—pregnant with future pains innumerable.

You must not think your aid to me has been without result. It enabled me

to prepare my book—the pretty book!—as I could not otherwise have done; expanded my mind in the better direction; inspired a story which will yet make a sensation for me, created a friendship nothing will ever weaken, and taught me some knowledge of civilized habits which I find useful to me here.

You have made the story; your beef-steak and coffee and muffins made the thoughts of it; your bed gave me recuperation from the labor of it; and the spiritual sense you forced into me—despite much writhing of tentacles—is its soul. No, dear Gooley, I will never be indifferent to you! Never think that; I understand better than you suppose. If I am silent at intervals, never doubt me, dear teacher and brother;—and you will find everything come right.

This which Hearn calls "the spiritual sense," a recognition of love and personality behind materialism, and making Spencerism shine with a divine-human smile, was a feeling I had tried to arouse during our long walks and talks. Every bit gained was called by us a "tentacle."

To-day I read a chapter of Ruskin "on the Function of Light in Art," with amazement and delight. Number the tentacle! I am a Ruskinite.

Are you perfectly, positively sure there is really a sharp distinction between moral and physical sensibilities? I doubt it. I suspect what we term the finer moral susceptibilities signify merely a more complex and perfect evolution of purely physical sensitiveness. The established distinction simply seems to me that "moral" feelings are those into which the sexual instinct does not visibly enter, or those in which some form of desire, some form of egotism, does not predominate at the cost of justice to others. There is a queer vagueness about all definitions of the moral sense. When one's physical sensibilities are fully developed and properly balanced, I do not think wickedness to others possible. The cruel and the selfish are capable of doing what is called wrong, because they are ignorant of the suffering inflicted. Thorough consciousness of the result of acting forms morality

if morality is self-restraint, self-sacrifice, incapacity to injure unnecessarily;—one who understands pain does not give it. Of course I am not a believer in free will. I do not believe in the individual soul,—though in the manifestations of a universal human, or divine, soul, I am inclined to believe, or to have that doubt which almost admits of belief

Perhaps I should not have succeeded in getting Hearn to attempt Japan had it not been for a little book that fell into his hands during the stay with me. In sending it to me he wrote:

Gooley!—I have found a marvellous book,—a book of books!—a colossal, splendid, godlike book. You must read every line of it. Tell me how I can send it. For heaven's sake don't skip a word of it. The book is called "The Soul of the Far East," but its title is smaller than its imprint.

HEARNEYBOY.

P. S.

Let something else go to H—, and read this book instead, May God eternally bless and infinitely personalize the man who wrote this book! Please don't skip one solitary line of it, and don't delay reading it,—because something, much! is going to go out of this book into your heart and life and stay there! I have just finished this book and feel like John in Patmos,—only a d—d sight better. He who shall skip one word of this book let his portion be cut off and his name blotted out of the Book of Life.\*

Later came a note about this book which brought the unalloyed and characteristic touch:

\* Mr. Percival Lowell's book soon reached me containing the inscription: "To George M. Gould, with best love of his spiritual pupil L. H." I have intentionally retained colloquialisms in these excerpts, the indications of our familiarity, etc., to give a glimpse into the heart of the affectionate and sweet-natured man. It is particularly appropriate since malignity has recently made the "blunder which is worse than crime" of blackening the memory of the dead one by a lot of atrocious lies, and insinuations more vile than lies. He was a legitimate child; his life was as clean and pure as are the lives of most of us. Friends, and he had many good and loving ones among respectable "white" people, are now seeking to educate his legitimate son by his Japanese wife, partly by means of a biography and collection of his letters. But the scurrilous newspaper which sought to besmirch Hearn's memory will not acknowledge its malicious falsehoods.

The man who wrote "The Soul of the Far East" and "Choson" is nevertheless an accomplished mathematician. But you will notice that his divine poetry touches only that which no scientific knowledge can explain,—that which no mathematics can solve,—that which must remain mysterious throughout all conceivable space and time, —the fluttering of the Human Soul in its chrysalis, which it at once hates and loves, and hates because it loves, and strives to burst through, and still fears unspeakably to break,—though dimly conscious of the infinite ghostly Peace beyond.

That beneath all occidental inheritances and masks Hearn was partly faithful to the spirit of his mother, is proved by almost every page of his writings, and often of his letters.

It must have struck you, if you have studied Buddhism—(not "esoteric Buddhism" which is damnable charlatanism!) —how the tenets of that great faith are convertible into scientific truths in the transforming crucible of the new philosophy. The consequence of the crime or the sacrifice in the forming of the future personality; the heights attainable by discipline, of indifference to external things; the duty and holiness of the extinction of the *Self*; the monstrous allegory of the physical metempsychosis which is the shadow of a tremendous truth; the supreme Buddhahood which is the melting into the infinite life, light, knowledge, and the peace of the immensities; science gives a harmonious commentary upon all these, which it refuses to the more barbarous faith of the Occident. All that is noble in the Christianity too much boasted of, belongs also to the older and vaster dream of the east—is perchance a dim reflection of it; the possibility of the invasion of the Oriental philosophy into the Occident seems to me worthy of consideration.

These epics are simply inexhaustible mines of folklore and legend,—like the Katha-Sarit-Sagara. But one gets cloyed soon. It requires the patience of a Talmudist to work in these huge masses to get out a diamond or two. But diamonds there are. You know that mighty pantheistic hymn, the "Bhagavad-Gita," is but

a little fragment of the Mahabharata;—also the story of Nala, so beautifully translated by Monier Williams, Arnold, and the wonderful dead Hindoo girl, Toru Dutt, who wrote English and French as well as Hindustani and Sanscrit, made also some exquisite renderings. All you could wish for in this direction has not indeed been done; but it will take a hundred years to do it. I am only a dilettante, not a linguist; and I only try to familiarize myself with the aspect of a national Idea as manifested in these epics. Some day I shall try to offer the public a little volume dealing with the Old Arabic spirit—pre-Islamic and post-Islamic. The poetry of the desert is Homeric. And I don't know but that for pure *natural* poetry, the great Finnish Kahvala is not more wonderful than the Indian epics.

Those whose profession, function, or delight consists in dissemination of ideas or the search for truth, may be divided into two classes, the Slave-hunters and the Missionary-makers. The ideal of the first class was the Roman owner of a living library,—slaves each able to recite at command the works of a designated author. The realization of the second class is the scientific delver who is overjoyed to give away all his ideas, who begs the young disciple to take his newest and most beautiful discovery or suggestion, appropriate it as his own, if he will, but scatter it abroad he must. Ownership in ideas is a *reductio ad absurdum*; to make truth personal, the possession of one is *per se* to unmake it, and turn it into untruth. It is the misfortune of the modern litterateur, who is compelled by poverty, by rivalry, or by ambition to enslave his ideas, that he must not let his living books, his bought ideas, run away. And as for manumission—that is not in this story! There is in one of our large cities a brilliantly witty person who has never written or dictated a line; but this great author makes a profession of selling witticisms, *idées-mères*, bon-mots, plots, and what-nots, to other authors fatally deficient in originality. These hang about and say: I'll give you \$5.00 for that saying

(dashed off in the sparkle of conversation); another offers \$10.00 for a novelette idea to be snapped off in thirty seconds from date. Quotations from Hearn might be given throwing an oblique illumination from this side, and here is one which recalls another phasing of it:

But the next day the enchantment evaporates, and I think "What an ass I have been,—I won't go there any more." Then a letter comes, and I argue with myself:—"Why not?—the sensation of getting bewitched is so delicious; yield to it,—make a story out of it." So I am trying to make a story out of it,—perhaps next year it will develop. By the way, I think you are jealous of the seeming absorption of my attentions by ——. Don't! She is only a phenomenon. You gave me a soul. My soul is studying her soul. You see what you have done. You are like Goddlemitty: you make a soul, and then send the soul to —— where there is a Garden containing the Tree of the knowledge of Good and Evil, and thus condemn that soul to eternal damnation by the temptation prepared for it.

Here are two more views of *das ewig Weibliche* which do not appear in Hearn's published work:

Speaking of the sexual sense being "such an infernal liar" there are reasons that lead me to doubt whether it is *all* a liar. I think it never tells a *physical* lie. It only tells an ethical one. The physical memory of the most worthless woman that ever ensnared a man vibrates always afterwards with a thrill of pleasure. But that is not really what I intended to say: I want to know if there be any scientific explanation of this fact. A woman wicked enough to tempt a man to cut his mother's throat *may* have a peculiar physical magnetism. The touch of her hand in passing, the character of a look from her—although she be ugly,—may be irresistible, ruining. A good woman, beautiful, graceful, infinitely her physical superior may have no such charm for the same man. Here is a mystery I cannot explain. This phenomenon is especially noticeable in the tropics, where differences of race and race mixture

produce astounding sexual variations. Never was there a huger stupidity than the observation that "all women are in one respect alike." On the contrary, in that one respect they differ infinitely, inexplicably, diabolically, fantastically.

"When I was a boy I had to go to confession, and my confessions were honest ones. One day I told the ghostly father that I had been guilty of desiring with unspeakable desire that the devil would come to me in the shapes he came to those anchorites of the desert, so that I could yield to any and all temptations offered. He was a grim man who rarely showed emotion, my confessor; but on that occasion he actually rose to his feet in anger. "Let me warn you!" he cried;—"Let me warn you of all things!—never wish that! You might be more sorry for it than you can possibly believe!" Now, when he thus spoke, his earnestness filled me with a fearful joy;—for I thought all that I wished for might be realized—so serious he looked. . . . And, after that, —Oh! how I prayed for some pretty gracious devil to come to me, and take my soul in exchange for — ! But the merciless succubi all continued to remain in hell!

Critical analysis of other authors was not in Hearn's program, but he had his own views in such matters. From my bundle of letters, I extract two paragraphs:

Thanks for the superb paper on Loti. I cannot imagine anything much finer in the way of literary analysis. But what does James want?—evolution to leap a thousand years? What he classes as sensual perceptions must be sensitized and refined supernally,—fully evolved and built up *before* the moral ones, of which they are the physiological foundations, pedestals. Granting the doubt as to the ultimate nature of Mind, it is still tolerably positive that its development—so far as man is concerned—follows the development of the nervous system; and that very sensuousness which at once delights and scandalizes James, rather seems to me a splendid augury of the higher sensitiveness to come, in some future age of writers and poets,—the finer "*sensibility of soul*," whose creative work will caress the nobler emo-

tions more delicately than Loti's genius ever caressed the senses of color and form and odor.

You ask me about my idea of Whitman? I have not patience for him,—nor as for Emerson. Enormous *suggestiveness* in both, rather than clear utterance. I used to like John Weiss better than Emerson. Then there is a shagginess, an uncouthness, a Calibanishness about Whitman that repels. He makes me think of some gigantic dumb being that sees things, and wants to make others see them, and cannot for want of a finer means of expression than Nature gives him. But there is manifest the rude nobility of the man,—the primitive and patriarchal soul-feeling to men and the world. Whitman lays a Cyclopean foundation on which I fancy, some wonderful architect will yet build up some marvellous thing. . . . Yes, there is nonsense in Swinburne, but he is merely a melodist and colorist. He enlarges the English tongue,—shows its richness, unsuspected flexibility, admirable sponge-power of beauty-absorption. He is not to be despised by the student.

The dependence not only of the literary character and workmanship of a writer, but even his innermost psyche, upon vision, normal or abnormal, is a truth which has been dimly and falteringly felt by several writers. Hearn himself has written a leader on the subject. Concerning "Madame Bovary," and his friend Flaubert, Maxime du Camp reflects some glintings of the truth. But these and others, lacking the requisite expert definiteness of knowledge, have failed to catch the satisfying and clear point of view. To illustrate I may quote the paragraph of du Camp:

The literary procedure of Flaubert threw everybody off the track and even some of the experts. But it was a very simple matter; it was by the accumulation and the superposition of details that he arrived at power. It is the physiologic method, the method of the myopes who look at things one after the other, very exactly, and then describe them successively. The literature of imagination may be divided into two distinct schools,

that of the myopes and that of the hyperopes. The myopes see minutely, study every line, finding each detail of importance because everything appears to them in isolation; about them is a sort of cloud in which is detached the object in exaggerated proportions. They have, as it were, a microscope in their eye which enlarges everything. The description of Venice from the Campanile of St. Mark, that of Desstitution in "Captain Fracasse," by Gautier are the capital results of myopic vision. The hyperopes, on the other hand look at the ensemble, in which the details are lost, and form a kind of general harmony. The detail loses all significance, except perhaps they seek to bring it into relief as a work of art. . . . Besides, the myopes seek to portray sensations, while the hyperopes especially aim at analysis of the sentiments. If a hyperopic writer suddenly becomes myopic, his manner of thinking, and consequently of writing, at once is modified. What I call the school of the myopes, Gautier names the school of the rabids. He said to Mérimée: "Your characters have no muscles," and Mérimée answered "Yours have no draperies."

In this attempt to understand the morbid psychology of the ametropic writer there is a commendable groping after the truth, but there has recently been discovered a whole world and science of new optical truth that makes it of no use. Of no use, at least, except as directing attention to the fundamental fact that intellect and character, both normal and diseased, may depend upon disorders of the visual function. Du Camp had no conception of the nature of hyperopia, he had never heard of an optical trouble, astigmatism, which is a hundred times more important than hyperopia and myopia, and he wholly misses the effect of myopia upon the literary work. Probably he used the words of optics only as a vague promise to pay in the gold of scientific reality. No matter!

Flaubert was Hearn's literary deity; the technic of the two men was identical, and consisted of infinite pains with data, in phrase-building, sentence-making, and word-choosing.

With no writer was the filing of the line ever carried to higher perfection, than with both master and pupil; fortunately the younger had to make his living by his pen, and therefore he could not wreck himself upon the impossible task as did Flaubert. For nothing is more certain to ruin style and content, form so well as matter, than to make style and form the first consideration of a writer. Flaubert, the fashion-maker and supreme example of this school, came at last to recognize this truth, and wished he might buy up and destroy all the copies of "Madame Bovary," and he summed up the unattainableness of the ideal, as well as the resultant abysmal pessimism, when he said that "Form is only an error of sense, and substance a fancy of your thought." His ever-repeated, "Art has no morality," "The moment a thing is true it is good," "Style is an absolute method of seeing things," "The idea exists only by virtue of its form," etc., led Flaubert and his thousand imitators into the quagmire which Zola, Wilde, Shaw, and decadent journalism generally so admirably illustrate. That Hearn escaped from the bog is due to several interesting reasons, the chief being his poverty, which compelled him to write much, and his audience, which, being Anglo-Saxon (and therefore properly and thoroughly cursed), would not buy the elegant pornography of Flaubert and the gentlemen who succeeded, or did not succeed, in the perfection of the worship and of the works of the master of them all. And then Hearn was himself at least half Anglo-Saxon, so that he shrank from perfection in the method.

But there is one consequence, common both to Flaubert and to Hearn, a most strange unity of result flowing from a seemingly opposed but really identical cause in the two men. I have elsewhere set forth the reasons for my belief that the secret of Flaubert's life, character, and literary art consisted in an inability to think and write at the same time. He was one of the most healthy and brilliant of

men when he did not read or write, but his mind refused to act creatively whenever he wrote or read. From this resulted his epilepsy. Fathered by the fear of epilepsy, mothered by opium, and reared by unhygiene and eye-strain, came the miserable "St. Anthony" of the second over-working. In the failure of this pitiful work there was naught left except bottomless pessimism, the "cadenced phrase," and all the rest, called "Madame Bovary" and "art for art's sake."

There is a pathetic proof of the lesson doubly repeated in the lives of both Flaubert and Hearn. "St. Anthony" was rewritten three times, and each time the failures might be called, great, greater, greatest. There lies before me Hearn's manuscript translation of the third revision of the work, in two large volumes, with a printed pamphlet of directions to the printer, an Introduction, etc.,—a great labor assuredly on Hearn's part. No publisher could be found to give it to the world of English readers!

There never was a greater sufferer from eye-strain than Flaubert, whose eyes were strikingly beautiful, and seemingly of extraordinary perfection as optical instruments. From this fact flowed the entire tragedy of the man's life and of his life work. His friend du Camp says that had it not been for his disease he would have been, not a writer of great talent, but a man of genius. Hearn had the most defective eyesight, he was indeed nearly blind, but physically he never suffered a minute from this cause,—and yet his choice of subjects and methods of literary workmanship, and every line he wrote, were dictated and ruled by his defect of vision. Opium, with the impossibility of

writing and creating at the same time, dominated Flaubert's work and working, and the similar result was begot by Hearn's enormous monocular myopia. Flaubert's choice of subjects, as regards his essential character, was of the most extreme illogicality; his cadenced phrase and meticulous technic were also not the product of his character or of his freedom. In the Land of the Nowhere, Hearn was likewise compelled to reside, and it was necessarily a land of color and echo, not one of form. The suffering Frenchman emptied of inhabitants or deimpersonalized his alien country, while the more healthy Anglo-Saxon peopled it with ghosts. "Have you ever experienced the historic shudder?" asked Flaubert. "I seek to give your ghost a ghostly shudder," said Hearn. Flaubert wrote:

The artist should be in his work, like God in creation, invisible and all-powerful; he should be felt everywhere and seen nowhere.

Art should be raised above personal affections and nervous susceptibilities. It is time to give it the perfection of the physical sciences by means of pitiless method.

And Hearn's first and most beloved "Avatar," and his most serious "St. Anthony"—works dealing with the mysteries and awesomeness of disembodied souls and ideals—"could not get themselves printed." Moreover in all that he afterwards published there are the haunting far-away, the soft concealing smile, and the unearthly memories of pain, the detached spirits of muted and transmuted dead emotions, and denied yearnings, the formless colorings of half-invisible and evanishing dreams.

*(To be concluded.)*

## SAN FRANCISCO

By INA COOLBRITH

IN ended days, a child, I trod thy sands,  
The sands unbuilded rank with brush and brier  
And blossom,—chased the sea-foam on thy strands,  
Young city of my love and my desire!

I saw thy barren hills against the skies,  
I saw them topped with minaret and spire,  
On plain and slope thy myriad walls arise,  
Fair city of my love and my desire.

With thee the Orient touchèd heart and hands;  
The world's rich argosies lay at thy feet;  
Queen of the fairest land of all the lands,—  
Our Sunset-Glory, proud and strong and sweet!

I saw thee in thine anguish! tortured, prone,  
Rent with the earth-throes, garmented in fire!  
Each wound upon thy breast upon my own,  
Sad city of my love and my desire.

Gray wind-blown ashes, broken, toppling wall  
And ruined hearth,—are these thy funeral pyre?  
Black desolation covering as a pall,—  
Is this the end, my love and my desire?

Nay, strong, undaunted, thoughtless of despair,  
The Will that builded thee shall build again,  
And all thy broken promise spring more fair,  
Thou mighty mother of as mighty men!

Thou wilt arise invincible, supreme!  
The earth to voice thy glory never tire,  
And song, unborn, shall chant no nobler theme,  
Proud city of my love and my desire.

But I—shall see thee ever as of old!  
Thy wraith of pearl, wall, minaret, and spire,  
Framed in the mists that veil thy Gate of Gold  
Lost city of my love and my desire.



## Idle Notes By An Idle Reader



It may strike the rest of the world quite differently, but when F. Hopkinson Smith strays from the path of cheerfulness I think one has right to feel cheated and aggrieved. "The Tides of Barnegat" is unpleasant from beginning to end. The objectionable Lucy arrives in the first chapter and dominates the tale with her intrigues and their consequences, up to the very last. The subsequent senseless nobility, high-mindedness, and suffering of her sister and Dr. John are enough to infuriate any right-minded reader. I am a right-minded reader. Accordingly I was ruffled, irritated, oppressed, all through the book, and far from appeased by the five minutes of happiness at the end allowed to the heroic ones. One is willing to have noble souls demonstrate their nobility by a year or two of misery but twenty years is too much. I protest that I prefer to rejoice with folk of coarser fibre rather than to see fine souls undergo so prolonged a martyrdom.

The background, certainly, is all that could be asked. Those old colonial homes down the Jersey coast have as distinct, as unique an atmosphere as anything in America, and it is not exactly the atmosphere of entire tranquillity and righteousness. But while sordidness and tragedy may fit the background, they do not fit the spirit and the manner of the author, who is never at his best unless he is dealing with good-cheer, comfort, beauty, courtesy. Of course he may very well be tired of writing about these admirable things, but I, for one, hereafter, before I begin a novel of his, shall exact from the publisher a guarantee that it does not deal with the shady side of human nature.

But there are also unpleasant

points about "The Awakening of Helena Richie." Why, then, is not the right-minded reader irritated by that book? I am not sure as to the answer to this question. There are quite half a dozen that might serve: it may be that we are propitiated by Helena Richie's old-fashioned charm—for, as Willie King says, "you do want cake once in a while"; or that we are absorbed in the familiar and delightful Old Chester atmosphere—never more convincing than in this volume; or that we are appeased by the high intent of the tale, and willing to trust Mrs. Deland to be as ethical as she pleases, believing that she will only be as ethical as life itself is, and that she will not give us unnecessary pain in the process.

It is, however, a little hard to believe that a woman of Helena Richie's generation, rearing, and refinement could be so thoroughgoing a Pagan, so unawakened a woman as is here shown. Her unloved husband injures her baby when he has been drinking, so that the child dies, and at twenty-one his wife leaves him to live with another man, chiefly to make the husband suffer. Her moral development is arrested for twelve years, until through love for a child not her own she becomes aware with anguish of the foundations upon which society rests, and of the substantial basis for the ethical judgments of men. Granting the possibility of a Helena Richie, so completely negligent, so unconscious of the moral conceptions which are a vital part of most women's make-up, and able to lead such an isolated life contentedly, and the rest of the book follows naturally. It is very strong and very human. The three generations of the Wrights, old Benjamin, his son Sam, and Sam's Sam, are triumphs of portraiture. Mrs.

Deland has done nothing better, and, indeed, there is no reason why any novelist should desire to do anything better. They are perfect of their kind. David, the little boy who "has manners in his head, but only uses them sometimes," and thinks "God would get discouraged to have everybody he makes die,"—David is genuinely child enough to be an awakening and a salvation to any one.

In my mind I am a gardener; in the flesh life is exacting and Nature so active that I rarely am able to get away from the one long enough to keep up with the other. Something must go by the board, and usually it is the garden. I plant crocuses scattered in the lawn, and daffodil borders, and there is lavender for the linen closet; I have so many pansies and sweet peas and nasturtiums that I never have time to pick them properly; the California poppies are rampant against the wall and there is a clump or two of wall-flowers in the early spring. Beyond this I have not time nor strength to go, but still in my mind I remain a gardener; I read the catalogues with joy, and when my rose-garden materializes, how the gardens of others will be made to hang their heads!

I suspect there are many folk like me, and that we all will get as much pleasure from Mrs. Wright's delightful book, "The Garden, You, and I," as those whose gardens have already taken more definite shape. It is, like all the books of Barbara, the Commuter's wife, a literary *entrée*, a made dish, put together according to the author's especial recipe. But it is very practical where it essays to be so, and while it summons the dream of the garden that should be, it offers valuable help for the garden that is. The author denounces what she so happily terms "garden goozle," and she furnishes, instead, sound garden sense. Only—this is

my one doubt—does she really make it work, planting nasturtiums in front of sweet peas? When I tried it last April the nasturtiums, instead of trailing gracefully off into the grass, as they had done in my mind's eye, determinedly set to work to strangle the peas, though they had to grow to the north to do it. And, besides, the color-effect, of orange and yellow so near the pinks and salmon and rose shades, was utterly atrocious!

There is a mass of extremely interesting material in the first volume of Tolstoy's biography. It consists of autobiographical memoirs, letters, and biographical material compiled and combined by Paul Birukoff and revised by Tolstoy himself. The book is very far from being a great biography as we understand the phrase. It is in no sense constructive. You may go to it and help yourself to what you please. Here are the facts, or some of them. The conclusions you would better draw as you wish. M. Birukoff will hardly be able to help you. His attitude of humble adoration is not that in which great biographies are written, and is not calculated to assist the reader to a clear understanding of the significance of all these pictures and incidents of Tolstoy's childhood and early manhood. In fact, when M. Birukoff attempts an inference you usually get some impression which has been in his own mind, rather than a deduction from the facts. Thus, at the end of the chapter on Tolstoy's boyhood, we are told, "Thus developed this remarkable child, thoughtful, impressionable, shy, affectionate, very lonely owing to the immense power of inner life in him which found no response in his surroundings." The reader opens his eyes in surprise, for, while this is quite the impression which he had been expecting to receive, nothing in the chapter save the account (taken from the novel

**Garden Sense  
vs. "Garden  
Goozle."**

**Tolstoy's  
Youth and  
Early  
Manhood**

"Childhood") of Tolstoy's affection for his brother is particularly open to such an interpretation. The book is thus chaotic and almost incoherent, yet most of the material is of immense interest.

Youth everywhere is doubtless a more or less chaotic and incoherent season, but all documentary evidence both in biography and fiction goes to show that youth in Russia is a period of incomparably greater mental turbidity and blindness than any we know. And such an *unhelped* period! Wise, kind, influential elders, who have managed to make something out of life that the young can understand and respect, are remarkably conspicuous for their absence. The labyrinth has few clues and the unfortunates wander and struggle till they perish from exhaustion or blunder into daylight. This is not strictly true of Tolstoy himself, for with all the mistakes which he deplores, and with all the slowness of his unaided growth, he had strong affections and influences. The maiden aunt, Tatiana Alexandrovna, who devoted herself to the Tolstoy children, is the finest and most coherent character who appears in these pages and with Tolstoy she was one of the most influential. From her example he learned the value and the joy of loyalty, unselfish love, and the quiet life, and his devotion to her remained always the same. But when the volume closes with his marriage at the age of thirty-four, the reader is conscious that Tolstoy is still constantly enthusiastic and constantly dissatisfied, still crude and undeveloped; he is as yet only raw material; the man in him is still unmade.

Shall I confess that I turned from this big, beclouded, tumultuous youth of Tolstoy's, blind and miserable as it is, with a certain relief to "Sandy of the Sierras"? Sandy, you see, is one American boy whose evolution is recorded by another.

Sandy also in his way is a Follower of the Gleam and Sandy is comprehensible to me. It is a book with a charm, and the thing in it that makes it fizz and sparkle is just the joy of youth and morning, that sense of "the foam of the moment" so keen in youth and so great a part of the delight of being young. For there is joy in youth, once you get out of Russia.

Sandy is a Scotch lad from the Sierras who comes down to San Francisco to conquer the world. What he lacks in other advantages, he makes up in red-headedness. "I'm no nine-spot," he tells the indifferent stars, and, the statement is perfectly correct. Pitted against San Francisco, the red-headedness is triumphant, and the story of the contest is worth while, for it is no merely material struggle. The world never loses its interest in that first desperate grapple of a young soul with real life. Should it do so, the end of the world would indeed be near, for, in one shape or another, it is an universal experience.

Much as I like Sandy, I should like him better if his creator liked him less. What I mean is that no single red-headed boy enduring the stress of his first conflict with the world, adapting himself and yet holding fast to what things seem to him lovely and of good report, is the only pebble on the beach. There are always others and they are all worth while, but toward the end of his career Sandy is mentioned almost with bated breath, as if the writer's admiration overcame him. As a concrete instance, Richard Barry tells us that Sandy in his agonized hour "prayed, not as any man before or since has prayed," and then describes simply that mighty turning of the will which every man who is a man has known as a part of the process of his making. For so men are fashioned and not in any other wise. This is one of the trifles that prove that the author, too, is young. Later, he will learn to give humanity its wonderful due.

## THE DIVINE BENEDICTION.

By HAROLD S. SYMMES

"Who is it, Mary?"

"His niece, ma'am."

"I'm sorry, but tell her I—I can't see her—to-day."

"That's what I told her, but she sent me to ask if you were ill."

"No, not ill. Tell her I'm quite well."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And Mary, I'm going to the veranda. Don't disturb me."

She walked slowly to the door. The April sun shone brilliantly on the close-boarded floor. Bees hummed drowsily in the neighboring orange trees and about the great Gold of Ophir rose vine which climbed over the trellis to the roof.

She went to the steps and looked down into the bright-hued garden, over the broad reaches of orchard-dotted valley to the mysterious blue-veiled breast of the San Bernardino Mountains. The intense beauty of the world in its spring resurrection smote her. How could the sun shine as before, the roses—his roses and lilies—blossom?

For twenty-four hours her mind had been numb, but to-day it had become over-sensitive. The utter joyousness of the singing birds hurt her. She felt a desperate desire to take refuge, not only from nearest friends, but also from all this color and life. Hers was not a sorrow that cried for sympathy. It was too deep, too high, too sacred. All her days she had held a secret horror of this dark verge of life which might separate them. Their love had been so perfect she thought it could never be broken; yet he had been taken from her. His going, his loss had been more black and horrible than she had ever dreamed.

She longed now only for silence and solitude. She would return to her darkened bedroom. But this had been the garden of their hearts. Every plant, every flower seemed to hold some memory of him. She

touched a swaying tendril of his rose vine. A petal of ruddy gold fell upon her hand. She hesitated and lingered. The sun-lit garden beyond seemed to invite with some hidden sympathy.

But she turned from the steps to the corner of the rose-embowered porch. There stood a small table and two cushioned chairs. On the table lay the morning paper, a few books, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. She took her accustomed chair and looked out through the vine window of the trailing bougainvillea and rose-blossoms to those mysterious mountain opposite. He eye caught and followed the threadlike tracery of a road, which zigzagged up to the fringe of pines on the crest of the range. She thought how often they had sat just here admiring this view and feeling together the hidden spirit of those massive hills; how often that tiny road had fascinated him, winding and climbing up, as he had put it, like life itself until it became lost in the Forests of Heaven. In her thought she became conscious of that silence which had so often been more significant than words between them. She felt his unspoken sympathy and admiration in this valley and view they both had loved. She did n't look at his chair, but he was surely thinking with her now. She could almost feel his presence. For that moment all was as before. She dared not stir; she dreaded to make the slightest move lest this joy leave her. As on waking one clings to a beautiful dream-image, so she treasured desperately this brief after-glow of their perfect love.

For two hours she sat. She saw in retrospect every detail of the landscape of their lives—their first meeting, with its dumb thrill of instinctive affinity; the human bliss of his ardent, youthful courtship; that quiet evening beneath the beech trees when they walked among wood anemones and violets, and the whole

world held a charm; that moment of his passionate avowal when spirit recognized spirit, when all the sleeping divinity within her awoke and she suddenly touched the infinite and immortal in life. She saw again their high ideals and golden aspirations, the joys, sorrows, and vicissitudes of their early married life, and, through the long years, the gradual fulfilment of their love. She remembered how he had sacrificed business ambition and position among his fellow-men for her health, and how, through a lifetime, although she had held nothing back, yet she had been able to give but the scanty treasures of her weakness. They had come to California, and then had begun this life on the heights above the valley, one of endless harmony, deep and tranquil happiness and peace. A perfect life had been rounded out here in the soft southern sunshine, their love deepened, revealed, fulfilled, until they had but one heart, one soul between them. He seemed very close to her here by the table. Would the spell be broken if she moved? She sat motionless, as if listening to the echo of distant music.

Rising, at last, she went to the steps of the garden. Its brilliant color and sunshine gave less pain now, but the strange companionship of her reverie was gone. She turned to the deep-leaved violet-bed beyond the nodding calla lilies. A few late violets still blossomed. She had gathered them so often for his coat, for a bowl in their room. Both of them had thrilled to their fragrance and beauty.

She turned to the long hedge of Cherokee roses. It was starred with its white-petalled bloom,—her rose of gold-hearted purity, he had called it. How he had loved it in its profusion thus! She knew he loved it still. He enjoyed it now as she enjoyed it. His joy had ever been hers. And these Duchesse, La France, and Papa Gontier roses: he had planted, pruned, and cherished every one, giving it life and strength. Never had he failed to bring her their

first buds in the spring. She closed her eyes and breathed deep of their fragrance, as if it brought back something she thirsted for. And this giant bush of Ragged Robins,—how they had watched it bud, glory in the sun, and cover the ground with its blood-red petals! She had always held her soul open to his; she had so long seen all beauty through and with him that she could not look at these flowers alone. They brought her somehow great comfort in their beauty and companionship.

She crossed the soft fresh lawn to the sun-dial on its weather-stained marble pedestal. Its sharp-lined shadow fascinated her. He had read so much poetry from that thin line, as it crept day after day across its brass-lettered plate. She noticed that the purple irises at its base were already out, dark and rich in the sunshine, and the outer border of white irises, so fragile and spiritual that he had called them "flower souls," were budding and ready to break.

The shallow basin he had built for the birds flashed in the full sunlight. The sparrows and bronze-necked linnets hopped toward her. They fluttered in the air; they darted with a wild joyousness above the basin and the lawn, as when he had fed them standing here beside her. Did those birds find crumbs she could not see? Was he here as he had been on the porch? He had loved all these flowers, these friendly birds, so intensely, so profoundly. His heart was so big, he had given so much of himself to them, that now they seemed to give back his love to her. His life had become identified with theirs, and he still lived in them.

A slight noise came from the porch. Mary was standing at the steps, a troubled but kindly expression upon her face. The dial showed it to be long after midday. Ah, she must eat, of course she must eat. But the maid's appearance irritated her. Her coming had interrupted and robbed her of something. The garden did n't mean so much. The outer world of sorrows had invaded her seclusion.

She felt a strong dread of the house and that luncheon table with but one place set. She thought of the emptiness of his chair opposite hers and fear again crept over her like a chill. All the heartless tragedy of life had come back.

"Set two places as always," she said to Mary; "I will be there directly."

She entered the dining-room calmly and sat down to her meal without dread. They had so often eaten in silence thus. There seemed nothing strange about it, nothing unusual.

Again she went to the garden. The fragrance of the orange blossoms and the roses in the warm afternoon air seemed very good. It carried with it endless thought of happiness, and there was sympathy, not bitterness in the reminiscence now.

She went down by the broad pansy bed to the crimson-blossomed flax and the fragile-petalled poppies. She turned to the narrow path by the date palms. On one side it was deep-bordered with marigolds, on the other with Black-eyed Susans—their path of gold, he had always called it. As she walked, she realized that she loved this garden as never before. In its beauty lay for her a touch of spirit not discerned by other eyes, just as she had seen in him something more, far more than the world could ever see. At the rustic arbor in the shade of the golden acacias, she seated herself where they had often lingered. His first Easter lilies were budding below there. Again she realized how much of himself he had given to all he loved. He had shared all her griefs, all her joys. He was by her still, sharing them now. The thought was so sincere, the conviction so absolute, that it brought deep joy and strange intimations of immutability.

A mocking-bird, somewhere in the trees above, was singing its soul out in the ecstasy of spring.

There had always been something more than human in his love. They had climbed the heights of happiness together, shared every inspiration,

every grief. They had seen the spirit beauty of the world through each other's eyes. They had for years felt each other's presence as she felt his now. There was a growing exaltation in this silence. She was acutely conscious of his love within her, of a closeness of his spirit. She was no longer alone.

For a long time she sat dreaming. The intense love-silence had full sway. She felt his presence more and more strongly. He was wherever she turned. She saw him in all life about her as in the first days of her love. Only the spirit was now of a deeper consciousness, of a more perfect, a more universal love.

They returned by their golden path to the sun-dial. The shadow on the plate was long and faint. The sun was leaving it. At its base several of the white irises, his spirit flowers, had unfolded their fragile petals. They walked toward the veranda. At a turn of the path stood a bush, one drooping shower of snowy bloom.

"Ah, see," she said, "our bridal-wreath is perfect, perfect!"

They ascended the steps and turned to the west porch. The broad valley had darkened. Their garden lay in shadow. The mountains opposite had lost their sharp details and dulled to an opaque silver blue in the mists of twilight. They had become great shadow mountains, broad spirit masses, and seemed to melt imperceptibly from form to form toward the horizon. The ridge-line alone remained sharp against the evening sky, its snow-touched crest still alight with a roseate glow. Far to the west in a cloudless heaven the sun went down behind a golden hill.

From the orange trees a meadow-lark darted over the rose-hedge into the garden. It swayed for a moment on a branch of flowering hawthorn, descended to the fountain, drank, fluttered to the sun-dial, twice sang its beautiful ripple of clear pure notes, and with a whirr was off through the acacias to the meadow beyond. Its coming seemed significant. It had entered and sung its perfect music in

this garden of her soul. It had gone, yet she did not doubt its existence, for there beyond the acacias she could hear it still singing.

The twilight deepened. He had become more to her than ever before. He had given himself, and become a part of all he touched. Ever since morning she had found him in all he loved. He had become more of her than she was herself. He was of and in her even now. He was the heart and spirit of her soul's soul.

Bond had merged into being. She knew he was hers forever. She knew she could never lose him now. There had come a harmony more perfect than life could ever give. It included all their love that had gone before and something greater, vaster, all life, all nature, and all God.

She rose and went to the door. The corridor was dark, but the inner room where his body lay held no terrors for her now.

## THE ART OF LOVE

I AM no painter; if I were, and should  
The autumn evening die behind our wood,  
Then in its solemn red steeped through and through  
My brush should be, to paint again for you,  
Where tree on tree crowds upward, bare and black,  
That long, low sunset, burning at their back,  
While yonder, bowed as in a holy place,  
The pale moon stands with half-averted face.

I am no poet; if I were, then I  
Would make a song for you with wings to fly  
Abroad, and wide the window of my heart  
I 'd open then, and bid my bird depart  
To gladden men with music, and again  
Return, tap-tapping on my window-pane  
With the first April shower, year by year,  
To bring me now a smile, and now a tear.

I am no sculptor; if I were, I 'd snatch  
By day and night scant rest till I could match  
The marvel of your flesh and whiter soul  
In pure Pentelic, till your chiselled whole  
I'd wrested from the block with blow on blow,  
And in your marble pride, some morning, lo!  
You started from the stone and in amaze  
Upon me bent your large, unseeing gaze.

No painter, poet, sculptor, I, who can  
But love you plainly, as an honest man,  
With love, which like th' unheeded grass around,  
Has grown to cover all life's common ground,—  
Fit to be trodden down, for pillow good  
Of weary wight, or cattle's daily food,  
Yet strong as vital earth; and so I stand  
With this bare love upon my outstretched hand.

E. G. CRANE.

## THE ETHICS OF REVIEWING

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

AUTHOR OF "FROM A COLLEGE WINDOW"

It is a question for an author of perennial and searching interest as to whether he does well to read the reviews of his works. I am myself of opinion that it is better on the whole to know what the critics make of one's work, rather than to seclude oneself in a fool's paradise. Probably an author will not get very much in the way of excessive praise, nor will he receive much in the way of special trained criticism. But he will at least be able to estimate the general drift of opinion, and he may learn to avoid the faults which attract the disapproval of sensible men. If he gets his due of praise, he may feel encouraged to try again, and even to do better. If he is overwhelmed with obloquy, he may always take refuge in the belief that a prophet is invariably without honor in his own country.

But he will do well to bear in mind one principle, and that is that the ordinary reviewer makes it his business, at the present time, to detect faults if he can. Most reviewers do not sit down to review a book, saying to themselves, "Let me see if I can possibly manage to praise this writer," but rather saying, "Let me see if this fellow can induce me not to find fault with him."

In my own experience, as an industrious writer, I have come in the way of a good deal of reviewing lately. I have published several books recently of various kinds, more than one of them anonymously; and I have thus had, I suppose, a wider experience of reviewers than often falls to the lot of a writer in a rather short space of time. The fact that some of the books were anonymous has given me a more direct experience still, because the reviewers were bound to take the books, more or less, on their own merits, and to make what they could of them.

I am not sure that the study of various reviews creates in me a belief

that there are a large number of acute critics at work. It may be supposed that this conclusion is the result of my having been unfavorably or contemptuously reviewed, and may arise from a consciousness that a refined and delicate talent has been brutally overlooked; but this is not at all the case, and I will say honestly that I rather feel that the books in question have been praised beyond their deserts. What I do feel is that the books have not been always praised for the right qualities, and that the real faults in them have not been generally detected. For instance in some of the books in question, the real fault has been a looseness of structure; the middle not being in the centre, and the conclusion coming before, or even after, the end. But these faults seem to have escaped my critics, and they have confined themselves as a rule to criticising texture rather than structure. Now color and texture are far easier things to attain than severe architectural structure, and I am personally far more conscious of faults of conception than of faults of composition. Of course, from the point of view of art, no richness of texture atones for looseness of structure; but, as far as my own writings go, I have felt that my critics seemed to prefer accumulation of ornament to firmness of outline.

Of course there is something to be said on the other side; it is quite possible that the better part of an author's writing is that part which he does lavishly and easily, and that the passages which cost him effort and compression, however great a testimony to his perseverance and patience, may have a stiff and labored effect. But good art ought to have a hammered and wrought air, and is all the better for a few dints and unevennesses, so long as they are subordinate to form and design, and do not interrupt them too roughly.

The net result of my experience is the belief that there are not many people in England, even among the trained critics, who have any great *flair* for excellence of style. Style, in fact, frankly does not interest the critics; what they value is rather an effective and facile impressionism, suggestiveness, largeness, force, than delicacy, economy, patient detail, laboriousness. Not that these latter qualities ought to be too patent; but the trained critic ought to be able to say: "That is a fine passage; the idea was difficult, and the expression is as clean-cut as can be desired; it stands for much labor, and its artistic value depends upon the fact that it is not apparently laborious." But I think there are very few people who can do that; and when they do, readers, as a rule, do not know what they are talking about, but look upon such a judgment as a pretentious piece of affectation, a desire to claim a knowledge of remote and subtle secrets, a desire to appear fine. So perhaps there are critics who can make these nice distinctions, and who do not do so, because they would only appear to be prophets preaching to a stiff-necked generation.

Young writers very often tend to think that there is a conspiracy of silence about them; that they are neglected till they make a name, and then can be sure of being noticed. But this, I believe, is an entire mistake. I am quite sure that there are a great many critics on the lookout for anything that they can call good, and that any effective and interesting writer is sure not to be overlooked. My anonymous books received full notice, much more indeed than I had expected. And what is more, the books seemed to me to have been *read* by reviewers. It is one of those silly fictions that prevail in all departments of life, such as the fiction that all schoolboys are flogged every day, and that all curates have slippers worked for them—a kind of ugly old stereotyped ridicule of certain conditions and professions, which people pick up and repeat, though no ex-

perience confirms it; in the department of reviewing, it is supposed that the reviewer of a volume reads the preface, looks in at some of the pages of the book without cutting it, or at least cuts only the pages that can be cut in a batch at the top, without the trouble of splitting the alternate sheets which are folded at the side. Then he peruses, according to tradition, the last page, and writes his review.

I was a reviewer myself once, and I can only say humbly that the case was far different. I can honestly say that I read everything that I reviewed; quickly, perhaps, but still I read it. The difficulty was not with books of merit and character; it was easy enough to form an impression of them; but it was the vague, unequal, amateur books that were so difficult to get hold of; those were the books that one used to read twice over, in the hopes of finding some salient feature, some tangible point.

My impression of reviewers generally is that they do read books rather carefully; probably with a certain practised speed that would be incredible to a man whose business it had never been to tear the heart out of a book and vivisection it. The reviews of my own books that I receive always give me the impression, or nearly always, that the book has been read. Sometimes one feels that the man has been tired and snappish; sometimes that he has begun by disliking the book, and has not tried to conquer his prejudice; but I do not personally resent that, because I feel that if a book is worth anything, has any character or strongly defined personality about it, it is sure to fall into the hands of some critics who will thoroughly and frankly dislike it, and find it entirely antipathetic. In so personal a matter as a book, one cannot expect to escape prejudice and natural antipathy. But I do not think I have often had a sense of injustice about a review. I generally feel that a reviewer has given a book a fair chance. Once, indeed, lately I had cause to complain. I published a little biographical book, which I was

very anxious to get correct. Not only did I employ a first-rate professional verifier and proof-reader, but I had the book read by no less than four friends, and I am sure that it was almost wholly free from errors. A man who writes a weekly *causerie* reviewed the book in a contemptuous vein, and said, without quoting instances, that one of its faults was that the proofs seemed to have been carelessly read. I wrote to him, telling him the facts, and asked him for any instances which might support his view, but he did not reply; and this is almost the only case of injustice I can recall.

Now we come to a more important point. The days of the old slashing and bullying review are practically over. The relentless showing-up of a book, with every device to mortify the author and make him ridiculous, is becoming a thing of the past. What I want to discuss is to what extent severity in dealing with books is pardonable or desirable.

The theory is that, if a book is a bad book, it may do real harm, particularly if it is a specious book; and I think that every one would be agreed that a book which professed to give correct information, and was full of errors, deserved no mercy. But with the exception of that particular case, it is very doubtful, I think, whether severity in dealing with a book is ever desirable. Of course it is a most difficult problem as to how the circulation of a book is increased. Reviews have very little to do with it. A book of a special kind may receive many highly laudatory reviews, and yet never attain to any sale. A great publisher with whom I was discussing this question the other day said that he believed that the circulation of a book depended almost entirely upon private recommendation. If people read a book and liked it, and advised their friends to read it, it achieved a sale, and thus the successful book was as a rule the book which had a personal charm, or a book which treated in an effective way ideas which were widely

in the air; a good title, he added, often made a difference.

Now take the case of a book which has a distinctly immoral tendency; there is no doubt, I am afraid, that if a book is gibbeted on grounds of morality in a large number of papers, the chances are that it will attract readers out of mere curiosity; and if the object of reviewers is to kill a book, and dock its circulation, it is a far more effective thing to call it dull, or not to mention it at all, than to attack it with severe vituperation. I do not, therefore, believe that reviewing has very much to do with the circulation of a book, except that a review of very extreme severity may call attention to an undesirable book. And, on the other hand, the names of certain authors will occur to every one, whose books have a large circulation, yet who are always treated derisively by reviewers. I read the other day a book, by a well-known author, of which an almost inconceivable number of copies had been sold. I expected, from what I had heard of the book, to find it very bad. To my intense surprise, it seemed to me neither bad nor good; but the work of a practised author with an essentially commonplace mind; it appeared to me to be thoroughly melodramatic, and to have no likeness to real life at all. The imaginative element in the book was simply weak. But I saw what the attraction of the book was to uncultivated minds; it was that the imaginative element was sufficiently strong to attract, and not strong enough to be out of the range of rather feeble minds; it was a picture of life, in fact, sufficiently unlike real life to stimulate the imagination of a simple reader, and not sufficiently unlike life to put any undue strain on the imagination. It was, indeed, a mild melodrama of the most conventional type. The aristocrat was wicked, the priest was worldly, the child was pathetic, the poor man was honest; the drunkard died nobly, the villain spoilt his own scheme by bursting

into tears at the thought of his mother at the crisis of his machinations. Everything went wrong and right in a perfectly orthodox way, and every situation lent itself to being summarized in a good wholesome platitude. It requires a very sure instinct to write such a book, and any artistic power would at once spoil the effect. There was a strong vein of domestic piety and tame poetry in it, and the morality was exactly adjusted to the vulgar conception of Providence, as of a sloppy and inefficient Power, who repairs in a belated and theatrical manner his own mistakes.

The instinct that requires such books as this for consumption is far deeper and wider than the instinct which responds to the judgments of a trained critic; and the best thing that critics can do is to let such books alone. They are quite harmless, and even necessary; and any attempt to deride them only lends to the author the added grace of martyrdom.

The mistake into which many working critics fall is the mistake of believing that they are on the lookout for style. Very few people are on the lookout for style nowadays. The ordinary reader is quite indifferent to it, and the ordinary critic is quite unaware of what it is. The public are on the lookout for amusement; they want a thrill of some kind, an emotional thrill by preference; and the critic who has been reared mostly on fiction, and who has very little acquaintance with classical literature, is really on the lookout for effectiveness. There are a certain number of readers who have risen a little above the melodramatic stage, and who value a certain precision and glitter of language, who are under the impression that they are sensitive to style; but it is not style that they care for, but a smart handling of impressive matters. What they really desire is an impression of life, vigor, verbal wit, liveliness, optimism, tolerance, justice. They do not care for artistic

handling, they want masterly handling. They like a man to make his points, they want the rocket to go up with a crack and a roar. They like a kind of pyrotechnic display, bright whirling lights, ordered noise, crispness, explosiveness. They want the characters to be manly, womanly, typical. They want sentiment rather than poetry, color rather than delicacy. These are very natural and wholesome requirements, and must be catered for. The mistake is to think that there is much intellectual or artistic feeling abroad. There have been nations by whom, and periods when these things were valued; there have even been periods in our own national history, but this is not one. Indeed, the appreciation of intellectual and artistic excellence has distinctly decreased in the last fifty years; and probably the reason why there is a lack of great writers is that we do not at present want them. We want a sparkling heady beverage, not an old fragrant mellow vintage. It is an age of cigarettes, champagne, golf, motors—brisk, active, lively, brief things—not an age of reflection or repose.

The serious ethical reason which is given for severe criticism is that we prevent the dissemination of lax, heterodox, and debilitating opinions; but I cannot observe that our reviewing does anything of the kind; there never was a time when so much varying opinion was expressed. What we do tend to suppress is the expression of sentiment, emotion, and finer feeling; we have an odious preference for manly vices over sentimental vices, and brutality is far more applauded than delicacy. What we are really afraid of nowadays is sentiment; and in crushing out what is weak, we extinguish much that is beautiful. The quality which we value unduly is common-sense. It is a fine virtue in a way, though not a Christian one, because the essence of the mundane point of view is mental balance, while the essence of Christianity is enthusiasm. And thus I think that the tolerance which

we pride ourselves upon is a very narrow tolerance, because it is only tolerant of what we approve. We ought to welcome any breadth of view, any variety of feeling, but we are really desperately afraid of ideas, and deeply pledged to tradition and convention; thus, though we produce many competent reviewers, we produce very few large-minded and sympathetic critics. We appreciate certain defined qualities, not quality itself. We are good-humored critics but not urbane critics. We admire frankness, and so claim to be tolerant; but it must be frankness on certain subjects, or we are not tolerant at all. The net result is that we are guilty of vulgarity, and fail to detect it, because we are also guilty of undue reserve. "The English are just, but they are not kind," said a celebrated Frenchman; and what prevents us from amending our ways is our national complacency.

To return, then, once more to my reviewers. I think we have a good many young men at work, effective in statement, kindly, laborious, practical, on the lookout for what they think the public will like, and, within certain limits, generous and reasonable. What we have not got is a race of wise and artistic critics, alive to originality, delicacy, and quality. The popular taste is accepted and not educated; and the popular taste loves, as I have said, matter rather than manner, coarse-flavored, wholesome, highly-spiced work. Reviewing is not an art but a trade. Probably our criticism is a sign rather than a cause of a low artistic standard, and no doubt if there were a development of artistic literature there would be a development of artistic criticism. What I have said does not profess to be an indictment, and still less a prophecy. It is nothing more than an analysis of existing difficulties.

But, after all that has been said in praise of reviewers, there still remains a residue of criticism of which it is impossible to speak tolerantly. One does from time to time come upon a really ungracious and spiteful

critic, a man who has looked upon one's book as a faggot of sticks, and has done his best to select from it the most convenient one to beat the author with. Perhaps such a critic is a man who has failed, and who cannot bear that a writer should succeed. He makes no attempt to see if one has come near to carrying out one's design; he makes no attempt to put himself in line with the author, or with any possible appreciator of the book. If he cannot detect inaccuracies, he finds fault with the book for not being what it does not pretend to be. If the book, for instance, makes no claim to be philosophical, but is merely an attempt to write on ordinary topics in a simple and sincere manner, he says there is nothing novel or impressive in it; he warns the author with an appearance of benignity against writing on a low intellectual level. He says that he sees no reason why such a writer should stop, and still less why he should ever have begun. He isolates a passage from its context, and calls heaven and earth to witness how puerile it is. He is simply malevolent; and one can only reflect that because a man is a critic there is no reason why he should forget that he is a gentleman. He has no tincture of courtesy or urbanity; his only aim is to make an author appear a fool. He speaks to a writer as roughly as he might speak to a man with a hurdy-gurdy who insisted on playing by his window. After all, it is not a crime to write a book; but a critic of this sort spits and fumes and scolds in a way that would only be justified if a published book had to be read compulsorily by every one. He talks in a snappish way, as if he had been interrupted in a career of active benevolence or serene contemplation, by an obtrusive and voluble person who insisted on talking to him.

I cannot help feeling that the conventional tradition which allows people to write thus about books is an utterly detestable one. The writer of a book is, of course, in a way a

public performance; if a man goes to a play or an exhibition of pictures, he has paid for admission, and he has perhaps a right to complain if he does not get his money's worth, though he has no right to interrupt the performers, or to lecture spectators on the faults of the pictures. But no one is obliged to buy a book blindfold; and unless a book is distinctly misleading, or controversial, or one-sided, or militant, or insolent, or pretentious, or of immoral tendency, there is nothing to be gained in the interests of the public by making it stand in the pillory. If a book is a feeble and worthless book, the less said about it the better. If a book sets out to decry and misrepresent some figure in history or literature whom ordinary people have a right to admire, then a reviewer is perfectly justified in making a spirited defence of the maligned person. If, on the other hand, a book is an intemperate panegyric, then a reviewer may warn his readers that the view is a partial one. If a book is bombastic and pretentious, it may be judiciously pricked, like a bladder. But if a book is harmless and sincere, there is nothing to be gained by deriding its amateurishness or its faults of workmanship. To publish an unsuccessful book is an expensive business, and there is not much danger of an author repeating the experiment; and even if he does, the publisher benefits, and the author pays.

Of course, if reviewers could really suppress and restrain the publication of feeble and second-rate books, so as to throw readers upon the study of classical masterpieces, the case would be different; but, as a matter of fact, the public seems to want a vast supply of not very masterly novels, and there is no reason why they should not have what they want.

Editors should, I believe, resolutely suppress manifestations of this spiteful and ill-natured spirit in their columns. They are of no practical utility, and such reviews do not in

the least help us to a true criterion of values.

The criticism which does help us is when a trained critic, who is generous and appreciative, gives good reasons for admiring or respecting a book, and induces readers to make the acquaintance of a volume of character and quality, which they might otherwise never see. But too often criticism, even of books that are on the whole satisfactory, is written in the spirit of a schoolmaster correcting a boy's exercise. It may conceivably do the writer good, but it cannot possibly assist and clarify the popular taste that this fault-finding performance should be given a wide publicity.

What often vitiates a critical review, after all, is the feeling that the reviewer is not trying to weigh the merits and demerits of a book, so much as to show others how smart and trenchant he can be. There is sometimes a sort of bitter pleasure to be derived from seeing a book knocked down and trampled upon; but it is not an exalted pleasure, unless it is accompanied with a real effusion of humor, which may be justified in the interests of public amusement, but is even so not fair to the author. Take such a case as the celebrated review of Tennyson's early poems in *The Edinburgh Review*. It was the work of a witty man. When Tennyson, in the "Dream of Fair Women," originally wrote—

One drew a sharp knife through my tender  
throat  
Slowly, and nothing more,

the reviewer said: "We would ask, what more did she want?" When Tennyson, in a beautiful poem which he afterwards tried to suppress, asked his friend to come, when he was himself dead, to his grave, and

Whisper if the woodbines blow,

the reviewer had an extremely amusing passage in which he said that Tennyson might rest assured that

the woodbines would probably blow about the same time as usual, and suggested that he had better ask his friend to deal with more interesting particulars, such as the health of his surviving relations or the price of stocks.

This sort of thing certainly amused the public, and it caused Tennyson to make a few marvellous corrections; but it also induced him to try and suppress some beautiful poetry, and eventually, what is the saddest consequence of all, made him tend to leave the regions of pure and delicate fancy, in order to produce a kind of poetry that should hit the popular taste better, and be less exposed to carping criticism. No one who has studied the art of Tennyson can have any doubt that the early criticism he received had a discouraging and irritating effect upon him, or really think that it did anything to improve his work.

We are very slow, we English, to part with a tradition, however ugly it may be; and I am sure it is an ugly tradition which bids us continue thus to break butterflies upon the wheel, and blow up dandelions with dynamite in the sight of the nations. "We get no good," wrote Mrs. Browning, "by being ungenerous, even to a book." A book is partly a little bid for fame, and partly the result of the childlike instinct which makes us feel that the small piece of experience which falls to our share has some special quality of sweetness or poignancy about it. We pride ourselves upon being a free country, but one feels sometimes, in reading a harsh and ill-tempered review, that the reviewer seems to think it an offence against morality

and decorum to publish an inferior book. Some of our best writers have begun their career in bitterness owing to the reviling of critics, who were so conventional that they could not discern a novel kind of beauty. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why we are on the whole so inartistic and unintellectual a nation, because there is so little encouragement to try artistic experiments; and it is surely a standing proof of our inherent intolerance that we still think it just to mete out derision and offensive usage to the frail products of the most sensitive class of people. It is curious that a criticism which would be libellous in the case of more commercial trade-products is looked upon as perfectly fair and just in the case of books. Does not this prove that we consider material things—things that we eat and drink and wear—to be too serious to be lightly spoken of, while the things that are merely designed to feed the spirit, to encourage the sense of wonder and mystery, should be thought of only as a kind of leisurely trifling?

Of course, one cannot hope to effect a sudden change; but the spirit of Tennyson, who said, when it was pointed out to him that a line he had written had given offence to a worthy person, that he had rather cut his hand off than write a spiteful thing, is a finer spirit than that of the reviewer who rains down abuse upon some silly and harmless book. Whatever else is true, it is true that we have no business to hurt any one's feelings unnecessarily; and thus I humbly protest against this relic of barbarity, which too often disfigures the pages of sensible and good-humored periodicals.



## The Editor's Clearing-House



### SORDID DETAIL IN FICTION

AMONG the more distressing developments in modern fiction is that curious tendency to fill pages intended to be read for diversion with full descriptions of every unlovely, sordid, and squalid detail imaginable. Not in the way of portrayal of character or development of plot is this done, but in pursuance of the theory that whatever is unpleasant is "strong" and consequently full of merit.

Of course the work of such writers as Poe, Hoffman, and Fitz-James O'Brien does not come under this head. The horrors in their stories are so illuminated by imagination that the result is as different as possible from the photographic accuracy which depicts all the ghastly details of a dissecting-room, or the moral desolation of disease and crime, and calls it "naturalism." It is only imagination that could excuse such a story as Poe's "Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," or that terrible creation of Fitz-James O'Brien's fancy in which men struggle with and finally overcome an invisible shape; a living animal of some kind which they feel but never see, which they try to keep alive in the interests of science but which finally dies, and whose invisible body they bury at night.

Even in the case of novels with a purpose, such as "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Very Hard Cash," the purpose is always subordinate to the story, which is no less effective because of the humor and imagination which enliven it.

A few years ago the experiment was tried of illustrating a novel by groups of people photographed in suitable attitudes. It was a flat failure, and shows how entirely inadequate photographic accuracy is to the purposes of art. So it is in literature, but Stephen Crane had not realized it when he wrote "Maggie," a dreary record of sin and misery, hung upon the slightest thread of story, but which won high praise from the admirers of "realistic fiction."

It is absurd to regard poverty and misery as synonymous. After all, poverty is a comparative term, and the novelist who

recently maintained that it was impossible to marry and live decently in New York on three thousand dollars a year would hardly believe that people earning only a quarter of that sum find a good deal of enjoyment in life.

Of late years what George Ade calls "the dull gray book" has been much in evidence, largely owing to the injudicious praise bestowed upon it by those who consider amusement as an unworthy attribute of fiction. Foremost among such stands "The House with the Green Shutters," which for its atmosphere of gloom and despair has few equals and which was so extremely disagreeable as to elicit approving comments from those to whom the merits of a book are in exact proportion to its unpleasantness. Other dismal works of modern fiction are "The Gadfly," full of political horrors; "Anna of the Five Towns," a forlorn pastoral; and, crowning example of all, "Esther Waters," in which hardly a character or situation affords any relief to the squalid atmosphere which is insisted upon throughout. And these books are not trash; they have a distinct literary merit that cannot be ignored.

Another unpleasant form of fiction is that which forces disease and crime into undue and inartistic prominence. Heredity—as the author understands it—is generally made the excuse for the opium-eating, drink, insanity, and kleptomania upon which the author dwells so persistently, and which seem (if Mr. Hardy and Mr. Phillpotts are to be believed) to be particularly prevalent in rural England.

If Frank Norris had lived he would certainly have outgrown the strong tendency toward the unpleasant which for a time dominated his work. "A Man's Woman" opens with an exploring party in the Arctic regions, which is rescued only when the author's invention of horrors gives out. Then follow detailed descriptions of an operation for hip-disease, the smashing of a horse's head with a hammer, a dog-fight, and two typhoid-fever cases, one fatal. The book fairly reeks of iodiform. "McTeague" is even worse.

The idea of the book is to show the corroding influence of avarice upon the human soul. In this it is like Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet," but here the resemblance ends. One ignoble character after another passes before us, one sordid scene succeeds another until the book ends with the ghastly episode of the two men in the desert, the living handcuffed to the dead, a horrible death by thirst awaiting the survivor, but his bag of money safe.

Why are such books called "realistic" and "strong"? It is to a description of the contents of the garbage-can that these words are generally applied by those who forget that sunshine and fresh air are as real as disease and dirt, and that the hammer acquires no additional strength by being rubbed with asafetida. Surely it is time to protest against this morbid style of writing, this perversion of the natural uses of fiction, and to plead for a return to the novel of an earlier day, the reading of which was a recreation and an enjoyment, even when it was written to serve a useful purpose.

M. K. FORD.

#### THE RIGHT OF PRIVACY

"For a ticket apply to the publisher."

No, thanking the public, I must decline. A peep through my window; if folk prefer; But, please you, no foot over threshold of mine."

It was this verse that disturbed the tranquil minds of the Browning circle and started the discussion. "There, you see what Robert Browning thinks of all this poking into the private affairs of authors," said the leader, who was quite as much of an oracle to the class as Robert Browning himself. "Thank God, I have n't fallen low enough yet to read the Browning letters, though they are on my shelves as a gift." His words pricked the pride, if not the consciences, of those present who would own up to having bought and read the letters, and the discussion that followed made it evident that this much debated question concerning the publication of private correspondence is still one of chameleon hue changing its color according to the temper of the mind considering it. To the serious and uninquisitive mind of the leader of the class, the printing of these

letters appeared only as the violation of a sacred right—that of personal privacy,—while some of the more ardent minds before him vested the act with some of the spiritual beauty of the letters themselves.

On this question, there are not lacking illustrious voices to uphold the leader of the Browning class in his point of view. Peacock, by the mouth of Doctor Folliott, has already entered his protest against the custom which "permits prominent persons to be dished up like a savoury omelette to gratify the appetite of the reading public for gossip." Mr. Birrell, in his discussion concerning autobiography, declines to enter into the ethics of the subject but casts his vote with George Eliot that we are each of us bound to reticence when giving our lives to the public. Concerning the printing of private correspondence, the latter was very strong in her expressions of disapproval. "Is it not odious," she wrote to John Blackwood, "that as soon as a man is dead, his desk is raked and every insignificant memorandum which he never meant for publication is printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to read his books? I think this fashion is a disgrace to us all." And so it is if the desire for gossip is all that impels people to read these private documents. But we fail to see why the public would be asking for them at all if it had not been reading the author's books. No one not intensely interested in the Browning poetry, for instance, would care to read to any great extent the Browning letters, wherein the mighty Love Interest is frequently pushed aside for a discussion on topics, technic, or publishing. Dame Gossip would weary of them in fifteen minutes and return to the gay world to exercise her lively tongue in the service of some living Robert and his Elizabeth. For the Browning student, however, these letters contain many a valuable comment upon the poems besides affording him a glimpse of the two great poets at their best.

"I thought how some people's towering intellects and splendid geniuses rise upon simple beautiful foundations hidden out of sight," wrote Thackeray to Mrs. Brookfield. George Eliot's letters we take as a tonic whenever our mental activity needs stimulating; we have seen many who come out from a reading of the

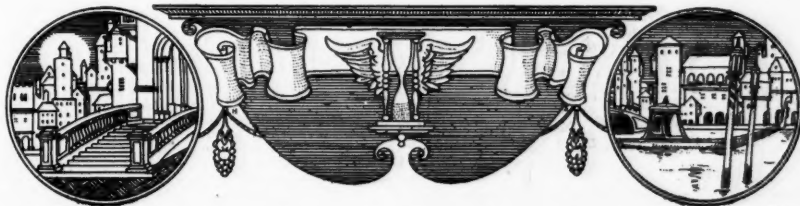
Browning letters with faces shining as though they had seen the Holy Grail, and we have been deluged with morals spoken with passionate emphasis by readers whom Jane Welsh Carlyle had taken into her confidence.

But why all this pother about the violation of personal privacy, anyway, when as a matter of fact, it is a right that no one grants to genius, judging by the books which occupy honorable positions in our libraries? If you, Madam, object to reading such letters as those of the Brownings upon the score that it is wrong to read correspondence not intended for you, you will be kept busy—if you would add consistency to your many virtues—dodging the many volumes of such literature that meet one in any library of even moderate size. You must cut Boswell from your acquaintance, and, for that matter, all biographers; you must have a holocaust of such works as the Emerson-Carlyle, Goethe-Schiller, Wagner-Liszt correspondences. You would even have to throw aside those highly improving discourses of Lord Chesterfield to his son, and then, dear me, where would your manners be? "But the Browning letters are different," you hasten to explain; "they are too sacred to give to the world to be gazed upon by its vulgar eye." Sir, you have given us deep offence! What a pity to limit your world to a few cavilers who hold nothing sacred. What business have you to give to the world a vulgar eye—the world that has saved for you your Psalms, your Book of Ruth, daintiest of love idylls, your Danto, your Shakespeare? Surely, the world that has cherished these

may be trusted with the love letters of two of its most gifted poets. Do you hesitate to sign your name to a record of your own small experiences fearing that it will not be understood and held sacred by the same old world that has prized and kept alive countless such records of love and suffering, that reserves as shrines the places where its authors have lived and worked? Withhold certain things on the ground that they are not sacred enough if you will—the Byron affair, for example,—but never for the reason that they are *too* sacred.

Moreover, the experiences recorded in published letters, so real to the writers, are, in the final analysis, but fiction to us. We read of Mrs. Browning's love with the same eyes that lingered over the account of Aurora Leigh's; the letters in which Mary Wollstonecraft pours out her love, her wrongs, her bitter grief, arouse the same sympathies that were awakened in varying degrees by Pompilia, Romola, and Doctor Lydgate; and we draw from the same well of compassion for Clarissa Harlowe and Swift's Vanessa. The letters of dead authors tell us nothing that is personal and private in the last analysis. The authors have already brought the "secrets" of life to the surface where we read that as all have alike the gift of life, so do all share the same struggles, sorrows, aspirations, joys; these clothe themselves with a personality and take a name for a time, but in reality they belong to all. There is no individual ownership of experience.

KATHARINE A. GRAHAM.



## THE BOOK-BUYER'S GUIDE

### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

**Argyll—George Douglas, Eighth Duke of Argyll.** Edited by The Dowager Duchess of Argyll. With portraits and illustrations. In two volumes. Dutton.

Although this is a biography, there is a great deal of autobiography in it. The late Duke of Argyll began the autobiographical part in 1897, but unfortunately he died before it was finished. The completion of the work was left by his special request in the hands of his wife. The Duke of Argyll was an interesting figure in English social life and politics. He was on terms of closest intimacy with all the great statesmen of his time and, as is well known, was an especial favorite of Queen Victoria, whose letters and those of the Prince-Consort, together with the Duke's letters about their Majesties, form the most interesting pages of the book.

**Evelyn—Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn, Esq., F.R.S.** Edited from the original MSS. by William Bray, F.S.A. Four volumes. Life of the author and new preface by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Bickers, London.

This is undoubtedly the definitive edition of Evelyn's Diary and for that reason will have further mention in these columns.

**Fowles—Down in Porto Rico.** By Geo. M. Fowles. Eaton & Mains. 75 cents.

A picture of Porto Rican life as it now is, by one who saw and studied it for a year and had favorable opportunities for becoming thoroughly familiar with it. He describes the homes of the people, their characteristics and customs, their schools, their morals and religious habits, and their industrial and political situation. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

**Tweedie—The Maker of Modern Mexico, Porfirio Diaz.** By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie. With over 100 illustrations and a map. Lane.

Mrs. Tweedie sometime ago wrote a book called "Mexico As I Saw It," which pleased President Diaz so much that he gave her special opportunity and material for writing his life. President Diaz was wise. He knew that he was in good hands. Mrs. Tweedie can see no wrong in Mexico's picturesque president. The book is interesting reading and, like most biographies of living men, it is exceedingly one-sided.

**Weale—The Re-Shaping of the Far East.** By B. L. Putnam Weale. 2 vols. Macmillan.

To Mr. Weale we are indebted for by far the most valuable book that has appeared

on the East for a number of years. Nowhere else can so much valuable information be found in so compact a form. Any one interested in the questions involved can find here ample information, given in an interesting manner, especially about such subjects as bear directly on the increasingly important relations of East to West. For those interested in the German experiment at Tsing-tao, in the Chinese railroad concessions, in Chinese journalism, or in any one of the countless subjects about which it is so difficult to get much information, this book will be a veritable boon. The Peace of Portsmouth marks only one phase in the re-shaping of the East, and cannot be regarded as even a definitive settlement of the comparatively narrow issues directly involved therein. The course of events in the Far East during the immediate future will be a most interesting one. Mr. Weale writes frankly as an Englishman, and his standpoint naturally is the British one; his aim is to arouse the English government and also that of the United States to greater activity and to a firmer attitude in counteracting the intrigues of other powers, especially of Germany. At the same time, he would like to see English and American capital employed jointly in equipping China with modern institutions. As the immediate British commercial interests in China are large, larger than those of all other nations combined, this policy has a legitimate basis, and as British policy contemplates nothing to the detriment or exclusion of any other power, and nothing that would not lead to the uplifting of China.

### POETRY

**Lang—New Collected Rhymes.** By Andrew Lang. Longmans.

In a preface consummate in the art of graceful hedging, Mr. Lang characterizes his most welcome offering of verse as a "poor little flutter of rhymes," which might never "have been let down the wind" but for the instigation of a "responsible friend." Mr. Lang's readers may well be grateful to this "responsible friend," whoever he may be; and were that "friend" Mr. Austin Dobson, so much the better and more befitting, we say, after reading the author's delightful "Dedictory," *In Augustinum Dobson*. And regarding this "Dear poet now turned out to grass," we, too, would echo Mr. Lang's own genial wish. There is a great variety of "diets daint" in these hundred pages of Mr. Lang's purveying from the rich stores of his own wit and fancy. There is a ballad on "Culloden" splendidly rhythmic and fired with the old martial spirit of that impassioned theme

Mr. Lang has, also, moods of delicious chaffing at brother-bards, as in "The Rhyme of Oxford Cockney Rhymes" (and on this score, our American bardic ear might well be tweaked by Apollo!); While in "Rococo" he delicately satirizes the Rossetti cult.

But perhaps Mr. Lang would prefer to be represented, in this volume, by his work purely lyrical in character. Gladly, then, do we give this from "French Peasant Songs":

"Oh, fair apple tree, and oh, fair apple tree,

As heavy and sweet as the blossoms on thee

My heart is heavy with love.

It wanteth but a little wind

To make the blossoms fall;

It wanteth but a young lover

To win me heart and all."

### FICTION

**Kenyon—What God Hath (Not) Joined.** By Orr Kenyon. Dodge.

The idea of this book may be gathered from its title, as well as from its opening paragraph:—"Was n't it a perfectly lovely wedding?"

**Hopkins—The Clammer.** By William John Hopkins. Houghton, Mifflin \$1.25.

This is the idyll of a romantic digger of clams and a rich young woman who takes walks. The writer's manner of expression is sufficiently capable, his perception sufficiently delicate, to make it seem almost an unkindness to point out the book's extreme absurdity. Apart from the sentimentality and absence of humor, there is something unpleasant in the hero's attitude toward the heroine's wealth—why need there be the mention of money on every page of an outdoor love-story? The book is a stringing together of three desultory short stories, the last of which it would have been an evidence of good taste to suppress; or such part of it, rather, as has to do with the rich mother-in-law who has difficulty in becoming reconciled to the clammer's lesser degree of prosperity, and who is a character treated by the author with entire seriousness. In spite of its verbal facility, it must be admitted that there is little evidence in Mr. Hopkins's book of an ability to produce real fiction.

**Paine—The Praying Skipper.** By Ralph D. Paine. Outing Co. \$1.50.

These are stories of the kind men like—told with considerable vigor and dealing with active life. The first is typical of the rest. Its central character is the commander of a passenger ship who has a reputation for piety which in the eyes of the young owner of the line is damaging to his skill in seamanship. That this is

an error the tale shows. Mr. Paine has some command of pathos as well as humor.

**Rowland—In the Shadow.** By Henry C. Rowland. Appleton. \$1.50.

When a novel leaves a particularly bad taste in the mouth the question arises whether it has either æsthetic or ethical elements of sufficient value to make the sensation worth while. We fear that in Mr. Rowland's case that question must be answered in the negative. The love of a black man for a white woman is not a nice subject, at best, and in these pages there are many passages distinctly repugnant. Strength is shown, it is true, in the portrayal of the man's passion; and the scene in which he deserts all his ambitions to return to the devil-worship of his ancestors is well done. But the death of the hero comes with no sense of the inevitable, and the story as a whole impresses the reader with a sense of futility.

**Selkirk—The Stigma.** By Emily Selkirk. Turner. \$1.50.

Rather an old-fashioned type of novel is this appeal for the colored race. Miss Selkirk states one side of the question, but ignores the other. Doubtless the better members of the negro race do suffer much from injustice; but white men and women have also endured much from the irresponsibility and criminal tendencies of negroes. A love story is interwoven with the gruesome episodes which are supposed to demonstrate the cruelty of the white man to his colored neighbor. The book is strongly evangelical in tone.

**Spearman—Whispering Smith.** By Frank H. Spearman. Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Scribners.

This is a novel of Western life, not altogether like its predecessors. It is full of action and not without originality.

**The Day-Dreamer.** By Jesse Lynch Williams. Scribner's. \$1.50.

For the fourth time the dexterous author of "A Stolen Story"—certainly one of the best newspaper stories ever written—has presented his favorite creation to the public. The adventures of the celebrated Billy Woods, which are here wrought into novel form, have already passed through the stages of short story, long story, and play. But in spite of the well-seasoned character of the plot and the persons, "The Day-Dreamer" is nevertheless a neatly articulated and very readable tale. It is late in the day to manifest a riotous enthusiasm over the excellent incident of the "stolen story" itself, but we agree with Mr. Williams that he had here a good, if not a vast, idea, and one which is perhaps worth the successive exploitations it has received.

**Yechton—The Adventures of Jack and Jill.** By Barbara Yechton. Dodd, Mead.

This is a pleasant tale for young people, with an excellent moral, well concealed. It is a great pity, however, that the author should have chosen a title so closely suggestive of one of Miss Alcott's most popular stories.

#### MISCELLANEOUS

**Barrows—The Personality of Jesus.** By Charles H. Barrows. Houghton. \$1.25 net.

This book, by the former president of the Young Men's Christian Association Training School, grew out of his work in that institution, where, as every teacher worthy of his profession should be allowed to do, he arranged his own course of study and taught it in his own way. It is clear that he knew how to do his work, and that he must have succeeded in impressing his pupils with the exalted character and the unique personality of Jesus; and this account of his methods of instruction, though the matter of the lessons is necessarily presented in a different form, will be helpful to all who are engaged in similar teaching.

**Ewald—My Little Boy.** By Carl Ewald. Translated from the Danish by Alexander T. de Mattos. Scribner. \$1.00 net.

A quaint little book by a writer who has a wide reputation in Denmark for his fairy tales for children and historical and other novels for those of larger growth, but who is little known in this country. This sketch of his young boy, and his earliest discipline and education, will interest parents and teachers, though they may question the wisdom of some points in it. They will none the less be gratified to learn that the publishers intend to bring out more of Ewald's books.

**Ivins—The Soul of the People.** By William M. Ivins. Century. 60 cents net.

In this beautifully printed "New Year's Sermon" Mr. Ivins endeavors to analyze the essential characteristics of his fellow-countrymen. His tone on the whole is optimistic, although he does not hesitate to point out the defects in the national temperament. We are too far away from the spiritual, he thinks; too near the physical and the sensual. "We are suffering from the contagion of luxury." And we have broken down "in almost every field of activity that involves legislation." All this is rather depressing; but Mr. Ivins ends his sermon with the consoling assurance that we shall "emerge victoriously in the end."

**Judd—The Palmer Cox Brownie Primer.** Text by Mary C. Judd; pictures by Palmer Cox; edited by Montrose J. Moses. Century.

Mr. Cox has made the Brownies delightfully familiar to the small folk; and now they are made to do practical service in the school room, where they are sure to enliven the elementary work in learning to read. The book has been thoroughly adjusted to its purpose by the editor, and it is sure to be one of the most popular of primers.

**Taylor—Nicanor, Teller of Tales.** By C. Bryson Taylor. McClurg. \$1.50.

With a fair degree of success the author of this romance of Britain in the time of Roman rule carries his readers back to the long-past time in which the action takes place. Upon Nicanor has descended the mantle of an ancestor who was a great story-teller, and wherever he goes he charms men and especially women by his gifts. His love for first one woman and then another results in many complications. The book is handsomely gotten out with many illustrations in color and page decorations by Troy and Margaret West Kinney.

**Twain—Mark Twain's Library of Humor.** Harper. \$1.50.

The second and third volumes of this cyclopædic series of humorous prose (to which it is restricted) promptly follow the first, and are respectively devoted to "Women and Things" and "The Primrose Way." The list of contributors is a long one, and the matter, though always mirthful, is of widely varying literary merit, appealing to the popular taste rather than to the ultra-critical; but we pity the reader who does not find abundant food for hearty enjoyment in the main bulk of it.

**Vaughan—The Wild Flowers of Selborne and Other Papers.** By John Vaughan. Lane.

Only the first two of these light and pleasant papers have to do with Gilbert White and his perennially famous garden; but all are in the same vein, dealing in a chatty way with botanical and literary topics—the use of simples (in the old English sense), pot-herbs, wild fruits, wall-flowers, poisonous plants, the disappearance of plants, etc.; with essays on Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, Izaak Walton at Droxford, and Jane Austen at Lime, and local sketches of Titchfield, Portchester, and the Isle of Wight. The illustrations are portraits and views of scenery, buildings, etc.

r.  
y  
J.

t-  
w  
n  
o  
g  
y  
d  
of

C.

r  
of  
e  
s  
e  
t  
e  
s  
d  
-  
t  
e  
t

.

s  
o  
e  
o  
e  
g  
s  
y  
e  
e  
-  
e

e

-

e

l

y

s

n

f

t

2

-

.

2